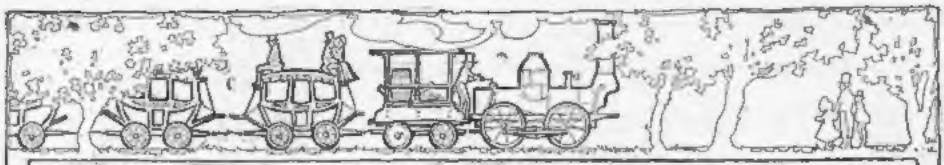

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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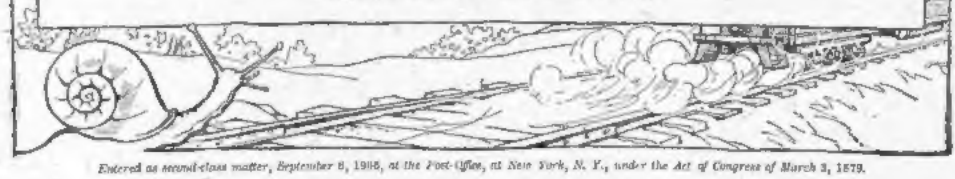

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THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. VII. JANUARY, 1909. No. 4.

"BEATING IT" Across the Continent.

BY RUTHERFORD CORBIN.

THIS is a true story of one man's experiences. The author is a well-known newspaper writer, who found himself on the Pacific Coast, with a great disgust in his heart for the conventionally comfortable means of reaching his home in the East. Therefore, he decided to foregather with the knights of the rods and the bumpers.

Not a cent did he spend for railroad fare. In at least three towns on the way he doffed the garments and manner of the tramp long enough to secure a good newspaper position, which he held for a few days of rest. These breaks in the journey form no part of this narrative.

The story is singular, not so much because of the feat itself, which has been duplicated times without number by professional hoboes, but for the reason that in this case it was performed by a man who had the eyes to see and the skill to write.

No. 1.—FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SALT LAKE.

How a Man May Bridge the Wide Gaps of Desert and Mountain Between the Cities of the West Without Money and Without Price.

IF you stop the next real "bo" you meet and ask him in the vernacular of the clan "where he is from," if you yourself are shabby enough as to attire to gain his confidence, he is apt to reply, "The limit."

That means, if he is in New York, that he has come from the Pacific Coast. If he is Pacificward, it means that he has crossed the continent from the Atlantic side; perhaps many times, but at least once, and recently. If he says that he is from "Chi" or "down the road," he is probably an amateur or a beginner, and not the real thing at all.

The professional hobo of years of experience crosses the continent on an aver-

I PUT THE HAY IN THE WAGON AND I GOT THE DOLLAR. PETE DROVE OFF.

age of three times a year, always routing his course from east to west and *vice versa*. In the earlier days of his career he may be content with a route about the two or three States that he knows best. Until he has gone "the limit," however, he does not dare relate his minor experiences at the water-tank and "jungles" sessions of his more matured and graduate brethren.

I suppose that was why, when I conceived the idea that I wanted to know more about tramp life than I could gather in the police courts or from the parks or a Pullman window, I chose the San Francisco to New York route for the experiment. Or perhaps it was that I was in San Francisco and wanted to get to New York, and to make the transcontinental trip for the tenth time in a Pullman appeared a bit monotonous.

Or it may have been just the strange Frisco air, which gets into the blood of a man and a stranger and makes him do queer things. At any rate, in San Francisco I was, in New York I am, and without paying a cent of railroad fare in the usual manner. I have "gone the limit."

It was a sunny June day when I crossed the ferry to Oakland. I had ten cents in my pocket. For while it was a part of the contract I had made with myself that I might allow myself to work on the way, yet I could leave no city with a larger sum than just one dime.

I was decently dressed, but I carried no baggage. Also, I had no time-table or map, and beyond the general idea that my best route east lay through Benicia and Sacramento and out over the Sierras and the Nevada desert, I had no definite idea of the route I was to take.

So, at the beginning, I walked out Broadway through Oakland and Berkeley. Beyond the latter town I came upon a wayside inn, into which I wandered in quest of information as to freight stops and a glass of water; I acquired these articles, and also my first pal of the road, "Pedler Pete."

The Ready Helping Hand.

That the West isn't the East is a trite remark, even when applied to beating the road. That it would be possible to stroll into a hostelry anywhere in the outskirts of an Eastern city and ask and be told accurately by almost any one you might accost the best and safest way to catch a freight for San Francisco, I very much doubt. But it was certainly true that afternoon in the inn beyond the college town that every one had a suggestion and friendly advice born of experience as to my route eastward.

The West is a land of ups and downs to an extent which the East does not realize, and a surprisingly large number of Westerners have at one time or an-

other been "shy" the car fare to travel from one city to another in that land of great distances.

The last of my advisers summoned from his wagon as he was driving up the road was Pedler Pete. He was the man to give an expert's decision on the various routes suggested, I was assured. The Pedler was a great, crooked-jointed, crooked-nosed, big-footed, and big-hearted wanderer on the face of the earth who had become involved in matrimony and had built him a temporary nest near by, but whose wings were not yet clipped, and who would come at the rumor of a comrade of the road in need.

He told me stories of the great highway. As he talked, there came into his eye the light of the wanderer as he scans the road into the unknown. Certainly matrimony and peddling left a gap in Pete's soul quite unfilled. I am sure it would have taken but little urging to have had him for a comrade on my trip.

"Podner," he said, after directing me to the place beyond Richmond station where the freights slow down, "you better not start on that trip broke. Now"—with a sweep of a bony hand—"thar's my wagon, and over thar on that lot is a load of hay and hyar is a dollar. You put that hay in that wagon and you get this dollar."

I put the hay in the wagon, and I got the dollar. Pete drove off.

I said to the man at the inn: "Now, I'm hungry, and I think I'll eat."

"I wouldn't stay around here if I was you," he said.

"Why not?" I asked, astonished.

"Well," he drawled, "that wasn't Pete's hay."

That night I slept in my first jungles, there by the tracks at Richmond. "A jungles," and please note the singular article and the plural noun, may be a few trodden weeds by a water-tank, or several elaborately equipped abandoned box cars, or an empty barn by the track, or, again, simply some old ties arranged as a wind-break.

There are always some kind of a "jungles" near all points where the freights stop. You can locate it, or them, by the charred embers of a fire and smoke-blackened tin cans.

The jungles at Richmond are near a city, under possible police supervision, and are accordingly simple. They consist of a pile of ties so arranged as to make a series of rooms, each a trifle larger than a dog kennel.

In the compartment into which I

"A JUNGLES" MAY BE SIMPLY SOME OLD TIES ARRANGED AS A WIND-BREAK.

stumbled in the dark there were already two occupants. They showed no alarm, and only a casual interest in me, which interest was directed tobacco-ward.

"Got th' makin's, bo?" one of them asked. I produced. We lighted our cigarettes and puffed away in the dark.

"Which way?"

"East," said I.

"Huh," he replied. "Nuttin' doin'. The East's dead. Th' coast fer mine."

This was our entire conversation. We dropped off to sleep. It was cold toward morning, and I slept well into the sunlight. When I looked about me, my companions had gone.

It seems that I was amateur enough to select for my first stage a local freight. Locals a graduate bo avoids, because they don't get him anywhere, and, contrary to general report, a bo is always making for some particular point. He avoids the locals also for the further good reason that he is apt to be captured by the train crew and made to help them unload freight.

I crawled into a presumably empty box car. It had already two occupants, and at the first stop the crew, who apparently knew perfectly well where we were concealed, routed us out and put us to work unloading a mass of corrugated-iron roofing. At the summons to work, one of my companions, a professional, slid out the opposite door and disappeared as into thin air. The other and I went forward and did the unloading.

He Came from Akron, Ohio.

This established a kind of mutual confidence between us, and he told me his story. Narrow-chested, well-dressed, carrying a small leather satchel swung about his neck, he didn't appear to be a typical tramp, and I was interested. Later, I was let into the fact that there is no typical tramp; the reasons which bring these men to the road are multiple, and lead up into all the callings and conditions of life.

He was from Akron, Ohio, and had worked for years as a fireman for one of the great rubber companies in that city; he had saved a little money, and finally had come to the conclusion that he would use it to better himself. He acquired a large quantity of railroad literature describing the different possibilities of the West, invested his savings in a one-way ticket, and finally reached the coast.

I couldn't gather exactly what he expected to find. Gold, perhaps, lying about the streets. Work, certainly, and at wonderful wages ready to hand.

He had no weapon of skill or courage wrought in his narrow life in the little Ohio city with which to conquer the West. The panic came. He couldn't get a job, and he did get homesick. Finally he concluded to beat his way back.

Hard to Quit the Road.

When I met him he had come a few dozen of the many hundred miles on his way, and was already weeping over them. Certainly, his was a spirit neither for the West nor for the road. I hope he is back in Akron, Ohio, but I very much doubt it. I lost him at Benicia.

There I picked up "Sam," my first professional bo-mate. I told him of my little Ohio fireman. "He will be good and glad to get home and stay there," I said.

Sam was a bo of years and discretion. "I dunno," he said; "it only takes a man about three days to *be* a bo. By the time he gets to the Mississippi River, Akron, Ohio, and the little back parlor with the stuffed birds in it will begin to seem right tame."

He told me tales of friends of his who had tried to quit the road and had failed. Then he told me something of his own story. He had been a soldier in the Fifty-First Iowa, in the Philippines. Up to that time he had led a settled existence.

The war put vagrancy into his blood. He took his discharge at San Francisco, where he met a friend who scoffed at the idea of putting up real money for railroad fare, and under his tutelage Sam hit the pike for his home, somewhere in Iowa—Muscatine, I think.

In the nine years which have passed since he left the army, he has been everywhere else in the United States—everywhere, except to that little Iowa town.

"I dunno," he said. "I just got goin'."

And it may have become so with my Akron fireman. On the road there is a well-defined class of vagrant dating their wanderings from the hard times of 1893-1894. Perhaps some of those whom I met last summer using the freights from necessity, to get to possible employment or friends, will in the years to come be tramps of quite as distinct a class dating from the panic of 1907-1908.

Old trainmen told me stories of the first tramps, who were mostly mustered-out Civil War veterans who had lost the habit of staying in one place. A tramp's life is necessarily short, and I encountered none dating back to the great war.

But I did meet a surprisingly large number of professionals who boasted of honorable Philippine service, and who were able to supply descriptive data of the islands which showed that they were not fakes. Sam was the first of many whom I encountered whose wanderlust was born in the paddy fields of Luzon.

There wasn't much trouble getting across the Benicia Ferry.

"Always," counseled Sam, "ask for work. I dunno why people should want to make a poor, tired, half-starved bum do a whole lot of work that don't need doing at all; but, as a rule, they do."

So we offered to work our way across the ferry. "Oh, that's all right," said the mate; "so long as you ain't bums."

Over we went on the ferry-boat with the great Overland Limited. The passengers strolled about and eyed us curiously.

An Impenetrable Disguise.

It takes just about one day of the road to make a man dirtily unrecognizable, no matter how hard he may try to keep himself clean. A great mining man with whom I had had friendly speech on Bush Street, in San Francisco, two days before, was on the train. He looked at us rather intently and put his hand in his pocket, with a view, I think, of offering us money. I didn't care for him to get too good a look at me, so I didn't wait.

That night we slept with six other bums on the station-platform at Benicia. In the next morning Sam was gone. "Tell the kid," he had left word, "I blew north."

I learned that no friendship of the road is proof against sudden whim or impulse. In the daytime it's "Good-by

NARROW-CHESTED, WELL DRESSED, A SMALL LEATHER SATCHEL SWUNG ABOUT HIS NECK, HE DIDN'T APPEAR TO BE A TYPICAL TRAMP.

and good luck," but it's not an important enough affair to wake up a pal at night.

Suisun, I think, is the name of the buttermilk place. A creamery by the side of the tracks, to avoid the constant interruption to business from boes battering the door for hand-outs, has established a free lunch by the freight depot, consisting of cans of buttermilk always filled and always surrounded by hungry and thirsty tramps.

THAT NIGHT WE SLEPT WITH SIX OTHER BUMS ON THE STATION PLATFORM AT BENICIA.

Dozing near by, that afternoon, waiting for something to come along, I heard two of them greet each other.

"Whatcher doin' here, Slim?"

"Blew up from Los to get some of this milk hand-out to wash away the taste of them free oranges."

"Which way you goin' now?"

"Reckon I'll make it back to Los tonight."

It took almost two days for me to get through Davis Junction and Sacramento. There had been recent and severe instructions issued to train-crews as to free passengers.

Finding His "Lay."

It was California-cold, which is a particularly penetrating variety, by night, but so gloriously sunny in the day that we almost forgot about it. We would make only a few miles at a time before the crew would discover and "ditch" us.

By the time I reached Sacramento I was utterly broke and hungry with the hunger that only those who have been on the road can understand. In the language of my new profession, I was "up against it," and it was "up to me" to hit the "main stem" and "do a little panhandling."

I decided to "mooch" the restaurants. Assuming a near-professional air, I went into the first restaurant I came to with a halting question on my tongue.

"Could you give a man that's broke and beating his way East something to eat?"

"Could *we* give *you* something to eat," shouted back a large, fat individual at the desk. "Beat it! Blow! Went away!"

Well, I concluded (outside the door), I guess I have to give them what Sam called a "fairy story." In the next restaurant a young woman was at the desk.

"Madam," said I humbly, hat in hand, "I'm a waiter out of a job; have you one?"

She smiled sympathetically. "I am afraid not, but you can have your breakfast if you'll help the boys with the dishes afterward."

I did.

Every bum has some kind of a "lay." From the yeggmen who travel with "soup" and jimmy, looking for a broken lock or a well-filled safe, down through the other several varieties of crooks, to the faker with the bad arm or leg and the doctored or expired union card—every one on the road professionally has a lay.

I concluded that mine was that of a stranded restaurant worker. As such, I have adorned, for a short time, various restaurants and hasheries on the transcontinental route, much to the benefit of

my interior. I have become a vile short-order cook, a villainously bad waiter, but, I am proud to say, an excellent dish-washer.

First Meeting with a Mulligan.

It was outside Sacramento that I "jungled up" for the first time. The jungles were in an abandoned parkway by the west-bound S. P. tracks. A dozen boes of assorted varieties had, by individual assessment on the population of the capital city of California, collected a half-dozen loaves of bread (punk), some potatoes (spuds), some bits of meat, a few onions, and a sack of coffee (the Java).

All these edibles, except the coffee and bread, they had stewed together in a five-gallon kerosene can, and the compound was bubbling merrily over a brushwood fire. The combination is called a mulligan. When a new arrival came on the scene with anything cookable, he simply dumped it into the pot.

The mess was free to all. We ate the mulligan spread on broken halves of a bread-loaf, and drank our share of the Java from blackened tin tomato cans, previously rinsed out at a near-by hydrant. It was my first of many jungle feasts.

There seems to be but one unwritten law of the mulligan. It is that while all may eat for whom there is provender, those who have contributed shall be served first. As I think now of those jungle feasts, there comes back to me the biting hunger, the hot, greasy flavor of the mess, the aroma and stimulus of the steaming coffee, the faces in the firelight, some cruel, some hopeless, some just weak, and the miserably kingly hospitality of it all.

THE TOWN MARSHAL WOULD COLLECT US AND, WITH DRAWN REVOLVER, MARCH US TO THE LIMITS OF THE TOWN.

Driftwood from the Navy.

After we had eaten, a German tramp who had been a sailor—Sailor Dutch was his name, and many railroad men know him—read from a book of German so-

cialist verse. Nobody understood him, but all listened politely.

It was the first day out of Sacramento, and toward Colfax, that I began associating with the navy, or, rather, the ex-navy. We had a mutual confession party brought on by a chance remark in a box car up in the snowsheds on the Sierra side, in Bret Harte's country.

When it was over, it appeared that of the twenty-two individuals in the box car, all but myself and one other had "jumped the fleet" at San Francisco. The other was a hulking ex-marine from the South Dakota who had quit at Magdalena Bay, way down in the end of Lower California, and had worked his way up through the mountains to San Diego, and thence north and east.

I traveled with the navy boys across the Nevada desert. One of them, a good-looking young New York boy, whom for lack of a better name I christened Charley Davis, picked me out for a pal. We stood together until we reached Salt Lake City, where I got him a job in a restaurant. I hope he is still holding it down.

He had gone ashore at San Francisco from the Louisiana, overstayed his leave, was afraid to go back and face the music, met another sailor in the same predicament, exchanged his uniform on the "Barbary Coast" for some slops, and jumped a freight at Richmond a few hours after I had.

I shall not soon forget that desert trip. The line of the S. P. was congested with boes.

We would be ditched at a small water-tank town that boasted fewer houses than our party had boes. The town marshal would collect us and, with drawn revolver, march us to the limits of the town and instruct us in forcible language to take the first train out.

We would board the train in a body, and the train-crews would order us off, whereupon, after a complaint to the town "bull" by a committee, of which Bill and I were generally the spokesmen, an arrangement would be made whereby everybody officially looked the other way while we rode across the next waterless stretch to the next little town, to have the same trouble over again.

The only place where my particular group was locked up was at Lovelock. Seven of us crawled out of a rainy night into an empty box car which was within the "dead line." A deputy flashed a dark lantern in upon us as we were sleeping in a row, like so many sardines,

AT EACH STATION A NEW CONTINGENT OF THE DITCHED WOULD SPY THE BROKEN END DOOR, HOP IT, AND CRAWL IN.

and marched us off to a jail about the size of a chicken-coop and not dissimilar in odor and cleanliness.

The next morning, however, we were fed, our first real meal for some days. We had sat up most of the night speculating on what it would consist of.

When we were marched into the office of the justice of the peace, we confronted a kind-faced, gray-haired old gentleman not overburdened with a sense of the majesty of his office. He looked us over.

"Your names," he said, "are John Doe—relatives, I assume. You are fined six dollars apiece for vagrancy, an offense against the laws of the State of Nevada, consisting of sleeping in a box car. Undoubtedly you plead guilty; certainly you have not six dollars; consequently sentence is suspended, and you are given until the next freight to leave town."

He took a large chew of tobacco.

"Times are pretty hard, ain't they, boys?" He grinned as we walked out.

If this should reach his eye, I'm sure he will be glad to know that of his seven John Does, six were deserters from the United States navy, for whose detention there is a standing reward of twenty dollars apiece.

At Winnemucca our internal distress reached its height, or, rather, depth. We were so hungry that it hurt. I had reached the point where to chew a dry bread-crust was a keen pleasure.

There was a dead line about the town, with three acting deputy sheriffs watching it lest we transgress and worry the populace, who, I honestly believe, didn't have any too much to eat themselves.

Bill's Easy Craft.

Bill sighted a Mexican woman walking up the track, putting into a gunny sack the small pieces of coal which had dropped from passing engines. He engaged her in conversation in pidgin Spanish, and came running back with elation smeared all over his face.

"Hey, youse!" he yelled. "That coal stunt is worth a piece of change."

So we sacked coal. We were fully three miles down the track, however, before we got our one-hundred-and-twenty-pound sack full, and it was some work carrying it back to the old Mexican woman, who gave us six bits for it. It took me two or three days to figure out that it would have been a little more intelligent to have walked out the three miles and sacked the coal on the way in.

We got the "bull's" permission to go into town after the "makings," and we had a fine mulligan. That night Charley and I, desperate, shook the bunch while they were asleep and hopped the bumpers of a manifest freight.

Their Private Car.

It was almost as good as a passenger schedule; and we knew that if we could find some place on it under cover, we could make the four hundred miles into Ogden without a change. The cold was bitter that night, and we were not going to risk the ride clinging to the bumpers for more than one station; there we intended to drop off and look the train over for a place of possible concealment.

Then we noticed that the end door in the box car in front of us showed symptoms of being loose at one corner. Standing between the two cars on the bumpers, we wrenched away and hammered at it until our hands were bruised and splintered; after an hour's work between those cars, bumping along at a thirty-mile an hour schedule, we tore enough of the door off for Charley to crawl through and kick out another plank.

The car proved to be a box car half full of lumber. We stayed in it until we reached Ogden, thirty-six hours later. By the time we got there, there were forty-two bums crammed into that narrow space. At each station a new contingent of the ditched would spy the broken end door, hop it, and crawl in.

As we stopped in the night at the shore end of the cut-off, we dragged ourselves and each other out. I've never seen a crowd of men nearer "all in" from starvation, thirst, and suffocation. Nobody said good-by—just sifted out into the night by twos and threes. Charley and I made for what a previous Utah experience had convinced me must be the lights of the electric-light power-house, and a kind old night fireman shared his lunch with us.

(To be concluded.)

THE LUNCH-COUNTER FLIRT.

BY CHARLES WESLEY SANDERS.

Women Hated Her, Men Admired Her, and Sammy and William Fought for Her.

BEFORE Ann had been in Ashland a week, the inhabitants had come to a unanimous opinion about her—she was a little flirt. The eyes of the women grew cold and hard when her name was mentioned, and their lips were unlovely with sneers. The men, as best they could, pretended to agree with their womenkind, but they always had a smile for Ann if they met her alone.

After the above it should hardly be necessary to say that Ann was pretty. Lithe, slim, alert, auburn-haired, dark-eyed, those adjectives can in all truth be heaped upon her. And she knew how to make her lashes give first aid to her dark eyes.

A moment they veiled them, and then they swept up disconcertingly, catching mere man in the act of staring without restraint, or mere woman with disapproval written large on her countenance.

Of course, all the unmarried men fluttered up to Ann at once. Some did it openly, because they were not in bondage elsewhere; some did it secretly, so that there would be no tears or reproaches from certain other maids. Of the former, Sammy Millikin was the most conspicuous.

Millikin was the flagman on the local, which departed from Ashland every morning and returned every night. This left him in Ashland every other night, and he used his leisure in paying court to Ann. Ann's father had died, after long years as a section foreman, and Ann's mother had started a lunch-room down by the coal dock.

Ann's mother had notions about idle girls, and she made Ann spend a good many hours every day on a high stool behind the cash-register. Sammy Millikin, discovering this, ate oftener than was good for him, and came frequently to the lunch-room for cigars.

Poor William! It was just his ill fortune, after twenty-six years of serenity so far as women were concerned, to be disturbed by Ann's advent. He broke ahead on the local with Sammy; and coming in one night, a little late and wet from a steady rain, Sammy proposed that they go to the lunch-room for coffee.

William, not knowing that fate lay in wait for him, assented. Sammy's eyes sought out the girl as soon as he was inside the door, and she favored him with a smile and a flash of her eyes. Sammy reddened to the roots of his hair. He sat down opposite William, who was busying himself with the bill of fare, and leaned forward.

"Ain't she a peach?" he asked.

"Eh?" said William.

That was William's way. His was not a nimble wit. He had no instant grasp of things. He was likely, as it were, to walk round and about an idea before he accepted it.

But once he made up his mind, he was not to be shaken. Honesty was in his face, in his big, blue eyes, and on his straight, firm lipped mouth.

He looked at Sammy now, and Sammy carefully indicated the girl with a hand hidden from her view. William surveyed her. As he did so the girl raised her eyes, and they stared at each other. What passed through William's mind was not hard to understand, but what

passed through the girl's was a mystery.

William blushed to the roots of his hair, and his eyes fell suddenly to his plate. She, dissembling, tossed her auburn head and smiled at a man who passed the window. William, afterward, in his slow way, wondered if the man was anything to her.

When the two men had finished their dinner, they walked up to the girl's desk. She and Sammy laughed at each other and with each other, but William could only look away and fumble his hat.

"Don't forget day after to-morrow night," Sammy said to the girl.

"What's then?" she asked tauntingly.

"Oh, you know. You can't make me mad that way."

"Well, you seem pretty sure I'm going with you."

"You promised you would," Sammy retorted. "You're not going back on your word, are you?"

"No, I guess not," the girl drawled. "Are you going to the dance at the beach?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Sammy laughed. He put his hand on bashful William's arm.

"She's talking to you, old man," he said.

William looked up to find the girl smiling at him merrily.

"I—oh, I don't dance," he said.

"You don't have to dance. You'd better come"

Whenever he awoke that night her words seemed to reverberate in the dark. He wished he had learned to dance as Sammy had done, but he had always been too shy to go upon the floor.

It must be heavenly, he thought, to glide about with a girl like Ann. Sammy was lucky. He would take her to the dance and home again, and probably he would have most of the dances with her.

All the next day and the next night William tried to persuade himself that he would not be embarrassed if he went to the dance and merely looked on. On the following day, as the local neared home, he broached the subject to Sammy.

ANN'S MOTHER MADE ANN SPEND A GOOD MANY HOURS EVERY DAY ON A HIGH STOOL BEHIND THE CASH-REGISTER.

"Do many people who can't dance go to the beach?"

"Well, not many," Sammy said. "But that makes no difference. You come along. I'll let Ann sit out a couple of dances with you."

His tone of proprietorship wounded big William. He wondered what a girl like Ann could see in an undersized man like Sammy. Sammy wasn't particularly clever, and he certainly was not good looking. Still, he certainly had a way with him.

William went home and shaved and bathed and dressed with great care. Half past eight found him gazing through the open windows into the rapidly filling dance hall. Presently the music struck up, and the couples began to glide over the floor.

In a moment Sammy and Ann came past where William stood. She caught sight of him and threw him a gay smile over Sammy's shoulder. His heart sank. He was no part of that gaiety.

What had he come for? He turned and walked to the beach and sat down upon a log. For ten minutes he sat there, and then he heard a soft footstep in the sand back of him. He looked around. Ann approached.

SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIM AND THREW A GAY SMILE OVER SAMMY'S SHOULDER.

"I ran away," she said breathlessly. "I got mixed up and promised the same dance to three different fellows. Then Sammy said it was his. So I slipped away from all of them. Aren't you glad to see me?"

William looked at her. If she had been pretty in the lunch-room, she was radiant now. Her color was high and her eyes shone. William could see the pulsation in her white throat where it rose from her low-necked muslin dress.

"Yes," William said in little more than a whisper. "I'm glad to see you, but won't Sammy be mad?"

"Very likely," she answered calmly. "What difference does that make? He hasn't got any string on me."

Her assertion was flippant, and William did not like it particularly; but the adorable way in which she lifted her eyes to his made him forget in a minute.

"You're a beautiful girl," he said.

His voice was low and tense, robbed of any lightness by the sincerity of his feeling. The smile died from the girl's lips, and her eyes glowed differently.

"Oh, everybody says that," she said, in a changed voice. "I get sick of hearing it—sometimes."

He was about to put out his hand boldly to touch hers, when he again heard a noise behind him. Sammy came crashing down upon them.

"This will be about all for you two," he said. "Come on, Ann. The music is just starting. This is mine."

Ann got up, too dutifully, William thought. She held out her hand. William took it and held it for an instant. When he released it she and Sammy went up the slope toward the hall.

William watched them go into the light and vanish through the door. Then he turned away with a sigh.

A half mile up the beach, away from the village, he sank down on the sand. He wished he had not gone to the dance. He had never felt this bitterness before. After a long time a fog rolled in over the lake, and he felt cold.

The change in weather, from a brilliant autumn—a sort of second Indian summer—to cold and rain, was coming, he feared. He got up and started homeward.

"You're a fool if you do."

That was his own answer to a suggestion that suddenly made itself known in his brain. He would have to go half a mile out of his way to pass Ann's house.

There was no likelihood of his seeing her; and, besides, he had no reason to believe she wanted to see him. Yet, of course, he went.

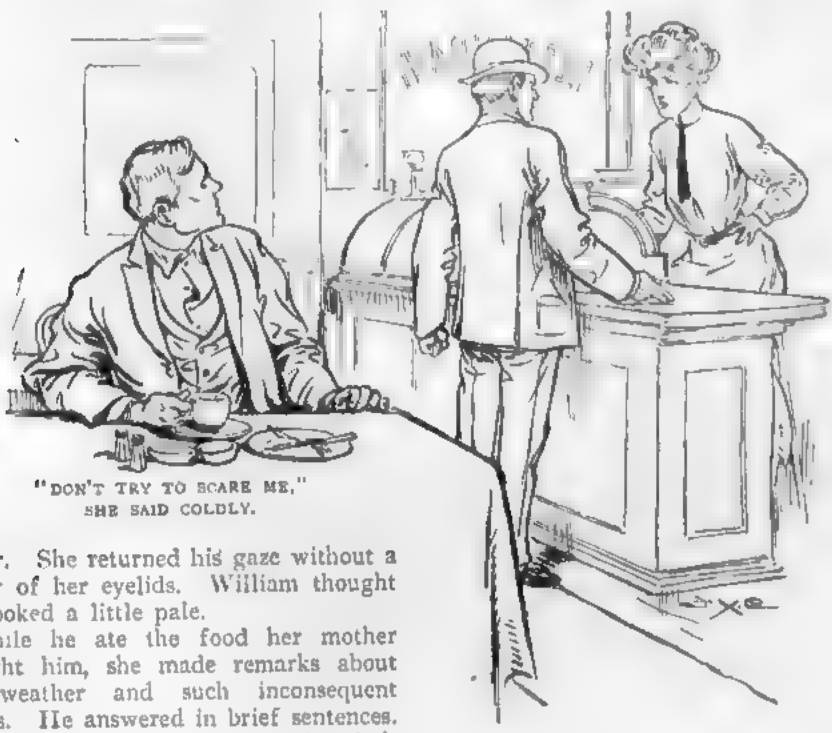
The house was dark when he came in sight of it. No one seemed to be about.

He had left his watch at home, so that he had no idea what time it was. Probably Sammy and Ann had reached home long before. As he stood staring at the house, a low laugh came to his ears. His horrified eyes dropped to the front steps of the house.

Dimly he could make out a man and a girl sitting close together. He turned and hurried away, wondering what sort of fool Ann would think him.

For five days he stayed away from the restaurant. Then one night, after he had come in from a particularly tiring run, his hunger for a sight of Ann drove him to go to see her. He was trembling when he opened the door and walked into the room.

He was aware that the place was empty save for her, and he had to look at her. She returned his gaze without a flutter of her eyelids. William thought she looked a little pale.



"DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME," SHE SAID COLDLY.

While he ate the food her mother brought him, she made remarks about the weather and such inconsequent things. He answered in brief sentences.

As he was about to rise, the door opened and Sammy came in. He walked up to the girl without speaking to William.

"Why didn't you come?" he demanded.

"Come?" the girl asked icily.

"You said you'd meet me to-night."

"I was too busy"

William's back was to them, and he could not tell whether Sammy glared at her or not. Presently he heard Sammy break out

"You'd better be careful how you treat me."

This so amazed William that he turned in his seat. At the same moment Ann lifted her eyes.

"Don't try to scare me," she said coldly.

Sammy whirled and went out, slamming the door. William paid his check in silence. He noticed that the girl's hands trembled as she made his change. When he had put the money into his pocket he looked at her.

"Shall I stay here till you close up?" he asked.

The girl thought for a long time.

"No; you'd better not," she said. "You'd better go home—at once."

There was something in her voice that he did not understand. He had no idea why he should go home at once, but he went.

Fall had come into its own at last,

with tearing winds off the lake and with wild, cold rains. The ease of the summer was gone for the railroad man, and he worked with numbed fingers and chilled body.

Sammy and William had had a hard day. Traffic was increasing, as it always did in the winter. At every station there was freight to load or cars to pick up. The two men had been in the open air all day; and now, as they were making the last lap of the journey to Ashland, they were wet and cold.

It had been a hard day for William in more than a physical way. For the first time in his life he had evidently made an enemy, and that enemy was Sammy.

Leaving Ashland the day before, Sammy had refused to speak to him; and now on the return home his silence had been unbroken, except when he had had to refer to something in the day's work. William's careful mind tried to think what the trouble might have risen from, but he was baffled.

It was dusk by the time they reached the last station before Ashland. It had been raining all the afternoon, and now a suggestion of snow was in the air. William, riding the first car behind the engine, saw that the block was against them.

Of course, there would be another car to pick up. As the engine passed the station he climbed down and dropped to the platform. The station-agent stood in the shelter of the door, hugging himself together inside his rain-coat.

"What you got?" William demanded.

The agent handed him a way-bill. William examined the bill by the light from the window.

"Where is she?" he asked the agent.

"'Bout half-way down."

William uttered an exclamation. He wished cars might be more handy on occasions like this. The conductor came up, and William handed him the bill. The conductor told him to uncouple the engine, and they prepared to pole out the cars ahead of the one they were to pick up.

When they had got the proper car out, William coupled the engine to the other cars, preparatory to dropping them back into the siding. When the engine started, a draw-bar was pulled out, and there was some delay. At length, however, the train was ready to start.

"He's got the block against us now," the conductor said, and he went into the telegraph-office.

"We've got to lay here for first Fifty-Four," he announced when he came out. "That despatcher's too fresh. Says we've been here too long, and we can stay a little longer. Fifty-Four won't be here for forty minutes. We may as well get in to clear, though."

When they had got in, Sammy Millikin came clambering over the tram.

"I'm chilled through standing back there," he said. "Can I go up and get a cup of coffee?"

The conductor said he might go, and William asked permission to go with him. Sammy threw a curse over his shoulder and told William to remain where he was.

"What's eating him?" the conductor asked.

"I don't know," William answered truthfully, and went inside and sat down.

Fifty-Four was passing the station before Sammy came back. William and the conductor were standing out in front, but Sammy climbed up on the first car of the local and went swaying back to the caboose.

William's eyes followed him as far as he could see him, and then William looked covertly at the conductor. But the latter's eyes were on the wheels of the passing cars.

When Fifty-Four had gone, William opened the switch and the local crept out on the main track. William stood by the switch till the train had passed. Then he threw it and caught the caboose, swinging the engineer ahead.

He went through the caboose and climbed up on the car next to it. Sammy sat on the running-board. William stepped past him, and Sammy rose a little unsteadily.

"Hadn't you better stay where you are?" William asked.

"Don't talk to me," Sammy said, and he swore again.

William started ahead; he could hear Sammy pattering after him. William did not like the whiteness that had come about Sammy's lips or the brilliancy

that had come into his eyes. While he had been away he had not depended upon coffee to warm him.

As William walked along he felt a particle of ice sting his face. He stopped and held up his hand. Sammy stopped, too. More particles of ice spat against William's hand. The rain had turned to sleet. He wondered what idea had come into Sammy's poisoned brain.

He walked slowly a car-length and stopped again. It was sleeting in earnest now. The top of the car was growing slippery. The engineer was letting her out, intent on getting home. Ahead of them a patch of woods threw a shadow across the track. William turned to Sammy.

"Look out here," he said. "It's slippery, and it's going to be dark."

For answer, Sammy laughed, and William saw him come on again. He had a coupling-pin in his hand. William cried out, but still Sammy came on, his figure growing dim as the light faded under the trees.

WILLIAM SAW HIM COME ON AGAIN. HE HAD A COUPLING-PIN IN HIS HAND.

"What are you going to do, Sammy?" William shouted.

Sammy made no reply, and William saw that he must act at once to save himself. As Sammy raised his arm and sprang forward like a cat, William dropped to his knees and caught him about the legs. The coupling-pin whirled over William's head as he shot up his hand and seized Sammy's wrist.

"Sammy," he said coldly, "you've been drinking. You're a fool."

This was a strange William to Sammy. For a moment his temper cooled. Then his rage flared up again as "fool" rang in his ears. He wrenched his hand free and struck viciously, and the heavy coupling-pin landed on William's shoulder.

"HAVE YOU GOT WILLIAM LOCKED UP HERE?" SHE DEMANDED.

He threw his weight on Sammy and bent him backward. There was a short struggle, then Sammy's feet went from under him on the sleet-covered roof. William tried to hold him, but his own feet slipped, and both men went over the side of the car.

Sammy's scream was still in William's ears when he came back from the daze into which the shock of the fall had plunged him. Sammy lay at his side, and the lights of the caboose were far down the track. No one, apparently, had seen them go over. William shook Sammy, and the latter opened his eyes.

"Get up," William ordered, his own temper rising as he recalled what Sammy had tried to do

"I can't," Sammy moaned.

"Get up," William insisted.

"My foot," Sammy whispered, and William saw that his face was white.

William drew a match from an inside pocket and struck it. Its flicker revealed the fact that Sammy's foot had been crushed.

"Did it go under the wheels?" William gasped.

"Something happened to it; I don't know what," Sammy said, his voice a mere shadow of itself. "Say, don't leave me here. I'm dying, I guess. I feel so funny. I've got a bottle inside my pocket. Give me a drink."

William found the bottle and put it to the injured man's lips. Sammy drank and lay back with closed eyes.

"Say, I'm bleeding," he murmured. "Can't you do something?"

William rolled back his trousers and bound a big handkerchief around the calf of Sammy's leg.

William stood up and gazed down the track. It was very dark, and he could hear no sound of a train.

"We've got to get to Ashland," he said. "We've got to get a doctor for you. You'll have to let me carry you all the way."

Sammy did not speak, and William stooped and gathered him in his arms. He was strong and Sammy was not very big, but it was no easy task to stumble along a railroad track for three miles in a sleet-storm.

The news spread through the town

with astonishing rapidity. In an hour few had not heard it. It came to Ann at last as she sat on her stool in the lunch-room. She slipped from the stool, her face very white, and ran to her mother.

"Mother," she cried, "William has been arrested."

Before her mother could stop her she was out of the door and flying down the street. She did not stop till she came to the town hall, which also served as a jail.

"Have you got William locked up here?" she demanded.

The policeman whose turn it was to act as custodian of the jail was one of those about whom she had woven her spell, and he stammered that William was indeed locked up.

"Well, I want to see him," she declared.

The policeman said that it was pretty late, but Ann was not to be denied, and presently she found herself before William's cell. William seemed more hurt than scared, and as she looked into his big, mournful blue eyes Ann had to laugh.

"This is ridiculous," she said. "Now, tell me about it."

"We took Sammy home," he said, "and we called a doctor. I stayed till the doctor had finished. When Sammy came out from the chloroform he began to curse me.

"While he was doing that, the coroner came. He said he had been told Sammy was dead. Sammy raised himself on his elbow.

"'I'm not dead,' he said, 'but it's not his fault.' And he looked straight at me. The coroner asked him what he meant.

"'He threw me off a car,' Sammy said. 'He was jealous about a girl.'

"Then the coroner had me brought here. I can't understand it."

Ann considered a moment. "Did he say what girl you were jealous about?" she asked.

"No," William replied, "but of course he meant you."

Ann turned and ran to the front of the building where the policeman was on duty.

"I want you to take William and me to Sammy Millikin's house," she said. "It's all foolishness having him locked up here."

"I ought to call the coroner," the policeman said.

"Pshaw!" said Ann, looking at him. "Come along."

In a few minutes they were in the street, and in a few more at Sammy's house. Ann insisted that William and the policeman hear her talk to Sammy.

"Sammy, you're hurt," she said. "How did it happen?"

The lips of the injured man moved. His eyes traveled along the coverlet. Then they rose to meet the girl's. He had never seen that look in her dark eyes before.

"I told them how it happened," he said.

"Did William throw you off the car?" There was scorn in the voice now.

Sammy was silent.

"Sammy, look at me." The tone was imperious.

Sammy twisted his head and stared at the wall. Again she demanded that he look at her. Slowly he obeyed.

"Did William throw you off the car?"

"No!" He spat out the word, and then his voice broke. "I was crazy, Ann. I thought so much of you, and now I've lost you."

Ann held out her hand to William.

They went out into the street. "What did he mean by losing you?" William asked.

"Oh, he asked me to marry him, and I said I couldn't."

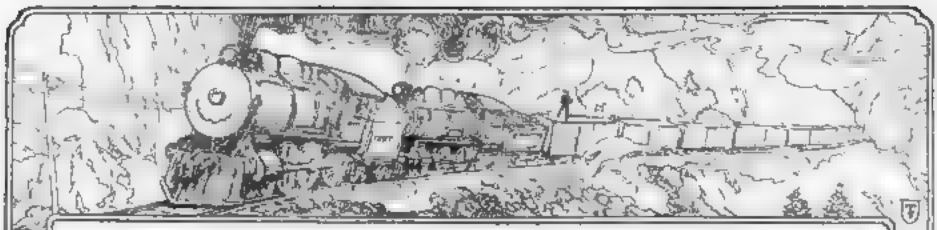
"Why couldn't you?"

She turned her face away. "Because I cared for some one else. I cared for some one else the first time I saw him."

"It isn't possible you care for me, is it, Ann?" William asked.

"It's barely possible," Ann replied. "At least, that's what made Sammy jealous." She began to speak rapidly. "You know, they say I'm a flirt. I guess I was, because all the men wanted to flirt with me, and I flirted back. But you didn't flirt."

He caught her hands in his and drew her to him. She had shown herself to him in many lights, but this revealed her to him at her loveliest.



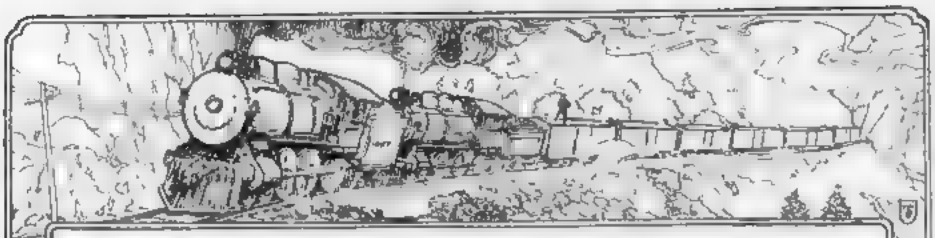
GUARDIANS OF THE WAYS.

BY J. E. HUNGERFORD

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

NO, they sure ain't much for beauty,
As they plod along the tracks,
But they're doin' of their duty
And they're strainin' honest backs;
It's no easy job repairin'
Those old rocky right o' ways,
And I say, boys, don't be sparin'
With your honest bit of praise.

For all day they shoves the shovels, and all day they swings the picks,
And all day they drives the spikes in, with their firm and steady licks;
It's a hard old road to travel, and they earns their wages fair,
And while praise is goin' round, boys, they're deservin' of their share.



No, you wouldn't call 'em handsome,
But they're manly men—and strong.
And their tones are mighty gladsome
When they sings a workin' song;
Oftentimes their bones are achin',
But their hearts are beatin' light,
For their joy in life is makin'
Them old road-beds gage up right.

All day long they shovels gravel, all day long they shims up ties;
With the perspiration drippin' and the sunlight in their eyes;
Oh, it sure takes hard old pluggin' keepin' road-beds in repair,
And if praise is goin' round, boys, they're deservin' of their share.

Yes, their overalls are greasy,
And their shirts a faded red;
But their laugh is loud and breezy
As they forges on ahead;
And their lusty blows are ringin'
As they swing the heavy maul
To the measure of their singin'
As they lets it rise and fall.

All day long through burning summer, and through winter's icy pall,
They're a tampin' with a crowbar and they're poundin' with a maul;
They're a shovin' of the shovels, brawny arms and throats laid bare;
And while praise is goin' round, boys, don't forget they've earned their share.

Says the Old Lineman, Says He.

BY FREDERICK CHARLTON.

APPARENTLY the supply of stories in which the railroad plays a more or less important part is inexhaustible. The yarn that follows suggests the existence of a mine of narrative, which we have barely scratched, on the development and maintenance of the vast telegraph systems of the United States.

Like the pioneers of the railroad, the men who have carried the telegraph into new country have faced dangers innumerable and conquered difficulties apparently insuperable. Nor do the difficulties and dangers disappear with the approach of civilization, as the story with which this article closes will prove.

The Men Who Build the Telegraph Lines and Keep Them in Order Face Many Dangers, but You Can't Frighten or Kill Them.

"SOME people seem to think telegraphy is an insipid and commonplace business. Well, they're mistaken. I ought to know, for I've earned my lamb chops and shortcake at it for forty-odd years. Started in as a messenger-boy, graduated into a wooden shoe—

"What's a wooden shoe? There are none now. In the good old times operators were called 'wooden shoes' because the painful way they clattered out a message on the old-fashioned instruments reminded 'em of a man trying to learn to walk in wooden shoes. But in the process of evolution the wooden shoes developed into 'hams' and then into 'plugs.'

"They have been pounding away so long now they've forgotten what they are. Why, there's Jim Shain, at the Western Union main office in New York, who has been an operator continuously since 1852, and he looks as if he was good for fifty-six years more.

"If Jim only had taken up construction work, instead of humping over a sounder year in and year out, he might last forever. You never heard of a lineman dying, did you? Of course not; they don't die, any more than a mule does. Yet theirs is the strenuous life.

"Why, I was a lineman before climbers were invented. Linemen went around with ladders, like a village fire department on the Fourth of July. Even cedar poles had not been invented.

"Locust, or any other old thing that came handy, was used. The knots weren't trimmed off, and some of the poles were so crooked a man would get lost trying to climb 'em—honest, he would.

"They didn't have nice glass insulators that screwed on, either. For a time they had an iron hat about ten inches in diameter to set on top of poles. The wire was held between three little pegs on top of this hat, and was fastened down by a key.

"When a wire broke, it would slip between these pegs, and then the lineman had his own troubles getting it back into place again.

"As I was saying, you can't kill a lineman. I've seen it tried time and time again, but every job has been bungled. Now, there was John Dunn, a lineman on the Kansas Pacific some thirty years ago. John was making some repairs away out in lonesomest Kansas one day.

"As the Indians had been comparatively quiet for several weeks, he wasn't expecting trouble. He went out alone and unarmed, and didn't even keep his eyes open, as he should have done.

Fooled the Indians.

"He was up on a pole, hard at work, when he felt a stinging pain in his left hip. Looking down, he saw an arrow sticking there. Before he had time to figure out what it meant, another arrow struck him in the shoulder, and a third pierced his upper arm. He turned sick, and that was all he knew about the proceedings that day.

"Next forenoon a party sent out to look for him found him stumbling along the railroad track like a drunken man, with the three arrows still sticking in him and his scalp gone. The Indians had been so cock-sure he was dead when he tumbled off the pole, they didn't feel like wasting the energy needed to tomahawk him.

"Any man with the least respect for surgical traditions would have died, too; but John, being a lineman, is still hale and hearty, though he does walk with a slight limp.

"Then, there was Hank Gelson, whose headquarters were at Las Vegas, New Mexico. When the Santa Fe was first built, bear, mountain lions, and wildcats were thicker than mosquitoes in Jersey in that part of New Mexico, so Hank used to carry a rifle on his velocipede. I'm afraid he hunted now and then on the company's time, for he used to bring in a good many bear and lion skins.

"The funniest thing about Hank was that he became an ardent collector of rattlesnakes. The charms of second-hand postage stamps, dirty old rugs, and decrepit china were as nothing to the fascination a rattler exerted on Hank.

"SNATCHED OUT A RATTLESNAKE, FIVE FEET LONG AND AS THICK AS MY ARM, AND HURLED IT STRAIGHT AT HUBBY'S HEAD."

"He carried a bag and a forked stick that he used to hold the snakes' heads down until he could get them into the bag on his velocipede. Some days he would come in with nearly a bushel of snakes of assorted sizes.

"He would sell them to tourists, or give them away if he couldn't sell them. He always had a box of snakes in the house.

"Hank's wife was a Mexican, and Mexican women are pretty likely to have a temper. At least, this one had. One day, as a climax to a little domestic disagreement, she undertook to discipline her spouse. Not finding anything else handy, she ran to the snake-box, wrenched off the cover, snatched out a rattlesnake five feet long and as thick as my arm, and hurled it straight at hubby's head.

"She aimed a little low, and the snake hit Hank right in the neck with a clammy 'ker-slap,' and then draped gracefully over each shoulder. The snake didn't like this sort of thing any more than Hank did; but not being coiled, he couldn't do anything about it.

"Probably, too, he recognized the futility of trying to hurt a lineman. Anyway, Hank gave his head and shoulders a flirt, throwing the snake off, and then dashed out of the house.

Busy Day for Hank.

"That must have been Hank's busy day, for plenty happened to him. Not caring to return to the house while his wife was in such a state of mind, Hank went down to the railroad, got out his velocipede, and started off to work without his rifle.

"Any hunter can tell you that if you go out without a gun, you are sure to see plenty of game. Trundling quietly down Apache cañon, south of Las Vegas, Hank, in going around a sharp curve, came suddenly face to face with an enormous black bear in the middle of the track. The bear seemed to be going some place in a hurry, for he evidently didn't hear the velocipede, and Hank's attention being concentrated on the wires, he didn't see the bear until they were within fifty feet of each other.

"Hank was scared stiff, and the bear was paralyzed. His beady little eyes dilated, and every hair on his body came slowly to attention and stood erect. For nearly a minute bear and man glowered at each other. The bear recovered first, and with a blood-curdling growl turned slowly around and started off down the track.

"Whether Hank's long success in hunting big game had bred contempt for wild animals, or whether domestic events had upset his judgment that morning, I don't know. All I can say is that there was a sudden rush of foolishness to his head, and he snatched up an insulator and hurled it at the bear, striking him square on the buttocks.

A Close Finish.

"If ever a bear was mad, that one was. Such a wanton insult after he had offered to call it all off, and had yielded the right of way, was just a little more than any self-respecting bear could be expected to stand. Quicker than lightning he whirled, let out a fearful snarl, and made for Hank, with all his teeth showing.

"Fortunately, Hank had stopped directly opposite a telegraph-pole. Providentially, too, he had his climbers on, for he had just been doing some work. Finally, although he didn't have sense enough to let the bear alone, he did have the intelligence to beat the world's record in a dash for that pole.

"He needed the record, for the bear actually got hold of one trousers leg as he shinned up, but the cloth gave way.

"The bear was in a frenzy of rage. He kept trying to climb the pole and snarling and running around and around. At last he got tired and sat down to wait. Every time Hank moved the bear would growl and prepare for action. Hank wearied of the *status quo* before the bear did.

"His guardian angel certainly was on the lookout for Hank that day. In reviewing the situation, he found he had his belt on and that the belt carried the usual tools and a few feet of wire that he had been too lazy to detach and lay on the velocipede after repairing a break. Taking the wire, he unrolled it, bent a hook on one end, and fastened the pliers to the other.

"Hooking his piece of wire on to a live wire, Hank dangled the pliers against the pole on a level with the bear's head. The bear made a lunge for the pliers under the impression that he was about to do something that would spite Hank. Of course, the instant his wet tongue touched the steel, he got a slight shock, and it pretty nearly scared him to death.

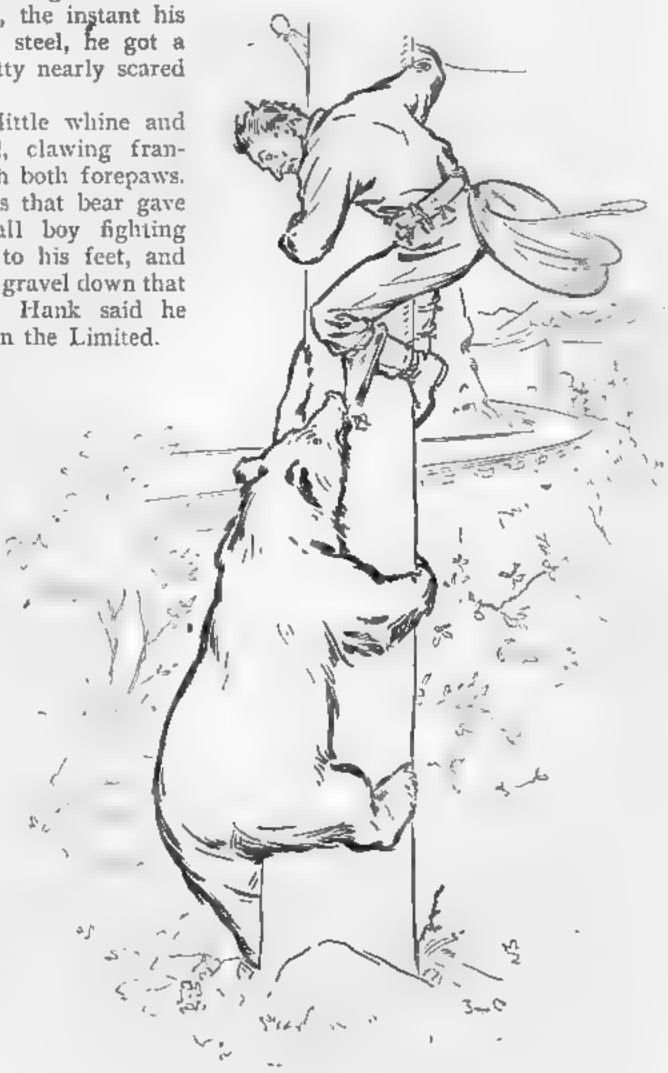
"He gave a funny little whine and tumbled over backward, clawing frantically at his mouth with both forepaws. For about thirty seconds that bear gave an imitation of a small boy fighting hornets. Then he got to his feet, and the way he did scratch gravel down that cañon was a caution. Hank said he kicked up more dust than the Limited.

"Hank laughed at the antics of that bear until he got so weak that he fell off the pole and hurt his back so he couldn't get up. He had to lie there until a train came along and ran into his velocipede. The trammen picked him up and took him in, and he was all right in a day or two.

"No, you can't kill a lineman. They tried it on Ike Ducey, too, but they only succeeded in making a hunchback of him. Ike was a unique character among linemen, and the best known. The company always figured that it was getting Ike's work free of charge, for he certainly was worth the money just to have around the other men.

"He was the most irrepressibly good-natured man I ever saw. He was always laughing and joshing and skylarking. He had a voice like a calliope, and he always laughed in the loudest tones. In some men this might have been disagreeable, but Ike had wonderful personal magnetism.

"Everybody liked him. Grumbling was unknown in any gang Ike worked in. No matter how bad the weather, or how tough the job, Ike always remembered something worse the moment any one made a remark. You can understand, now, Ike's value in a gang.



"HE DID HAVE THE INTELLIGENCE TO BEAT THE WORLD'S RECORD IN A DASH FOR THAT POLE."

"Besides this, he knew his business perfectly, and he never allowed any other man to do as much work as he did. He led the gang.

"I have seen Ike out with a gang, after a sleet storm in the early spring,

to straighten things out. That's the job that tries men. If they're not born linemen, they'll weaken at such a time. The whole country was flooded, and the water was covered with ice half an inch thick through which we had to wade to get at the poles.

"Ike would be the first man to plunge in. Yelling like a rooter at a football game, he would wade through water up to his armpits, pushing the ice out of his way, and be the first up a pole. Yet he never had rheumatism. No lineman ever has rheumatism or pneumonia or anything of that sort.

"Ike was a great mimic. Whenever we came to a town, he would begin to howl like a dog that had been run over or had heard bad news or something of that sort. Within three minutes all the dogs in town would be collected, and in another minute there would be a canine riot in full swing. But I started in to tell how they tried to kill Ike.

Under the Hand-Car.

"The gang was coming in from work one evening on a hand-car on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, near Cincinnati. Ike was sitting on a keg of bolts on the front end of the car, skylarking and jollying the rest of the boys, as usual. He got to laughing about something, and laughed so hard he lost his balance and fell on his back in front of the car.

"His clothing caught, doubled him up, and whirled him over, breaking his back. As a finishing touch, the bull-wheel, that big cog-wheel underneath the car, plowed a furrow across his back that I could have laid my two fingers in. They thought Ike was done for, sure

"I suppose the surgical sharps will maintain that a man cannot live with his back broken, but I am telling you that Ike Ducey lived and recovered and went back to work as a lineman again. Why, after he was hurt, he would tie his eighteen or twenty miles of wire a day with the best of them. And he would never use anything but the old-fashioned gooseneck pliers to do it with.

"Yes, and I have seen 'em try to kill linemen in job lots, but they couldn't do it any more than you can kill 'em one at a time.

"I remember one time in particular, some seventeen years ago. We were clearing up after a sleet-storm on the Illinois Central, near Clinton, Illinois. We had a train out distributing poles and other material, and were very anxious to get through, so we worked till nearly dusk. Then we started for Clinton with three box cars and a caboose.

Freight Couldn't Wait.

"There was a freight-train had orders to meet us at Clinton, but being in a hurry, the freight men concluded not to wait for a mere work-train. I was sitting at an open window of the caboose when I heard the yelp of a locomotive in the distance.

"Putting my head out of the window quickly, I saw a blue streak emitted from the cab of our engine. The streak struck a pile of ties, bounced about ten feet into the air, and then landed in three feet of water in the ditch with a mighty splash. It was our engineer.

"The next instant the air was full of flying linemen as they jumped from the box cars and the caboose. They had all been seized with a sudden and violent antipathy to railroad travel.

"As we were going pretty lively and the ground looked cruelly hard, I concluded not to disembark just then, but drew my head in and threw myself flat on the floor. The conductor did the same.

"We had hardly touched the floor before there was a crash that made my ears ring, and the conductor and I went scooting across the floor and brought up against the front end with a suddenness that left big dents in the woodwork. Neither of us was in much of a hurry to get up

"When we did get up and begin to take notice, we were hitting a terrific gait. We seemed to be going forty miles an hour, and our speed was increasing at every turn of the wheels. Our heads were so sore that we couldn't figure it out in view of a strong impression that there had been a collision.

"Finally, when we got our bearings, we reached the conclusion that the engi-

neer had plugged his old mill before he jumped and that we were now backing up with all the steam the old Four-Twenty-Nine had.

"The obvious thing to do was to get to that engine and stop it. The conductor undertook to do this, but he was so groggy from the bump he had received that he made slow work of getting over the box cars. I didn't dare set the caboose brake while we were backing up so fast for fear the darned thing would climb the rail and our last state would be worse than the first.

"YELLING LIKE A ROOTER AT A FOOTBALL GAME, HE WOULD WADE THROUGH WATER UP TO HIS ARMPITS."

Finding Their Train Again.

"When we finally came to a standstill we were three miles from the scene of the wreck—if there was one. We found ourselves near a siding, so we headed in and closed the switch. Next, we concluded to go back and see what had happened. So we broke into a section-house and got out a hand-car.

"But this time it was pitch dark and we could find no lamps on the train or in the section-house. The trainmen had figured on getting in before dark and so had brought no lamps.

"So we started back through the blackest night I have ever seen. The darkness was so intense it could be felt. On the way we heard a noise which we concluded was a train coming, so we jumped from the hand-car and ran.

"We probably would be going yet if it hadn't been for the wire-fence. That held us until the cause of the noise came up. It was the engineer and fireman looking for their lost train, and our over-wrought nerves had magnified their footsteps into the snorting of a locomotive in the distance.

"We finally got back to the scene of the collision and found the freight engine's front end badly caved in, but only her front trucks off the rails. Our men were safe; not one had so much as a scratch. Yet, they had tumbled off a train going thirty-five miles an hour without taking time to see where they were going.

"But Louis Newman was missing. We got some of the freight crew's lamps and searched every inch of the right of way for nearly a mile, but no trace of Louis could be found.

"By eleven o'clock the freight crew had their engine back on the rails and were ready to proceed. So we gave up the search for Louis, thoroughly mystified, got on the freight, and rode down to our train. As we pulled up we saw by

"HE HAD SLEPT SOUNDLY THROUGH IT ALL AND DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THERE HAD BEEN A COLLISION."

the dim light of a brakeman's lantern a figure come to the door of a box car, yawn, and stretch. Then the figure inquired:

"'What you fallers bean doin'? Aan't we goin' een to-night?'

"It was Louis. He had slept soundly through it all and didn't even know there had been a collision. Oh, you can't feaze a lineman!

Galveston Couldn't Feaze Them.

"Even Galveston couldn't worry the linemen. I have never seen such men as the four hundred linemen gathered from all parts of the country to reopen communication with Galveston after the terrible hurricane of September 8, 1900, that destroyed seventeen million dollars' worth of property and more than six thousand lives. And I have never seen such magnificent endurance as they exhibited.

"We had to camp on the beach at Virginia Point, on the mainland. Poles had to be dumped into the water, six miles from Galveston, lashed together, and then rafted down to the bay and across it two and a half miles to the city.

"The beach was strewn for miles with wreckage, and the right of way was covered thick with débris. Everywhere were bodies in an advanced stage of decomposition.

"Every morning before going to work each man had pieces of camphor-gum thrust into each nostril as some protection against the awful stench. Even with this many were deathly sick, yet not one man quit or even flinched. Oh, it was terrible!

"We were compelled at last to get a supply of black oil and saturate all the bodies and the wreckage we could find and burn it. There was no other way to avoid pestilence, not only among our own men, but among the survivors and others who were trying to help them.

"I don't know what might have happened if it had not been for a bit of comic relief unwittingly furnished by Nat Shelley, a young lineman from Illinois, who had never been in sight of the sea before, for the conditions were plainly getting on the nerves of everybody. Nat was helping unload poles into the water one day, when he went overboard. Instantly a dozen cant-hooks and poles were reached out to the spot where he had gone down.

"The Cornfield Sailor."

"He soon bobbed up, not at all worried, for he could swim like a fish, but evidently laboring under the most intense surprise. As soon as he could

scramble ashore and get the water out of his mouth, he sputtered, in tones of the greatest amazement:

"'Jerusalem! Why, that water's salt! What do you think of that?'

"The half hysterical roar that went up from that gang seemed to set every one right again. After that a reference to the salt water was all that was needed to brighten the men under the most trying circumstances. Nat was known as 'The Cornfield Sailor' after that.

"He took all the guying in perfect good humor, and proved to be quite at home in the salt water. He would swim out to a pile of the wrecked railroad bridge with a line and make it fast while the men on the raft drew it up to the pile; then Nat would swim ahead to the next one.

"We did a fine job in short order. In three weeks we put up fifty miles of poles and three hundred miles of wire, and laid cables across the bay.

"But, then, linemen are used to rush jobs. When a wire goes down the company naturally wants the break repaired as soon as possible. And when they want a new line constructed, they expect still quicker work.

"No self-respecting telegraph official would think of ordering a line put up until he simply had to have it week before last. Then it's step lively for the linemen.

"The world's record for new line construction was made in 1894, when two gangs of eighteen men each strung a wire, putting up arms and brackets, from Chicago to San Francisco, two thousand five hundred and fifty miles, in eighty-six days

"I think we captured the world's record for heavy firing, too, for on Sundays all hands turned out to hunt coyotes, jack-rabbits and prairie-dogs. Not a man in the outfit could have hit a barn if he had been inside with the door locked; but what they lacked in marksmanship they tried to make up in cannonading. Talk about the battle of Liao-yang!"

TELEGRAPH POLES OF MUD.

South American Clay That Is Useful in Many Emergencies After the Water is Squeezed Out.

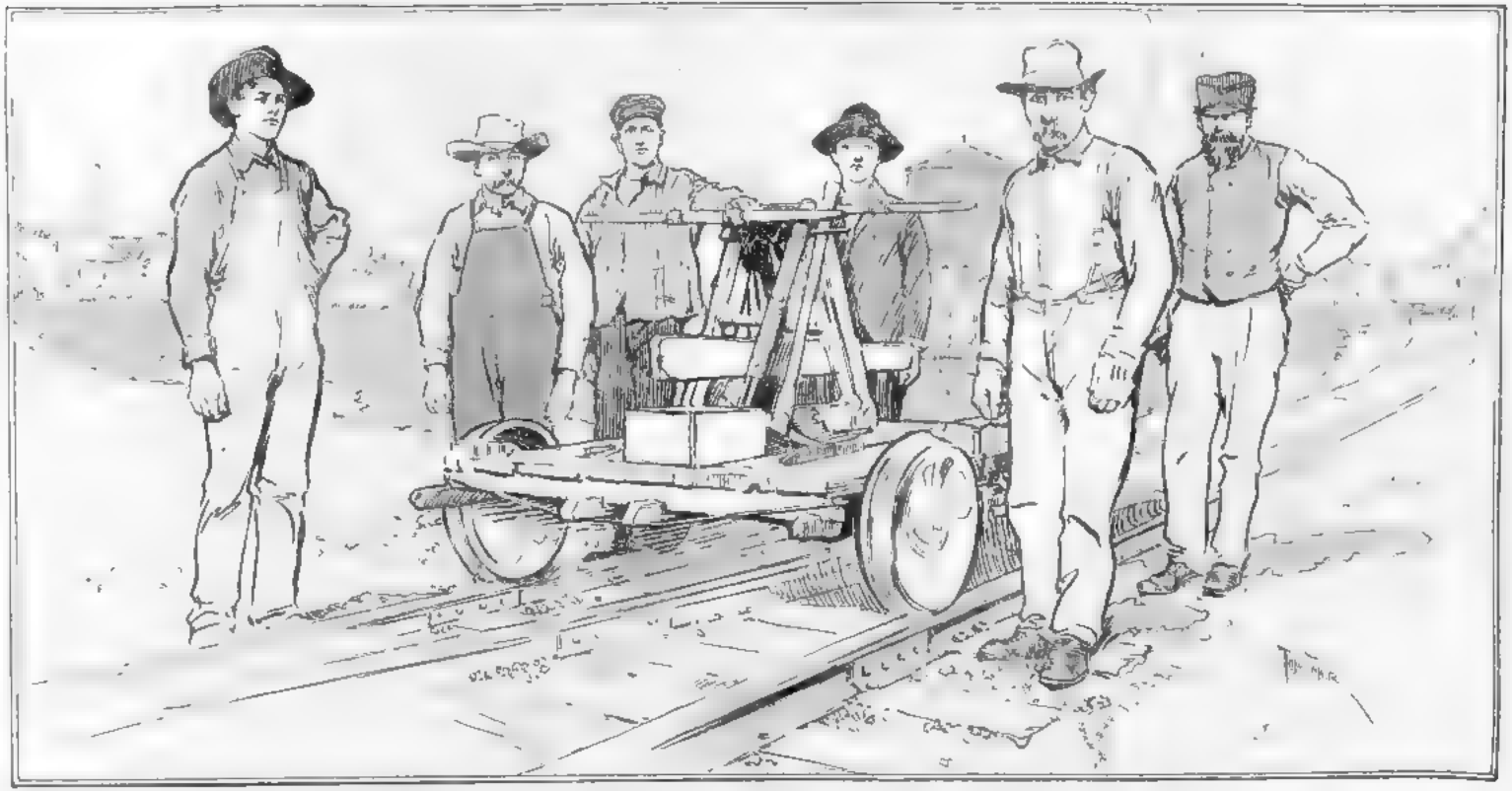
ALTHOUGH we are accustomed to the adobe houses and the adobe walls of the Southwest, it would appear that we do not realize all the uses that our Latin neighbors make of "mud." A writer in the English *Electrical Review*, describing what he considers "the most original telegraph line in the world," tells how this line once extended from the city of Las Paz, Bolivia, to Oruro. Says the *Review*:

"In this part of Bolivia there are no growing trees, and wood is so difficult to procure that even the ordinary household furniture of the natives is invariably made, not of wood, but of dried mud, or adobe, as it is called. It is, therefore, not surprising that when the war broke out in 1880 between Chile and Bolivia and the need for a telegraph line between the two places mentioned became urgent, as all communication with any seaport was cut off, this material was used to construct pillars to take the place of ordinary posts for supporting the wire, with the addition of old bottles as insulators.

"These pillars were substantially built on stone foundations, and measured about five feet square at the base, with a height of fifteen feet. They were placed at intervals of about three hundred and sixty-one feet, and thus held the wire at a height sufficient to clear the only animals of the country, the llama and donkey.

"The total length of the line was one hundred and fifty-six miles, and it rendered useful service for some ten years before being replaced by the ordinary wooden telegraph-pole line.

"Among other curious telegraph lines may be mentioned the growing-pole line erected in Uganda by an ingenious English engineer, who, unable to find any dead wood which would withstand the white ants, hit on the idea of transporting growing bark-cloth-trees to the side of the roads and using them as poles."



A FAMILY THAT RUNS A SECTION.

AT HOOKER, SOUTH DAKOTA ON THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN NELS JOHNSON AND HIS FIVE HUSKY SONS MAKE UP THE SECTION FORCE THE FATHER HAS BEEN IN CHARGE OF HIS SECTION SINCE 1897, AND IN THE EMPLOY OF THE MAINTENANCE OF WAY DEPARTMENT OF THE NORTHWESTERN SINCE 1884 BESIDES THE FIVE SONS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE HE HAS TWO OTHER SONS AND FOUR DAUGHTERS AND IS WITHAL A SOLID CITIZEN OF THE COMMUNITY IN WHICH HE LIVES AND OWNER OF ONE OF THE FINEST FARMS IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

AT BAY ON THE LIMITED.

BY JOHNSTON McCULLEY,

Author of "Richard Hughes—Railroad Detective," "Land of Lost Hope," "Ballast o' Bones," Etc.

The Professor "Hits the Blind" and Picks Up a Surprising Traveling Companion.

CHAPTER I.

The First Surprise.

AS the Limited slowed down for the stop, I sprang from the blind and dashed into the tall weeds beside the track. In the darkness I stumbled over a railroad tie and fell sprawling. When I got to my feet again I noticed that the brakeman was on my side, walking the length of the train and flashing the light of his lantern on the blinds. He swore when he found nobody there.

He passed on, and I made my way forward as cautiously as possible, keeping carefully in the shadow. I saw the light of the conductor's lantern, heard the sigh of the brakes as they were released, and prepared for my dash.

The Limited sprang forward like some wild thing angered by an unexpected interruption. I sprang, too. Before I could reach the level of the track the first blind was past, and the second. But I caught the third—caught it to let go of it again, for there was some one else there. The fourth was upon me, and I sprang for that.

It seemed that my arms were being torn from their sockets. I have a dim recollection of seeing the brakeman's lantern, of hearing him shriek to me to get off, but, even as my foot reached the step in safety, I smiled at his angry words. He could not reach me on the blind, and I was safe—for the time.

Drawing myself up carefully, I sat down on the top step and gasped for breath. It had been a narrow escape. Another instant and the train would have been by, leaving me behind in the little Illinois village near the river. Then my plans would have been ruined, for it was this train that I was to ride from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, and none other.

No, I was not trying to win a wager; neither was I an ordinary tramp beating my way. Nine months of the year I teach physics in a fresh-water college; the other three months I employ in gathering human data. It was the pursuit of human data which had caused me to choose the life of a tramp during my vacation. A magazine awaited the outcome of my experiences.

I had promised myself to get to the coast on the same train by which I left Chicago, going through without stop. It was rather a difficult proposition, and one no real tramp would have attempted, as I discovered later.

I was safe now, however, until the next stop, which would be at Fort Madison, across the Mississippi. There would be certain difficulties there, for the place was a division point, and the Limited would stop in the yards, where a blaze of light on every side would make success almost impossible.

For a time I sat thus, looking out into the night, listening to the singing of the wheels. There was a long shriek from the locomotive, the pace of the train slackened, and new sounds told me that we were upon the bridge-approach.

Then came the rhythmic clung-clang, clung-clang, as we crept over the steel monster that spanned the mighty Father of Waters.

I looked at the water far below me; then, as the train left the bridge, and a street-lamp flashed in my face, I realized that we were pulling into Fort Madison, and that one of my great trials was at hand.

For the first time since catching the blind, I got to my feet and moved over. My hand, slipping along the car, felt the touch of cloth. I gasped and withdrew it, and, turning quickly, peered into the darkness. The flash of another street-lamp showed me the form of another on the blind.

"Didn't know you were on, pal," I growled.

The answer came in a weak voice that he had been there when I made my wild leap. My unexpected partner appeared to be a boy. Certainly there was nothing of the man in his voice. And he was slight in figure, too, in his greasy overalls and jumper.

"We're going to get it here," I said. "The depot's on one side, and on the other there's about six feet between the train and the river. And it's as light as day."

"Hop off on the river side when I do," he answered, "and before the train stops. Then go around the end and walk ahead through the crowd on the platform, just the same as any one else. Catch her again as she pulls out, and be ready to flop when we get down in the yards."

"You know about that, then?" I asked.

"Of course. We'll have to be careful there. The old crew will be watching for us. If we dodge them, we can work the new crew, all right. Only we'll have to make a run for it."

"I'm with you," I replied; and as the train approached the depot, he sprang to the ground, and I followed.

As the last coach passed us, we stepped to the other side of the track and walked swiftly along the platform, through the rushing, crowding people, past the baggage-car, past the locomotive.

"Keep well to the side," said my youthful guide.

I obeyed him, and thanked the stars that had thrown him across my path. I had wanted real experience, and here I was getting it from a mere boy, who seemed to know all there was to know about beating a railroad.

The whistle shrieked, the train pulled slowly out, and we caught the blind again. It was a run of but a few minutes to the shops. As we came within the zone of light, the boy jumped again, and I after him.

"She'll stop about fifteen minutes, so we have plenty of time," he said. "Don't hang around the tracks. Follow me here to one side, and work your way ahead of the train gradually, just as though you were working somewhere in the shops and belonged here."

I followed him as he turned to the right, and walked down a parallel track some distance away from the one upon which the Limited was standing. We said nothing as we made our way past groups of railroad employees, inspectors and oilers, enginemen and trainmen.

We were ahead of the train finally, and presumably safe. We sat down upon a truck beside the track to wait for the start of the Limited.

"You're a new one," said the boy.

"Well, I'm not an expert," I admitted.

"You have to be careful these days; the crews are getting wise."

"You seem to know a thing or two," I said.

"Yes—a thing or two," he answered peculiarly. "A person has to know that much to get along."

"From your talk, I'd not take you to be an ordinary tramp," I observed.

"I was about to say the same of you."

"Perhaps I'm not an ordinary tramp," I said.

"And perhaps I'm not."

"I may be tramping for a certain purpose, you know."

"I may be doing the same thing," he said.

I found him looking at me intently, as though to read my real self beneath my disguise

"Will you tell me what your object is?" he asked.

"That would spoil everything," I replied.

"I suppose so," he answered, and again I noticed that peculiar tone in his voice.

"Suppose you tell me your object," I said.

"And that, too, might spoil everything," he answered.

I laughed and turned away from him to glance toward the Limited. She had changed locomotives, and would be starting soon. I heard the boy beside me utter a little cry, and, whirling around quickly, saw two men running toward us—the brakeman of the Limited who had threatened me and another.

"Here they are!" one of the men cried. "Now we'll show 'em!"

Already I was on my feet, and the boy clung to me, seemingly afraid. I swung him behind me and turned to face them. Professor of science I may be, but, if I do say it myself, my fists have not been neglected, and I am able to take care of myself.

"I'll show you!" cried the brakeman, springing toward me.

I met him with a straight blow, and he reeled. I heard the boy behind me gasp. The man was back at me in an instant, his anger roused, his eyes blazing. The other came at me, too. As I swung at the first and turned quickly to prevent the second from getting at the boy, I glanced back and saw that the Limited had started and was bearing down upon us.

Other employees, hearing the noise of the combat, came running toward us. I sent one of my adversaries to the ground with a blow on the jaw and whirled upon the other.

"The train!" I cried to the boy.

As I struck through the second man's guard, I grasped the boy by the arm and started for the train.

It was a close race, for the other employees were at our heels. The first blind shot by as they came up with us. Another man went down before me, more through my good luck than from any virtue of my fighting, and I whirled to make a spring

The boy sprang first. He caught the blind, and was flung bodily upon it. My hands grasped it as it flashed by. For the second time that night I was whirled off my feet, my arms were jerked almost from their sockets, and I landed on the platform exhausted, my breath gone, my limbs aching, as the Limited gathered speed and shot forward into the night.

"We did it, son," I said, turning toward him.

He did not answer, and I thought I heard a sob

"There, there, boy; it's all over now, and we're safe," I said. "Don't cry about it! Not hurt, are you?"

I put out my hand to pat him on the shoulder and cheer him up. The next instant I sprang to my feet, astonished. For his cap was off, and my hand, slipping across his shoulders, had encountered a mass of *soft, wavy, long hair!*

It was no boy with whom I rode and for whom I had fought — it was a woman!

CHAPTER II.

Under Peculiar Orders.

"YOU — you —!" I cried, aghast. I did not know what to say. I, Herbert Berthold, professor of physics in a well-known college, riding the blind of a crack passenger-train in company with a young woman attired in overalls!

It was indiscreet, to say the least. It was highly unusual, perhaps dramatic. What would the dean have said if he could have seen me?

The next instant, however, I realized how selfish I was. The idea of thinking of my own delicate position when there was the position of the woman to be considered. Why was she there? Why did she beat her way on a train?

Because she found it necessary to reach a certain point, and had no funds? Possibly—yet I remembered that she spoke from experience, so she knew something of the life. What was she? Who was she?

She had ceased sobbing. As I turned to her, she spoke.

"Stay where you are," she said quietly, but with decision in her voice. "I am here, as I said, for a purpose. Yes—I am a woman, though you'd never have discovered it if my cap hadn't come off and let down my hair."

"But—" I began, stepping toward her.

"Keep back!" she warned. "I have a revolver in my hand, and you are covered with it. Make one move and I'll shoot—and I *can* shoot, too!"

I took a step backward. A revolver covering my heart, no matter what sort of a person held it, was something I did not relish.

Moreover, I am a bit of a student of human nature, and there was a quality in her voice which told me she was the sort of woman to carry out her threat.

"We'll just understand each other, here and now," she said

"My dear young lady," I began, "I have no desire to—er—harm you. Indeed, you have nothing to fear from me."

"Not while I hold this little toy, at least," she said.

"You wrong me," I declared. "It would be all the same whether you held that little toy or not. I shall respect your wishes, whatever they are. As I told you, I am no ordinary tramp."

"If you were," she said, "I'd flash this revolver in your face and make you jump from the train, and there would be an end of it. It's for that very reason—that you are not an ordinary tramp—that I fear you, and you know it."

"I fail to understand you," I said, bewildered. "Why should you fear me?"

"Did you not get aboard in Chicago?" she asked.

"Yes."

"With the intention of riding through to the Pacific coast?"

"Yes, but—"

"For a special purpose?"

"I said as much back at the shops."

"And it would spoil everything for you to explain the purpose," she said sarcastically. "I do not doubt you! But be careful how you move, for I'll be watching you day and night."

"But—"

"And now that we understand each other," she said, interrupting me coolly, "you may leave the train at the next stop and go back to report your failure, or keep on and run the risk, whichever you please."

"Pardon me," I answered, "but we do *not* understand each other I have no idea what you are talking about or what you mean."

"What is the use of pretending?" she asked.

"My dear lady, I am not pretending. I am telling the truth when I say that your words and manner are vastly mysterious to me. I am on the train, as a tramp, for a purpose—certainly! But that purpose has nothing to do with you."

"I wish I could believe you!" she exclaimed.

"You may," I answered. "To reassure you, I'll explain. I am Professor Herbert Berthold, instructor in physics in a certain well-known college. I am to spend my vacation tramping with tramps, for which work a magazine is to pay me—at least, enough to make it worth my while. That is my object—and certainly it has nothing to do with you."

"You—you— Is that the truth?" she demanded.

"It is the truth, madam, believe me. What did you think me?"

"Yet it would be easy for a man to lie—in such a case," she said, more to herself than to me.

"I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed, with just a trace of anger.

"You have — that is — Can you prove your words?" she asked suddenly. "I do not like to doubt you, but circumstances are so unusual and so much depends upon my being cautious. Prove your words, and I'll show you something for which your magazine will pay you doubly well!"

"I have in an inner pocket," I hastened to say, "credentials of character to be used in case of my arrest as a vagrant; also a letter of identification from the magazine in question, and other papers which prove me what I say I am, and my mission what I say it is."

"Let me see them!" she cried eagerly.

"But, my dear madam," I protested, "it is as dark as—"

"I'll fix that!" she cried.

She seemed to reach in the pocket of the jumper she wore and to take something out; the next instant the brilliant circle of an electric flash-lamp pierced the darkness.

I gasped. What manner of woman was it who traveled on a blind, dressed in overalls, and carrying a part of a burglar's or policeman's outfit?

"Quickly!" she directed.

I found the inner pocket, unfastened the flap, and took out my precious papers of identification.

"The wind—" I began to say.

"Don't fear; I'll hold them," she said.

She was unfolding and reading them swiftly, holding the little circle of light on the paper, moving it backward and forward as she read. Finally she was done and had folded the papers again and handed them back to me.

"Well?" I asked.

"I believe you," she said, "and I'm sorry for the way I acted—and for the things I said. You see—I was anxious. If you only understood!"

"If you are in trouble and I can help you, command me," I said.

She did not reply for several minutes, and I did not urge her to speak. I looked out into the night, listening to the song of the dancing flanges and feeling the rush of the cool air against my face.

Presently she put out a hand and touched me on the shoulder.

"I can trust you?" she asked.

"Safely," I assured her.

"But I want to ask you to do something which you may refuse or even fear to do."

"To help you?" I asked. "Do you mean that there is something you cannot explain to me, but that you want me to help you nevertheless?"

"Yes," she said, "that is the way of it."

"Tell me one thing," I replied, "on your word of honor!"

"Honor!" she exclaimed. "Will I always hear that word? I am here, in this attire, facing danger and ridicule, because I am a slave of honor, a thrall of honor. But my word is good—else I would not be here, and honor could cry in vain for defense. I'll promise you what you wish—if I promise at all—on my word of honor."

"Tell me, then, on your word of honor," I said, "that whatever it is in which you are engaged, it is not in defiance of the law. That is all I want to know."

"I tell you that—and on my word of honor," she answered, sincerity in her tone.

"Then command me," I said.

"You do not know, yet, what I am asking," she answered.

"Well?"

"Will you help me, do everything I ask, obey my orders—no matter how peculiar they may seem—without asking questions, even if doing so leads you into peril?"

"If it is to help you in your extremity, and is nothing that transgresses the law," I answered.

"It is to help me, and it does not transgress the law," she said.

"Then you may command me," I told her.

Her next request rather staggered me, but I did not rebuke her.

"You will not take it unkindly if I watch you a little at first, as though I suspected you?" she asked. "You see, much depends upon it, and I do not dare make a mistake."

"I'll prove worthy of your trust," I said. "And now, if you will tell me how I can serve you—"

"That's just it, Mr. Berthold—I cannot explain. You must be willing to move in the dark. You must obey orders without asking the reason for them. And in the end, I promise you, if you are faithful, you will have something for which that magazine will be glad to pay good money. You shall also have done a great service to— No matter to whom!"

She stopped in evident confusion, and I laughed lightly.

"I am at your command," I said.

She had returned the flash-lamp to her pocket. During our conversation she had kept it turned upon my face, as though to read my thoughts or my character there. Now we sat in darkness as the Limited rushed over the Missouri prairies toward Kansas City.

I began to wonder what would happen when the day came—whether her disguise could be penetrated. She had fastened up her hair again and replaced the cap, which was pulled down well over her head. But it was easy to tell

a woman in man's clothing, I conjectured; and if I, Herbert Berthold, instructor in physics and occasional contributor to periodicals, were caught by peace officers in company with a woman masquerading as a man, the attendant notoriety would be embarrassing, to say the least.

Of course I hesitated to mention the subject to her, and it is just as well that I did, for she had plans of her own.

"Mr. Berthold," she said, creeping closer to me, so that I could hear her words above the roar of the train, "we are due to arrive at Kansas City at six o'clock in the morning. As soon as we reach the yards, we will leave the train at the first chance."

"Owing to the congested condition of the terminals, it will take the train some time to reach the depot, and there will be a delay of an hour there. In all, we may safely count on an hour and a half."

"Yes," I assented.

"You will get to the station as quickly as possible after leaving the train, by cab or street-car—any way so that you get there. Go at once to the ticket-window and purchase two tickets from Kansas City to Los Angeles, with proper reservations, and for *this train*."

"But—" I began.

"Wait—and listen! After that, get the clothing you need—so you will look presentable, understand?. Your present attire would scarcely do on the inside of one of the Pullmans behind us. Of course, you'll have to work quickly, or you'll miss the train—and you *must not* do that!

"Get the tickets and reservations—a drawing-room for me, a section for yourself. You may think me peculiar taking a drawing-room and making you take a section, but I have good reasons. And don't forget your clothes. You'd better get a bag, too, and try to look like an ordinary cross-continent traveler."

"But—" I tried to speak again.

Again she silenced me.

"When you have done that," she said, "meet me at the train-shed gate and give me my tickets. I'll have further orders for you then."

"But *your* attire!" I said "And the short time!"

"Don't bother about me, Mr. Berthold; just carry out my wishes."

I drew in my breath sharply.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I forgot that I promised to act, and not ask questions."

"This is your first test," she assured me. "If you act successfully, I will probably take you for what you are and cease to suspect you. As soon as it grows light enough, I'll give you the money."

"The money?"

"For the tickets and for your clothes."

"As to that—" I began.

"You must," she said. "You couldn't afford to pay for things yourself."

She had guessed right—I couldn't. I had money on me, of course, but I could hardly be expected to spend it all at once, and for a purpose of which I knew nothing.

"I couldn't afford it, either," she went on to say.

"Then—" I questioned.

"You see," she said, laughing, "it isn't my money. There—don't ask questions! I assure you the money was not stolen. You see, our expenses are being paid this trip, and money is the one thing we have plenty of."

"That is comforting intelligence," I replied, trying to laugh, too.

"Then you'll carry out my orders?"

"To the best of my ability," I answered.

"There's another thing I haven't mentioned," she said. "Be careful how you act, and especially of what you say. Try to act naturally; and when you meet me at the train-shed gate, walk up to me as though I were your sister and had been waiting for you, and hurry me through the gate and to the train. And when I am in the drawing-room—"

"Well?" I asked as she paused.

"Sit in your section so you can watch the drawing-room all the time. Never take your eyes off it while I'm in it. I'll tell you what else to do later."

"You mean you are afraid of something—you want me to guard you?" I asked.

"Just guard me, and ask no questions," she replied.

The locomotive whistle shrieked.

"A stop for water," she said. "We'd better slip off and take to the weeds. Everything depends on our getting to Kansas City now."

CHAPTER III.

Sixty Busy Minutes.

AFTER a time daybreak came, and we flashed through villages and towns without stopping, rushing toward Kansas City. As we reached the outskirts of the city, my strange fellow traveler handed me several bills of generous denominations. I protested that there were too many for the purpose.

"You'll need money yourself," she replied, "and possibly at a time when you'll not be able to get it from me."

I intimated that I had a few dollars of my own and expected to use them in defraying my personal expenses.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," she said. "You'll use the money I give you. You have no need for hesitation; as I said before, the money does not come from my pocket. It is expense money, to be used as I see fit."

"Very well," I answered.

"Besides," she continued, "you are giving up your season of tramping with tramps to aid me, and should not be forced to spend your own money."

"But you promised me," I said, "that I'd see something that would make a better article than my experience as a tramp."

"And you shall," she replied, smiling.

Now that it was daylight, I could get a good look at her. Of course her cap was pulled down well over her face, but I could see her features, and they were far from unlovely. I felt my middle-aged professor's heart beat more quickly as I looked at her flashing eyes, and reminded myself sternly that I was no youngster to lose my head because I had gazed into a pair of pretty eyes.

"You'd better leave the train as soon as you can, now," she said when we reached the yards and were crawling slowly over the switches. "Don't worry about me; I'll be all right. Remember you have only an hour and a half at the most, and a great many things to do."

And so I sprang from the train at a street-crossing, with a last warning ringing in my ears:

"Don't—fail—me!" she cried, as the train crept on.

I hurried up to the street, was fortunate enough to catch a trolley-car, and was soon at the union station.

"I want two tickets for the Limited to Los Angeles, one section and one drawing-room," I said to an agent.

He peered at me through the bars of his cage and laughed.

"Want 'em all at once?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed, drawing myself up.

It was a way I had in the class-room when a student took exception to a statement. I remembered suddenly that I was not in a class-room, that the man before me did not know he was speaking to Professor Herbert Berthold, and that my attire was enough to arouse suspicion. Moreover, my face was coated with grease and grime.

"Can't you use a private car to-day?" he asked. "Fade away, now, before I sic the station cop on you!"

I took the bills from my pocket and held them up before his eyes

"Some day," I said, "you'll lose your position, young man, because you judge people by their clothes and personal appearance. I want those tickets. Will you sell them to me, or must I go to the depot superintendent?"

"Why didn't you say you meant it?" he complained, turning toward the ticket-rack. "I'm not in the habit of seeing people who look like you buying tickets for the Limited."

"I didn't say I was going to use the tickets myself, did I?" was my caustic reply.

He did not answer, but put the tickets in an envelope and tossed them to me. I gave him a bill, waited for my change, got it, and raced through the station.

It would be foolishness, I thought, to wait for a car, so I ran to a cab standing near by and roused the sleepy driver.

"Get me to the nearest clothing store as soon as possible," I ordered.

He looked down at me and yawned.

"Behave! Behave!" he said.

"Quick!" I cried, starting to open the door.

"Let go that door!" he yelled. "Get out of th' cab! Don't go to playin' any of your funny tricks on me!"

"I want to go to the nearest clothing store, and in a hurry," I screamed at him. "I have to get back and catch a train."

"There ain't a freight west-bound for two hours," he said, "and you'll have plenty of time to walk!"

"Confound you!" I cried.

"No bad names!" he warned, turning upon me, his eyes narrowing.

I took some coins from my pocket.

"Think I haven't money?" I asked. "Well—I have. Here!"

I tossed him two dollars.

"Now, move!" I added.

"Now you're talkin'," he said.

As I sprang into the cab, he gathered his reins.

"What clothin' store?" he demanded.

"The nearest good one," I answered.

"All right, boss!"

We clattered through the streets, past throngs work-bound. The money I had given him had had the proper effect. He did not seem to fear arrest for breaking the speed-limit.

In a few minutes the cab stopped.

"Here you are, boss," he said.

"Wait!" I cried, and dashed into the store.

A clerk was near the door, duster in hand. It was evident that the place had just been opened for the day. The clerk, when he saw my attire, was not quick to step forward and wait upon me, for the store was really one of the first class.

"I'm in a hurry," I said.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want a suit of clothes, shoes, shirts, collars, ties, socks—a complete outfit. Also a traveling-bag. I want to change here. Please be as quick as possible, for I have to catch a train. I'll make it worth your while."

I drew the bills from my pocket, and the sight of them seemed to electrify him. I was rapidly learning the effect of poor clothes on the one hand and ready cash on the other.

He walked swiftly to the rear of the store, and I followed at his heels. In a few seconds he had measured me; and while I removed my greasy jumper and the old vest beneath it, he ran through a pile of suits and jerked one out.

It was an ordinary pattern, and the coat fitted well.

"I'll take it," I said

"Thirty-five dollars," he insinuated.

"That's all right—I'll take it! And hurry, man! Shirts, collars, ties!"

We ran to the front of the store again. I told him my size, and bought the first three shirts he showed me. A dozen collars were purchased as quickly; also half a dozen ties

"Socks!" I cried, and got those.

"Shoes, now!"

We ran to the shoe department. While he pulled out several pairs, I donned new socks. The first pair of shoes was hopelessly small. The second pair fitted perfectly.

"I'll take these!" I cried.

"Traveling-bag?" he asked.

"Yes," I snapped.

That was an easy matter; the first one he took down was selected. "Now, where can I dress?" I asked.

"Dressing-room right there," he indicated.

"I want underwear—almost forgot it!"

"Size?"

I told him, and bade him bring it to the dressing-room. I grasped one of the shirts, one of the collars, and a tie, my new suit, and my new shoes, and ran to the dressing-room. He was there with the underwear by the time I was ready for it.

"Put two more suits of underwear and all those other things into the grip," I instructed. "And leave the grip open so I can see that the things are in it. Then get your bill ready."

He went away, and I locked the door and began dressing. But in a few minutes I unlocked the door and called to him. He did not answer at once; I heard him talking at the telephone.

"Well?" he called presently.

"Collar-buttons—cuff-buttons!" I cried. "We forgot them! Hurry—anything will do!"

I saw, as I glanced out, that other clerks were there now. They looked after the employee who was waiting on me, as he rushed down the long aisle and back toward the dressing-room

again, and some of them were laughing. I didn't care—they were laughing at the clerk, I thought, and not at me.

I had the buttons now, but never were buttons so contrary. I was so nervous that I could scarcely hold them in my fingers. They fell to the floor, they rolled, they were lost and found again. But I conquered them in time, put on collar and tie, new vest and new coat, and turned to look at myself in the glass.

The general effect wasn't bad. There was one deep wrinkle across the shoulders of the coat, but I could have the Pullman porter remedy that. Otherwise I didn't look as though I had dressed out of a clothing store.

"Great Scott!" I cried to myself suddenly. "I must have a hat!"

I ran from the dressing-room and found the clerk waiting for me. Evidently he was beginning to fear I'd run away with his stock without the preliminary of paying his bill.

"Hat!" I screamed at him. "Derby!" And I gave him my size.

I never purchased a hat half so quickly, before or since. My good star must have been shining on me at that moment. The first hat he showed me was suitable, and it fit.

I accepted it, he added it to the bill, and I handed him the money. While waiting for my change, I glanced into the bag to see that everything was there. Then I locked it and put the key in my pocket.

It seemed that the change was a long time coming. I spoke to the clerk sharply, and he rattled the wire. Presently the carrier descended toward us—at about half the usual speed, I thought.

He counted the change into my hand. I scarcely looked at it. I felt of my coat-pocket once more, to be sure I had transferred from the old clothes to the new the papers which served to identify me. I also assured myself that my watch had not been left behind.

"You did well," I told the clerk, and gave him a dollar. Then it was a quick run out to the cab.

I glanced at my watch—my purchases had taken less than three-quarters of an hour.

"Station, boss?" the driver asked.

"No—barber-shop!" I cried.

We dashed through the streets again; he stopped before a barber-shop. "Can you shave me in five minutes?" I asked the man at the first chair.

"I can do it in four and a half," he said, and I sat down in the chair.

Were you ever shaved when your nerves were aquiver, when every second was valuable, and when it seemed that the razor bore down upon your face lovingly after each stroke, as though purposely trying to kill as much time as possible? If you have, you realize how I felt while the barber was removing my two days' growth of beard.

He finished in time, and I tipped him generously and ran out to the cab again. I had forgotten the traveling-bag and was forced to return to the shop for it. The barber met me at the door, bringing it after me.

"You seem to be in a hurry," he observed.

"I am!" I cried, and sprang into the cab.

"Station, boss?" the driver asked again.

"Yes," I replied.

He wheeled around and started at a furious pace. A policeman waved at him from the sidewalk—warning him against fast driving, I supposed—but the driver shook his head, called something, and whipped up his horse.

If we had traveled fast on the trip from the station, we were flying now. I glanced at my watch again. My hour was up—but the girl had assured me that I had at least an hour and a half. My efforts had left me breathless, nervous, half-dazed, but I had won.

I felt for the tickets again, for my watch, for the money that remained. Assured that they were safe, I settled back against the seat with a sigh of relief and watched the people thronging to work through the streets of the city.

CHAPTER IV.

Poor Deception.

THE cab pulled up before the station, and I opened the door and sprang out.

"Hope we're in time, boss," said the driver.

"You have done well," I answered, and handed him two dollars more. "That enough?" I asked.

"Plenty," he said. "Thanks!"

As I picked up the bag and turned away, another cab drove up at breakneck speed, but I did not even glance at it. There was just time, I knew, to find the girl and board the Limited. I was anxious to have a long talk with her, hoping that she would explain the mystery, at least partially. All the circumstances of our meeting were peculiar; her presence on the blind at all was strange enough, but that she should be there in overalls and with a pocket apparently full of money added to my wonder.

I had promised to aid her, however, and to ask no questions; and I determined to keep my promise.

As I stepped through the folding-doors, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and whirled quickly to find myself facing an officer.

"Not so fast," he said. "Your driver was pretty swift, but I found another just as good."

"What do you want?" I demanded, exasperated at the delay.

"I want to have a little talk with you," he said.

"Hurry, then. I have to catch the Limited."

"If you miss it to-day, you can get it to-morrow," he said.

My anger got the better of my judgment.

"Confound you, sir!" I cried. "Say what you wish, and be quick about it! I can't afford to miss this train, and if you make me miss it, I'll make it rather warm for you!"

"What I want to know," he said, "is how it comes that a man like you enters a popular clothing store in rags, buys a new outfit in a terrible hurry, pays for it with a big bill, gets a quick shave, and runs to catch a train like he was afraid to stay in town."

"It's none of your business if I buy new clothing and hurry to catch a train," I replied.

"It looks bad," he observed.

"I can't help that," I retorted.

"It looked so bad," he went on, "that even the clerk in the store got suspicious. You made a mistake there. You ought to have bribed that clerk."

"Why should I bribe a clerk?" I demanded.

"So he wouldn't telephone the police."

"See here!" I exclaimed. "Are you going to keep me here listening to this nonsense while my train goes without me?"

"I'm very sorry," he replied, "but I guess you'll have to go up to headquarters with me and explain yourself. There are a few gents in town who are wanted badly; one of them might have got hold of a lot of money during the night and be mighty anxious to leave town sudden."

"That's none of my affair," I said.

"It's just possible, mister, that you might be one of those gents."

"Sir?" I said.

"Don't hand me anything like that," he retorted. "You come to headquarters with me. There was a little trick turned last night—a killing and robbery—and there're some hundred-dollar bills missing. You gave a hundred-dollar bill to the clerk, you know."

"Confound you, there are several hundred-dollar bills in circulation," I said. "I've had enough of your nonsense"

I started to leave him. A crowd gathered near, and it was proving confusing to me. I didn't want to attract unusual attention to myself, because the girl had warned me against that.

He placed his hand on my shoulder again and stopped me.

"Not so fast, mister," he said. "I told you that you'd have to go to headquarters."

"Come over here with me, away from this crowd," I said, glaring at the curious ones around us, "and I'll explain."

He followed me to another part of the waiting-room. The crowd did not follow, but one man detached himself and casually drifted in our direction. I watched him. He was a large, stoop-shouldered man, with a black mustache, and there was a long white scar on his right cheek. It was the scar that attracted my attention, I think.

"Well?" asked the policeman, when we were in the corner.

"I am Professor Herbert Berthold," I said, and named the college. "I started from Chicago on the Limited, beating my way, to gain experience for a magazine article on tramp-life. For certain reasons I determined to clean up in Kansas City, purchase a ticket, and ride the remainder of the way to the coast as a passenger.

"I had less than an hour and a half in which to do these things. I left the train in the yards, rushed down here, and got the ticket; then drove up-town and bought the clothes. I was forced to hurry or miss my train.

"The fool clerk got suspicious, I suppose, and telephoned the police. Here are some credentials."

He took them and began to look them over.

"Hurry," I said. "I don't want to miss my train."

Even as I spoke, the megaphone man was calling the departure of the Limited.

"Looks all right," said the policeman, "but I don't know."

"I tell you I'm Professor Herbert Berthold!" I cried. "You'll make me miss my train."

The man with the scar on his right cheek was near enough to hear what I said, and I saw him watching me closely. I favored him with a frigid stare.

"Let's see your ticket," the policeman said.

I thrust the envelope containing the tickets into his hand. He opened it and inspected the contents.

"How about this?" he asked. "There are two tickets here, and one for a section and one for a drawing-room?"

"What of it?" I cried.

"You said you were beating your way. Who's the other ticket for?"

"A young lady," I answered.

Again I noticed that the man with the scar was listening.

"Sounds fishy," said the policeman. "Was she beating her way, too?"

I was caught for a moment.

"Certainly not!" I exploded. "She was on the train. Don't ask delicate questions. Perhaps it was because I learned that she was aboard the train that I decided to travel the rest of the way as a passenger."

I smiled at him; let him think me a love-sick fool, I thought; let him think me anything, so long as I caught the train.

"That's a bum story," he commented. "If she was on the train, going to Los Angeles, she'd have her ticket clear through, wouldn't she?"

I was stumped again. But what I took to be a bright idea came to me like a flash.

"Suppose," I said, "that I persuaded her to continue her journey to Los Angeles instead of stopping at Kansas City—and make a honeymoon trip out of it?"

He stumped me again. Bright idea? Decidedly not!

"Say," he said, "honeymooners don't have a drawing-room and a section, too!"

Of course not! What a dolt!

"But," I said, "we're not married yet. We're to be married in Los Angeles. Don't you see?"

"I don't see," he said. "And there's another thing. If you were traveling as a tramp, you wouldn't have had a chance to talk to her long enough to persuade her to go on to Los Angeles."

There he had me again.

"I saw her when I was off the train at a station," I said, crossing my fingers, "and wrote a note and handed it to her porter at the next station, and he carried it to her. When he made the next stop I walked back by her window, and she nodded an affirmative answer."

"You're a good liar!" he commented.

Great heavens! Didn't I know it? Hadn't he proved it to me half a dozen times?

"You don't believe me?" I asked.

"And, besides," he said, "I don't see the young lady."

Then I had another bright idea.

"You *shall* see her," I cried, "and realize the truth of my remarks! Come this way! We'll find her at the gate! You walk up and ask her my name. I suppose that'll satisfy you—if she answers you correctly."

"What did you say your name was?" he demanded as we hurried toward the train-shed.

"Herbert Berthold."

"All right. Pick her out!"

The Limited was preparing to pull out. The porters were picking up their stools. I saw her instantly, standing at the gate, pleading with the conductor to hold the Limited, looking around wildly for me.

Even in my extremity I could not help gasping at the picture she made. She was beautiful—no other word would serve the description of her. She was dressed becomingly in the latest fashion from head to foot.

Where on earth did she get the clothes? Where had she changed? Where had she made her toilet? Her hair looked as though it had just come from the hands of the dresser, and her cheeks were as pink and pretty as though recently massaged.

Her eyes flashed in relief as she caught sight of me, and grew dull again when she saw my companion.

I pointed her out to the policeman.

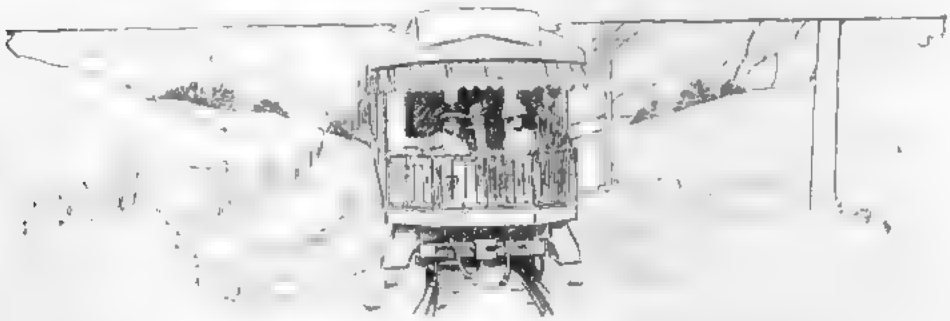
"Madam," he said, walking up to her, "will you kindly tell me whether you know this gentleman, and tell me his name?"

I stood beside the policeman, smiling at her. She glanced at me swiftly, then calmly looked me over from hat to boot.

"Well, madam—or miss?" said the policeman.

"Officer," she answered, "I do not know this gentleman at all."

(To be continued.)



CATALPA VERSUS STEEL.

A Wood for Ties Which Has Much to Recommend It and Can Be Cultivated Cheaply.

WHILE steel and concrete ties have not as yet proved their perfect adaptability under all circumstances, it is probable that a move may be made to eliminate the immediate need for them by planting catalpa forests on land which cannot be used for anything else

Catalpa seems to be an excellent wood for railroad ties, and though its extensive use for this purpose in the early days depleted the not over large supply, the trees can be grown in sandy soils, in fact, in almost pure sand. Therefore, vast tracts of land in the Atlantic and Southern States that are now practically useless can be used for the cultivation of the timber.

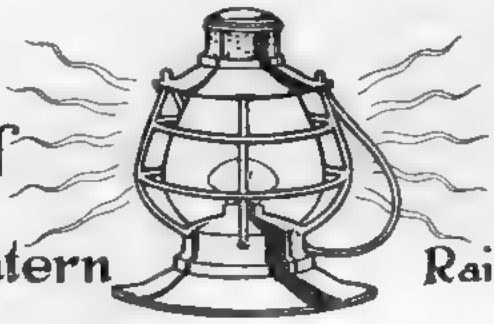
Arboriculture, a timber journal, says that the engineers of the early days were thoroughly familiar with the value of catalpa as a timber for railroad ties. The Iron Mountain, in southeast Missouri, the Illinois Central in southern Illinois, the Southern Railway, first called the Albion and Oakland City, and a portion of the Louisville and Nashville, were built through the regions of the catalpa forests on the banks of the Wabash, and were laid on catalpa ties.

Many of these old ties, though laid over thirty years ago, are said to be still perfectly sound. Over a hundred thousand catalpa ties were used in this region alone, giving perfect satisfaction, but the drain upon the limited supply was so great that the forests were almost exterminated, and the roads had to resort to other woods

The cultivation of catalpa is now being taken up by the roads, however, and the low value of the land necessary for its cultivation gives the movement a good opportunity.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

By the Light of the Lantern



Questions Answered for Railroad Men

ASK US!

J. J. M., Washington, District of Columbia—In replying to our correspondent who requested information about two or more semaphores on a signal-bridge, these semaphores being directly over a main line track, we were entirely correct in our statements. If you will look into the system of electric block signaling on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and on various portions of the Pennsylvania lines, for instance, between New York and Philadelphia, you will note two semaphores on each signal-post, giving, as we stated, an indication on two blocks ahead, top arm "down," and "forked" or lower arm "up" showing block clear on which the train is entering, and a cautionary signal on the second block.

England and continental Europe afford many illustrations of the same practise. With your experience you well know that this is to facilitate the movement of high-speed traffic. Our correspondent referred to did not ask specific information in regard to the Pennsylvania, and we always endeavor to make reply along the same general lines as those on which the question is put to us.

In regard to that portion of your letter relating to the use of the telephone in handling trains, if you will consult recent numbers of the *Railroad Age Gazette* and the *Railway and Engineering Review*, both of which are recognized authorities, you will find a much more enthusiastic indorsement of the telephone than we gave. We were content with compiling a correct statement of the miles on various railroads which were equipped with the telephone for despatching purposes. After looking further into these matters, we would be pleased to hear from you again on any point which remains obscure.

If you will consult back numbers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, you will note frequent references in this department to the "Train Sheet Man." The question of "B. C. D" was referred by us to the chief despatcher of one of the leading railroads in New England, and he was unable to place the position of "copier." Names, as you are no doubt aware, vary considerably with localities.

*

WHAT type of locomotive is mostly used for local passenger service?

(2) Is there any place in the United States where photographs of locomotives can be purchased?

(3) How near the center can you "hook up" the motion on a passenger-locomotive?

(4) What are some illustrated magazines on the locomotive besides your valuable magazine?

(5) Where is the largest roundhouse in the United States?

A. E. L., Berea, O.

(1) In former years the popular eight-wheel American type was employed exclusively in this service, but except on small roads, few of these may be seen at present. There is in reality no standard engine for light passenger traffic. It is generally han-

dled by engines which have been supplanted in heavy service by up-to-date power, and as there has been a general bracing up in rolling stock on all roads in the past few years, the service you mention is, naturally, well taken care of.

(2) You might address *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, New York City, which publication features illustrations of all recent power, and will no doubt put you in touch with what is wanted.

(3) Very close on some engines, depending, of course, on the general proportion of the valve gear and the character of the service. The editor of this department recalls an indicator test of which he had charge a few years ago when an 18x24-inch engine, with sixty-nine-inch drivers and one hundred and eighty pounds of steam, handled four heavy, twelve-wheel cars on a schedule of fifty-five miles in one hour and ten minutes, with the steam cutting off at five-inch piston travel; or, in other words, with the reverse lever "hooked up" to the first notch ahead of the center.

Such performance, however, is exceptional, and all things considered, most engines do not do efficient work when cutting off at much less than one-quarter stroke.

(4) They are all technical, or at least semi-technical, of a greatly different scope from that of this magazine. We might mention *American Engineer and Railroad Journal*, New York; *Railroad Age Gazette*, New York, and *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, New York.

(5) The roundhouse at Forty-Seventh Street, Chicago, on the Chicago and Western Indiana Railroad, has fifty-one stalls, and is the largest of which we have any information. It is used jointly by six railroads entering Chicago.

A. R. T., Birmingham, Alabama.—The Union Switch and Signal Company, Swissvale, Pennsylvania, and other manufacturers of block and interlocking systems, carry a number of publications descriptive of their various devices which they will, no doubt, forward on request.

IN a recent report of the adoption of the "A B C" block system by the Northern Pacific, I read: "Block stations are ordinarily about ten miles apart . . . the card gives a train clearance only to the next block station. Beyond that it cannot proceed until given authority by the issuance of another block card." Is it possible that this system requires the stoppage or great reduction of the speed of every passenger-train every ten miles to receive orders? Possibly I do not understand the term "card" as here used. A brief explanation will oblige.

L. B., Los Angeles, Cal.

We take pleasure in reproducing your question in entirety in view of the interesting nature of the subject. The newspaper clipping which you enclose does not throw much light on the matter, beyond the mere statement that its operation is a fact, and if this is a correct presentation we can appreciate that your point is well taken. We have not been informed personally as to the operation mentioned, and trust that some of our friends on the Northern Pacific will enlighten us.

Between the lines, both your letter and the clipping referred to suggest the staff system, especially as the claim is made that collisions are practically impossible. Under the staff system they are, of course, impossible, as there is only one staff for each block, and possession of the staff gives undisputed right to enter the section which it represents. We will, no doubt, be correctly advised in regard to this before the next issue of the magazine.

G. G., Panama.—Regarding your query about railroad building in Egypt, would advise that you communicate direct with the American consul at Alexandria, or any point in that country where the United States has official representation.

C. H. E., New York, New York.—Your age, height, and weight are about right for a fireman. Try to have a personal interview with the master mechanic or road foreman of engines of some railroad in your vicinity and ask him to examine you on the theory of the business, which, through the course mentioned, you have no doubt mastered. From every indication at present, prospects will be much better in the near future for bright young men desiring employment in this line.

H. E. W., Brooklyn, New York.—We do not find the road you mention in the official guide, but it may be "Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Youghiogheny." This road has been merged with the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie.

DO you know of any place where I could secure any large prints, say 16x20 inches or thereabouts, of any notable locomotives or trains for framing?

A. H. G., Miami, Fla.

Both the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and the Ameri-

can Locomotive Company, 30 Church Street, New York, make a practise of photographing new engines. The Baldwin people, until recently at least, had this done by a photographer in Philadelphia, and if you write them they will no doubt furnish his address. The American Locomotive Company photographs its own engines, and we do not believe that they are for sale. We are of the opinion that the same thing is true of the Baldwin Works now. See answer to question 2 of "A. E. L.," this issue.

WHERE can I get the most concise sketch of a locomotive?

E. P., Eusey, Ala.

If you mean a diagram or illustration, you can get nothing more instructive than the educational charts issued by *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, New York City.

ARE mail-cars built stronger than passenger-cars?

(2) Is the mail-car the first or second car on most roads?

(3) In a head-on collision, or any other kind of wreck, is the mail clerk hurt, or does he manage to escape? Does the mail-car smash up or telescope?

(4) What are the wages of a mail clerk?

C. J. M., Cadillac, Mich.

(1) Not necessarily. The trucks and framing are about the same. Some roads, however, are experimenting with all-steel mail-cars, which do not break up as easily as the wooden, and are practically fire-proof.

(2) Generally the first on American roads.

(3) This naturally depends on the gravity of the accident. Cars as constructed at present will stand a considerable shock, as you doubtless know. They are much more liable to be overturned than broken up.

(4) They are graded. You can secure the rates from the postmaster in any town or city where competitive examinations are held, as these positions come under civil service rules. The pay, we think, is from eighty to one hundred dollars per month.

KINDLY advise me if there are any negro telegraph operators employed in the United States, and if so, what roads, and where?

V. R. F., Big Sandy, Tex.

We would refer you to the editorial department of the October RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE in which we are advised by a correspondent of a few instances where colored men are employed as operators. He cites one case at Attleboro, Massachusetts, on the Providence division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

S. A., Toronto, Ontario.—The long run which we quoted from Chicago to Los Angeles for the Santa Fe, exclusively on its own lines, was in reply to a correspondent who desired this information so far as it relates to the United States. Of course the Canadian Pacific holds the American record with its run from St. John to Vancouver. The Santa Fe enters Chicago on its own tracks.

WHAT is the age at which a man may become a fireman on the Alton?

(2) What is the age for a wiper or helper?

(3) What are the duties of the last two positions?

(4) To whom should application be made for such positions at Peoria?

W. E. S., Peoria, Ill.

(1) We do not know the exact requirements, but presume twenty-one years would be acceptable.

(2) At the discretion of the master mechanic, provided State laws do not establish a minimum age.

(3) Wipers are employed to clean locomotives on arrival at the roundhouse and to perform such other duties as may be assigned them by the foreman. Helpers to assist machinists, boilermakers, etc.

(4) Address W. J. Brooks, foreman, locomotive repairs, Roodhouse, Illinois.

"A FIREMAN."—The present is as good a time as any for the employment which you mention. You, of course, understand that it makes no difference whether a man is "green" or experienced; he would have to take the foot of the list in either case, as the seniority rule of promotion prevails on railroads. No doubt an experienced man would stand a much better chance to get a job.

The Western Pacific building operations are going forward with great vigor and the reports are quite encouraging. You will find considerable information of interest about this road in recent numbers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. The present should be a good time to file an application.

T. B. W., Chicago, Illinois.—J. B. Gallivan is trainmaster at San Bernardino, California, for the Santa Fe. We have no record of this position on the other

two roads named, and do not believe they maintain this office at San Bernardino. A physical examination is in order, to determine the quality of vision and hearing possessed by the applicant, but beyond this we are unable to advise you.

PLEASE inform me as to opportunities in general for a railroad fireman in the Western section of the country. Is the promotion quicker? Is the pay higher? When business conditions are what they should be, is it hard for an experienced fireman to obtain a position? To whom, as a rule, are applications for work in the above line made?

T. J. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

They are more promising than in the East. This is because the Western districts are sparsely settled, comparatively, and there is less material to draw on for these positions. Furthermore, a great many Eastern men are firing in the far West, and many of them are anxious to return home.

When business is good, it is little trouble for an experienced man to secure employment, and promotion is more rapid than on the Eastern lines. So far as the pay is concerned it has always been somewhat higher on Western roads, say two dollars and a quarter per hundred miles in the East, to about two dollars and a half in the West.

Firemen, however, are now generally affiliated with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, and this organization is fast securing new agreements with the various railroad companies, and equalizing rates of pay. Applications should be addressed to the division master mechanic, at the point on the road where employment is desired. Past numbers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE will give you detailed information about the work.

W. C. L., Gardner, Massachusetts.—The master mechanics of the Boston and Maine Railroad are as follows: D. E. Davis, Concord, New Hampshire; C. S. Hall, Springfield, Massachusetts; W. W. Hodgkins, Worcester, Massachusetts; C. B. Hutchinson, Lyndonville, Vermont; Thomas Jennings, Keene, New Hampshire; D. A. Smith, East Somerville, Massachusetts; E. T. Sumner, East Cambridge, Massachusetts; L. C. Todd, Charlestown, Massachusetts.

IN the November number, in answer to "W. J. S.," you say that a machinist does not make a good runner. I would be pleased to know your reason for saying so.

(2) Why does a locomotive, when not using sand, slip more when starting to back a train than when starting ahead?

H. L. M., Gillet, Pa.

(1) This opinion is held by many railroad officials. It is based on the following argument: Machinists are of course better posted on the actual construction of the engine than are engineers, whose sole previous experience was as a fireman, and they are good judges, naturally, of what may first be expected to exhibit wear and breakage. For the other side of it, they do not run with the same confidence which characterizes engineers who have not been machinists.

This is largely because a machinist engineer, when examining an engine as a preliminary to starting out, will, from his past shop and roundhouse experience note many little defects which would escape the attention of an engineer without this experience. Now the fact remains that these defects, while of course existent and requiring correction, do not in many cases amount to much, in that they would have no real bearing on the success of the run about to be undertaken.

Still, the machinist-engineer cannot help thinking about them while on the road. He knows that they are in evidence, and his peace of mind is interfered with in proportion to his estimate of their importance or seriousness.

(2) Assuming the valves to be set, with the same amount of lead for all four eccentrics, as is usually the case, there should not be the slightest difference whether the engine is backing or going forward; the tractive effort should be the same in either case. On some roads, however, the practise is followed of taking the lead off the back-up eccentrics on an engine which runs in service always ahead

This is done to hold the link straighter when approaching mid-gear and prevent the excessive lead which is noticeable with short eccentric-rods when the lever approaches the center. An engine so arranged would no doubt slip more backing up, as it would not be favored by the lead in starting.

C. B. H., Mingo Junction, Ohio.—(1) The British and continental locomotive builders are gradually being converted to the locomotive cab; in fact, it is hard to find an engine in England now without a cab

(2) We don't hear any more about this project; in fact, never did know anything more about it than was contained in the advertising, which was quite extensive two years ago

(3) No monorail roads carrying passengers. A year or so ago application was made in Boston for a charter to operate such a road between that city and Taunton, Massachusetts, and a franchise has been secured for a short line in New York City.

W. E. F., Louisville, Kentucky.—We note what you say in regard to the sixteen-hour law, and your quotation from second paragraph of section three. You will note that our answer to "G. C. H." in the November number stated that it was unlikely that an employee would be charged with a violation of the law, in view of the care taken by railroads to see that it is complied with. Your position, however, is absolutely correct, in that the responsibility rests with the management, and we are glad to have your letter.

C. D., Sturgeon, Missouri; G. R., Hot Springs, Arkansas; P. H. W., Armstrong, British Columbia.—It is far preferable for a student of telegraphy to begin practising receiving messages at the earliest possible moment. It is not a good move to attempt learning without instruction, because telegraphy, properly understood, is a fine art, and on a man's ability to give a satisfactory demonstration before an expert often depends the success of his application. Schools for telegraphy are good, inasmuch as they accustom students to receiving from different senders and to varieties in style and speed.

The nine-hour law for telegraphers is generally enforced in the United States. We have had much to say about this in answer to various queries in this department during the past year, and if you will consult back numbers of this magazine we think that you will find all the information you desire.

A. K., Birmingham, Alabama.—If we have a correct understanding of your question, the signals carried by each of the two trains, "33" and "36," should come down the moment their respective sections are annulled. If this procedure is not followed, inferior trains which had taken siding for these trains would be indefinitely laid out. We cannot understand the basis of the view which you say the despatcher takes of it, viz.: that the signals should remain displayed.

W. A. S., Jamestown, North Dakota.—We have viewed your interesting problem from every possible angle, and assume from your second letter that it is substantially as follows; the engines raise water by the gage cocks when the throttle is opened, while this rise is not indicated by the water glass. We can reach no other conclusion than that the trouble must lie in the application of the gage cocks.

Our basis for this assumption is the case of an engine much similar, which came directly under our observation while in charge of a large terminal several years ago. The engine, in fact this class of engines, would all show a full gage of water when throttle was suddenly opened, while the water in the glass would remain stationary.

After a prolonged struggle, with labored explanations, we found that the gage cocks were screwed into nipples. These nipples were quite large, inside diameter about one and one-eighth inches, in fact as large as the threaded body of an ordinary gage cock, and projected about one and a quarter inches within the shell of the boiler.

Now, it was found that if the throttle was opened suddenly, the water level would rise and fill one of the gage cock nipples and then recede, leaving it full. Of course this condition may have been only momentary, but if that gage cock were opened at the time it would show water. We knew this was the cause of the difference between the gage cocks and the water glass, because, when the long nipples were removed, the trouble disappeared. It was simply due to the long nipples momentarily pocketing the water.

We cannot say, of course, that this condition applies to your problem, but merely suggest it as a possible explanation. No doubt the peculiarity you speak of is the subject of much interesting discussion on your road, and we would be pleased to have an opportunity to look into it at short range. The construction of the boiler, however, is quite clear from the sketch which you kindly sent, and if our explanation, as given here, will not fit, we must admit our inability to solve the problem.

DAD'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

BY WILLIAM F. O'DONNELL.

When He Rode in the Baggage-Car and a Strange Hand Held the Throttle.

PUFFING plaintively—for it had been a mighty hard pull on slippery rails—the great locomotive which answered to the name of "Dad Blake's Old Girl" came to a stop at the Lansdowne station, and Dad swung his great frame down from the cab, took a halting step or two, caught at his heart with both hands, gasped, once—twice—and toppled over like a stricken beef.

An hour later the coroner had made the old engineer officially dead. The body was taken to an undertaker's to be "fixed up" temporarily; and it was arranged to take it back next day to Crescent, at the other end of the run, where Dad made his home. Dad was to have his last railroad ride in his own train—back of his "Old Girl."

It was a rather sudden taking-off for a man who had railroaded for forty years and never known a sick day. Yet, as the boys talked it over that night, they agreed that, since he had to go, it was fitting that he had died in harness. For Dad Blake was the kind of man that if a clergyman or physician had said to him that afternoon, "Dad, you have but two hours to live; how will you spend them?" he would have replied, without hesitation, "Running the Old Girl."

That was Blake. He loved the "Old Girl." You could, in some measure, have gaged the intensity of his affection if you had seen him, day in and day out, going with the eye of a connoisseur over her shining sides, her drivers, steam-chest, fire-box, ever watching over her with the jealous solicitude which men sometimes show for their wives, even hanging about the roundhouse on Sundays to be near her. She was his treasure, the darling of his dreams, the subject of his conversations—truly his "girl."

And if he prefixed that adjective "old," it was only as a mark of added endearment—it indicated his steadfastness and loyalty.

Who shall account for the strange comradeships of life? One man is drawn to this type of woman, another to that. Blake found affinity in this girl of steel, so strong, so loyal, so entertaining, and never married another.

It was one of those affections not to be measured by rule or scale. Men will fight for their dogs. Blake would have struck the man who dared maltreat his "Old Girl."

She represented the attained ambition of an industrious life.

Think of the races she had won for him!

Those races of Dad's were famous. They were run almost daily between Lansdowne and Crescent, and the competitors were the Crescent Express, on the Round Top Railroad, which was Dad's train, and the Yardley Limited, on the Keeyuka Valley. The express went to Crescent only; the limited went on. But the question of which should make those seventy miles first was one of constant debate.

The trains started from their respective stations at Lansdowne at the same moment—nine o'clock in the forenoon—each made two stops, and they were scheduled to arrive at Crescent at the same time.

Rather, it should be said that the express was scheduled to arrive at Crescent when the limited reached North Crescent; for, upon leaving Lansdowne, the

Round Top tracks crossed the river, while the Keeyuka Valley went straight along the northern banks of the stream.

The race usually started at the point where the Round Top tracks crossed over the Keeyuka Valley, at the approach to the river bridge. The trains reached that point at the same moment.

The limited always gained an eighth of a mile while the express was going over the bridge, but that never discouraged Blake; he relied upon the superiority of his "Old Girl," and the systematic teamwork of himself and Conley, his fireman, to make up the lead before reaching Snyder, the first stop, fourteen miles up the river.

This was the prettiest part of the race—from Lansdowne to Snyder. Both tracks were in plain view of each other all the way. The Round Top tracks snuggled close to the base of Round Top Mountain, while the Keeyuka Valley was spun along in the shadow of the Limekiln range, across the river. Each speeding train had its background of green and brown to enhance the spectacular effect, and each, to the passengers of the other—except when skies were clouded or waters muddy—appeared in double guise, real and mirrored.

Dad had one advantage. Being on the left of the Keeyuka Valley, he could watch his adversary, while Jim Scott, engineer of the limited, had for the most part to depend upon his fireman's eyes.

After leaving Snyder and North Snyder, the trains, dodging in and out among the foot-hills, caught only occasional glimpses of each other until within ten miles of Crescent, when again each wound back to the bank of the river and was visible to the other all along the home stretch.

Until Sedgely, the last stop on the Round Top, and Burketon, on the Keeyuka Valley, were reached, one dared not, of course, beat schedule; but for the remaining distance, with a clear block for half an hour ahead, one might make up all he could. And Dad generally won.

Now the boys almost wept as they remarked one to another that he had raced his last race.

It was a fitting funeral his long-time fellow workers arranged for him, for he had no one else to do this. They had garbed him becomingly in black, with a white shirt and collar and a white tie. He had probably never worn such things before. Then the body was placed in a black casket, and all that night was permitted to rest in the baggage-car of his own train, so that the boys could view it.

Among those who came, about midnight, was one of the hostlers from the roundhouse, who vowed that the "Old Girl" had been making queer, moaning sounds, suggestive of a dirge.

Morning came. There was more viewing of the remains. Then, at a little before nine, the "Old Girl" was taken out and coupled to the baggage-car, the train was made up, and, promptly on schedule, the express started for Crescent, where it was planned to have the remains met by a cortège, escorted to the church, and thence to the cemetery.

Conley was at his old place at the fire-box; a new engineer was in the cab. Perhaps the "Old Girl" resented his touch on her lever—perhaps the presence of that silent passenger in the car just behind the tender made the engineer nervous. Anyhow, things went wrong. The green flags on the rear of the limited were just passing under the Lansdowne bridge as the "Old Girl" hesitatingly pushed her nose onto it and pointed toward the opposite bank.

Conley started, relaxed his hold on the shovel, then grasped it again convulsively. His face blanched, then burned with a deep color, and his eyes flashed.

"Look, Bill! Look how we're being left behind!"

His finger pointed despairingly after the tail of the limited, that seemed to taunt him as he swept on up the converging vista.

"Look at her getting away from us, and Dad back there, too! Man, we daren't get beaten to-day, with Dad on! I don't care if we never win another race, but this one we must!"

Then—for little more than blank inquiry was visible on the face of the other—he shouted as he bent feverishly to his work:

"You haven't run with Dad six years, as I have, or you'd see what I mean. He was never whipped when he had half a show, and I know that now, the last time he will ever ride on this train, even if he

isn't in the cab, he'd be more hurt at losing than he ever was in his life. And, anyhow, it's an honor we owe him, to bring him in with flying colors. It's a thing I'll always be proud of, if we can do it. We must do it! We must!"

They were now on the straight track, and, looking across the river, Hanley, the new engineer, could see the sun glinting from the windows of the limited's coaches, fully six train lengths ahead. The annoying glare in his eyes seemed worse than a shout of defiance.

He had not been particularly friendly to Dad—had not bothered to post himself on those races or their results; yet there was something rather tantalizing in the sight of that speeding train that stung him to the quick and awakened his fighting spirit. He tightened his grip on the lever, mentally computing the lead his rival had secured and whether it was worth while to try to catch up.

Although the distance between them made the other seem to be little more than creeping, Hanley knew it must be making over sixty miles an hour, which his own engine was capable of beating only under most favorable circumstances and with adept handling. He "shoved her up" a notch, but looked dubious.

Then Conley bellowed above the noise of the engine:

"Look! Are we a going to stand that? Fred, get down to work! Watch every chance to shove her ahead, and I'll keep her so hot she'll melt! But, for Dad's sake back there, don't let those pikers hand it to us like that!"

A glance told Hanley what was meant, and filled him with resentment. The fireman of the limited was leaning from the cab-window and waving his bandanna at the funeral-train. Did he know what the baggage-car contained? No matter; he should be made to eat that bandanna. Which figurative punishment Hanley and Conley forthwith bent their energies to inflict.

The race was on. Conley, by degrees, sent the steam-gage up to the highest it would stand, and shoveled and poked faithfully to keep it there. Hanley did his best to learn the new engine; but he was clearly at a disadvantage. The road was comparatively new to him. He didn't know, as Dad had known, just what parts of the track needed close watching; where it was safe to let her out; where to put on extra impetus to prepare for a grade; where late track repairing had rendered it necessary to go with extra caution; where a suspicious culvert was, and the numerous other things that a man knows only through intimate association with a road for months or years; and so he lacked confidence.

Still, prompted by his determined fireman, he more than held his own—he gained a little.

Passengers in both trains seemed to know that something more than an ordinary, good-natured race was on. They felt the coaches bump along with a celerity almost suggesting the spirit of conscious competition. With noses flattened against the windows, they watched in eager excitement, made bets on the result, and held animated conversation with one another.

But few of them knew the circumstances—knew what the baggage-car contained, or why the "Old Girl" simply had to win.

"Clickety-click! clickety-click! clickety-click!" sang the rail-joints as the wheels skimmed over them. Usually this sound suggests to the sentimental traveler some prosaic, monotonous air, but now it came in such rapid cadence that it resembled a battle-hymn. Perhaps it had something to do with the enthusiasm of the passengers.

The three or four men, all old friends of Dad's, who lingered in the baggage-car, watched the progress of the contest with keen interest and exchanged reminiscences of some of those other races when Dad and Conley had won by rare resourcefulness and grit against more serious odds than this.

Jack Lundy, the baggage-man, left the window, where he had been making observations across the river, and stood over the coffin. The lid was set on loosely—for it would soon have to be removed to permit the viewing of the remains at Crescent—and, lifting it off, Lundy looked down at the rigid face for a minute or two. Then he reflected, half aloud:

"Poor ol' Dad! They needn't put themselves out so for your sake, for you'd never know. You're now where they don't care whether the express ever 'gets in

ahead, or whether this ol' snake-path ever does business at all. Lucky ol' Dad! You're fortunate not to know how you're goin' to be beat to-day."

He laid his hand on the cold forehead, kept it there a few seconds, and then slid the black cover back into place, and began to get together the baggage which was to be dropped off at Snyder.

Sometimes Lundy detained the train a half-minute or more by taking his time in this formality. Not so this time. When Snyder was reached, the door of the baggage-car was already open, the parcels were being pitched out, and Jack was shouting to the smasher outside: "Hi, you, there! Hustle that stuff in! Move, now, and don't wait for me to help you! I'll explain later, and make it all right with you! There, that's it! Good boy! Right here!"

And, having jerkily delivered those last two words, he slammed the door to, the two short whistles sounded in response to the conductor's uplifted hand, and the express was under way—you would scarcely have known that it had stopped at all.

A little time was lost by the limited at the North Snyder Station. When she pulled out, the express had almost made up her lead. Still, the crew of the limited congratulated themselves that their line from there on was a bit the shorter, and that they would win.

Soon, by making devious curves, the competing trains were lost to each other. At times one could not even hear the other's whistle.

On the Round Top road the regular stop at Sedgely was made, and on the Keeyuka Valley, Burketon. From now on, every second must count. Not a detail, no matter how trifling, might be neglected. Even the inability to see a signal at a distance, and the consequent slowing down a trifle to pick it up, might mean defeat

Faces drawn tense, bodies alert, the four men on those two racing moguls worked as though life itself depended on their success.

Now the limited sweeps gracefully, majestically, from behind a knoll into the straight course along the northern bank of the river. A hasty glance by engineer and fireman—then a whoop of joy. They alone occupy the landscape; the express is nowhere in sight.

"Keep her going, Bill; we'll beat them by an eighth at least!" shouted the fireman, as his lithe body bent to his task.

But the triumphant shout died almost on the fireman's lips. A glance across the river—over his shoulder, to be sure, but still not far behind—revealed a whirl of smoke, like an ogre swooping out from the side of the hill, and beneath it the "Old Girl" forging valiantly ahead.

From the cab of the limited one might have seen Hanley and Conley, each too grimly intent upon his task to lose time in words.

But in the passenger-coaches men loudly, feverishly, debated; women impatiently stamped their feet and bent their bodies forward as though by the very motion they would help the express along.

A child shook her pudgy fist at the rival train, and bragged, "We'll beat you yet!" and her mother said, "I hope so." And all this not because any of them knew the real reason why the express should win, but because every one worth a finger snap has some sporting blood and loves the exciting game of competition.

Stillness reigned in the baggage-car of the express. It was the quiet of deep depression; for the race was lost—lost!

Lost? Wait a moment! What's that that moves the lid off Dad Blake's coffin, sending it clattering to the floor? The jolting? Impossible!

Look! From the velvet lining of the narrow box a black shape arises! It is Blake! He bolts out upon the floor, stands dazed a moment, looks at those about him, then out of the window.

"O-ho! You'll beat us, will you? Like blazes you will!"

The "Old Girl" was on the straight track—the home stretch—fairly eating up the distance. Hanley was glancing back over his shoulder to see how the fireman was standing it. Conley was attacking the coal-heap with unimpaired determination, his eyes for the moment raised above that prosaic splotch of blackness.

And so it happened that they both saw it at once.

What they saw was a human form—a

tall bulk of a man, dressed all in black, but with a white face and iron-gray hair—shooting, as from a catapult, through the door of the baggage-car, up over the tender, and then—

Dad Blake's ghost came hurtling plumb into Conley's arms! At least, Conley thought it was a ghost until it struck him; and then he knew it was real. His face ashen with fright, Hanley cowered on his seat.

Only one was there who was not dismayed, but kept at work as calmly as if nothing had happened—the "Old Girl."

No, not calmly! For with the advent of that amazing Thing—that ghost, man, or whatever it was—it seemed that a new thrill shot through her frame. She bounded on joyously, hopefully, even though the hand that had but now grasped her lever hung all palsied and useless. The familiar voice spoke:

"Here, you fellows! No time to stand and shiver. I'm no spook—I'm the engineer of this train, and we're being beat—understand? So get to shoveling. Take turns, or else keep out of each other's way."

But Conley broke in: "Here, Hanley, I won't have it! It's all right of you to want to help"—for Hanley, recovered from his fright, was reaching for the shovel—"but I'm the fireman for Dad. Tired nothing. Get up on my seat and leave it to me."

Hanley did as he was told. Now for the real race!

Ten miles of track yet remained to be covered, and the limited was two train lengths ahead. Five hundred feet to be gained in ten miles!

Standing over an empty coffin in the baggage-car, a little group of railroad men waited impatiently. Now and then one of them spoke; but for the most part they stood silently wondering what was going on ahead. The speed was so terrific they dared not open the door to look.

Passengers noted the gain inch by inch, and became buoyant. Five of those miles were past, and one of those train lengths had been made up. The nose of the "Old Girl" was now even with the green flags of the other train, and steadily plowing ahead.

The fireman of the limited shaded his eyes with his hand, and exclaimed:

"Great Heavens! That engineer over there has his coat on, and a boiled shirt and collar, too! He must be daft!"

But Dad looked straight ahead. He hadn't taken time to dispense with any of his funereal costume; hadn't given it a thought. With masterly hand he manipulated the mechanism, and with magical results.

"If only nothing gets on the track!" he thought, as he scanned the double line stretching straight ahead until, in the distance, it converged to a point. And now the supreme test came. A half-mile from Crescent station, and the engines were neck and neck.

Both crews bent to the final effort. Another half-minute, or less, must tell the tale.

The running of the trains had before been all-important, but now success must be largely in the stopping of them. Dad realized this, and gave the "Old Girl" a good head of speed even while the opponent was beginning to slow down for the station. Then, when within a few hundred yards of the big painted board which commanded, "Engines Stop Here!" he shoved his throttle in and put on the air.

To be sure, some of the passengers were jolted a little, but they didn't mind; and it wasn't as though there had been any very particular baggage—a corpse, for instance—aboard!

And so Dad and the "Old Girl" and Conley, and Hanley—by staying quiet when he was told to—won the race.

"Boys, it's all right; I know you mean well," Dad Blake was speaking from the gangway of the cab to the crowd of men gathered at the Crescent station. "You're here to bury me, and it's kind of disappointing not to find me back in the baggage-car; but, you see, it's like this.

"I was a deader all right, or in a trance or a fit of some kind, but the 'Ol' Girl' here, she wouldn't let me stay dead. She kept a saying, 'Dad, they're beating me, and I know they couldn't if you were here to help me out.' And so I just had to hop over the tender and do it.

"That's about all, friends. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go and get a bite to eat. They didn't call me for breakfast this morning."

And the crowd parted to let him pass.

INDUSTRIAL ROLL OF HONOR.

Daring Is as Common as Danger and Every Disaster Finds a Hero.

Wife's Devotion Defeated by Tide.

NOTORIOUS as are the cruel swirls and eddies of New York's treacherous East River, it is doubtful if they ever lent themselves to a more pitiful tragedy than that in which they claimed a young bride and groom a month or two ago. Otto Aubert, a barge captain, and his young wife were carried to their death clasped tightly in each other's arms, the result of a splendid effort on the part of the bride to save her drowning husband.

The Auberts had been married only a few weeks, and Mrs. Aubert had gone for a trip on the barge as part of her honeymoon celebration, as she had been explaining happily the same morning. After supper the captain went on deck. In the darkness he apparently stumbled over a coil of rope, for there was an exclamation, a splash, and then a cry for help.

Mrs. Aubert rushed on deck. She was a splendid swimmer, while her husband was but a poor one, and in an instant she was overboard. The tide was sweeping along at a terrific rate, full of treacherous eddies, and although the young woman succeeded in reaching her husband, she was powerless against the current.

Two men who saw her plight sprang into the water to her assistance and almost paid for their temerity with their lives. Both were badly used up. The bodies of the couple were not secured until the next day, when grappling hooks were used.

Unavailing Bravery of a Child's Nurse.

A NURSE at Yonkers, New York, made an unavailing but brave attempt to save her little charge from a terrible death a few weeks ago. The child was three years old, and, with the wandering proclivities of that age, had found her way to the top floor of the house and proceeded to investigate a box of matches.

When the matches exploded and her dress caught fire, the child's screams attracted the attention of her nurse, Mary Tasonchni. It may be that the nurse did not do the wisest thing, but she certainly did the bravest. If she lost her judgment, she did not lose her courage.

She immediately clasped the child in her arms and tried to beat out the flames with her bare hands. She took no heed of the fact that the flames had caught her own clothing, but continued to beat at the clothing of the child in an agony of despair.

When the mother arrived she seized a blanket, and, rolling the little one in it, smothered the flames, though too late to leave any hope for her baby's life. The nurse flung herself on a bed and rolled herself in the clothes, succeeding in smothering the flames after a struggle. Her recovery, too, was considered doubtful.

A Legislator Who Is Also a Hero.

IF State Senator Otto Foelker, of New York, is not a hero by this time he should be in a fair way to become one. Since his picturesque feat in imperiling his life to cast a vote where he believed a principle was involved, the Senator has performed a deed of more direct physical heroism in saving the lives of two children at a fire.

Senator Foelker was on his way to his home in Rutledge Street, Brooklyn, one night, when he heard shouts of "Fire!" At 749 Wythe Avenue he found two policemen calling to the families in the two upper stories to come to the street. The hallway of the house was in flames, and the stairs were literally "red-hot."

Unheeding this the Senator rushed into the house to the top floor and found George Kleish, his wife, and six children stupefied by smoke and fright. Foelker grabbed one girl in his arms, and, arousing the parents, dashed down the burning stairs, followed by the couple with four of their children.

The Senator then turned right around

and dashed back into the apartment, where he found Grace, twelve years old, unconscious. This time it was a stagger, rather than a run down the stairs, and before he could reach the open air the legislator had fallen, overcome by weakness and the fumes.

Fortunately, one of the officers saw him and dragged him and his burden to safety. Both had to receive medical treatment before they were thoroughly revived, but the Senator was able to proceed to his home, little the worse for his experience.

Ex-Policeman and Priests Join in Perilous Work.

AN ex policeman and a couple of priests were the heroes of a fire which played havoc in a tenement in East Twenty-Eighth Street, New York, some months ago. The house which took fire was situated near the schools of the Roman Catholic church of St. Stephens, and attracted the attention of Fathers Donohue and Kane by its threatening proportions.

When the priests rushed to the scene, flames were coming from the building and people were shouting for help from many of the windows. The clergymen dashed into the house, and, fighting their way through smoke and flames, began to clear it of women and children.

Attracted to the scene was J. J. McDonough, who for a short time was on the police force of the city. He displayed great bravery in the rescue of Mrs. McDermott, a bed-ridden woman, from the sixth story of the building, and after taking her to a place of safety, returned to the fourth floor and carried out another woman.

A Leap That Saved a Life.

FROM Denver, Colorado, comes the story of a somewhat unusual feat of courage, nerve, and strength. A lineman was working fifty feet above the ground when he touched a live wire and was shocked into unconsciousness.

He was held in the position in which he fell by a tangle of wires, and was literally being electrocuted. Another lineman was working on a pole about eight feet distant.

He did not wait to go down his pole and climb the other; by that time his comrade would have been dead. He made a flying leap through space, and jabbed his climbing irons into the pole at which he sprang. They held.

Then he leaned from his perilous position and began to lift his friend from the wires. The only thing that supported him was the climbing irons, and if they had broken under the strain, nothing could have saved either man. But they held, and the pluck, agility, and presence of mind of the gallant lineman had their reward in the rescue of his workmate.

Eight Owe Their Lives to One Young Boy.

FOR a boy of sixteen to have saved eight lives at different times proves something more than the fact that he was lucky enough to be there. Luck in most cases of that kind has to be backed up by pluck, and Emanuel Strong, a Brooklyn boy, who has been saving lives since he was twelve, can congratulate himself more on his nerve than on his fortune.

His last effort was made some months ago at one of the seashore parks. Horace Bartlett, a young man of twenty-one, one of the bathers, was in distress when young Strong went to his assistance and gallantly brought the bigger fellow to land.

The other seven rescues by the boy were made in the Hudson River, one in 1904, three in 1905, two in 1906, and one in 1907. It is scarcely necessary to state that in addition to carrying around with him a fair average of pluck, and in spite of his youth, Strong is one of the finest swimmers in the waters around New York.

A Congressman Who Caught a Runaway.

ANOTHER legislator has imperiled his life in the performance of a feat of rescue. This state of affairs seems to be getting as popular among legislators as it is among railroad firemen.

Congressman Joseph A. Goulden, of New York City, gallantly stopped a runaway team recently, thus saving from grave danger a crowd of school children who were just rushing out of school. The runaways were on a slight down-grade and had a heavy delivery wagon behind them, and their momentum was terrific.

The Congressman made a running leap and managed to grasp the bridle of one of the animals. He was swung clear of the ground and carried a block before he managed to get a footing and bring the animals to a standstill. Even that would not have availed had not the rescuer clutched the nostrils of the near animal while the team was in full flight, and managed to turn the horses to the curb and so avoid the children.

Men Who Have Made Travel Safe.

BY C. F. CARTER.

THINK of the locomotive and you think of Baldwin's. The two are inseparably united in the mind of the average individual. Other men have built good engines, and other works are turning them out to-day in excellent trim and large numbers, but it was Baldwin who gave the impetus to modern practise in engine-building, and the works which he founded still stand among the great industrial enterprises of the world, one of the largest—if not the largest—turning out a single product.

No apology or explanation is needed for including the name of Matthias Baldwin in the list of men who have made travel safe. Every improvement in engine construction means greater safety, as well as higher speed and heavier loads.

No. 2.—BALDWIN, THE WATCHMAKER, WHO BUILT LOCOMOTIVES.

Forced into It by Necessity and Kept at It Almost Against His Will, He Builded a Great Business and Became the Best Known of His Craft.

WATCHMAKING and locomotive-building would hardly be classed by the average man as related crafts. Yet there appears to have been a strong affinity between the two in the early days of the locomotive. Several watchmakers turned locomotive-builders without any preliminary training.

All but one failed to achieve any degree of success. The exception was Phineas Davis, of York, Pennsylvania, who built the famous "grasshopper" engine which won the prize offered by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

There was one other watchmaker who became a locomotive-builder, won fame and fortune, established the greatest locomotive works in the world, and to that extent performed an important part in the great evolution which has made travel safe.

In every country in the world where railroads exist there are locomotives bearing the name made famous by Matthias William Baldwin, of Philadelphia. Baldwin, however, did not step directly from the watchmaker's bench to the locomotive works, but passed through a period of transition which may have been the secret of his finding success where his fellow craftsmen failed.

If there is any advantage in early poverty, young Baldwin enjoyed it to the full. His father was a prosperous carriagemaker in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, at the time of his death, which occurred when Matthias, the youngest of five children, was four years old.

Through the mismanagement of the executors, the property soon disappeared, and the widow was thrown upon her own resources to bring up her children. Such education as Matthias received was given him by his mother.

At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to Woolworth Brothers, of Frankford, Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, to learn the trade of watchmaker and jeweler. When he was of age he entered the employ of a firm of manufacturing jewelers in Philadelphia. In two years he had saved money enough to open a shop of his own.

The method of gold plating then in use was to cover the base metal with gold leaf. It was very unsatisfactory. Baldwin took a thick piece of gold, soldered it to the base metal, and then rolled it until it was reduced to the thickness desired. He had invented the process by which millions of "gold-filled" watch-cases and other articles have been made since, but he neglected to take out a patent or to develop the process, so a fortune slipped through his fingers.

Opportunity, which is said never to knock twice at any man's door, camped on Baldwin's doorstep and beat a continuous tattoo until she was admitted, which was far from promptly. Throughout his life, Matthias Baldwin's strong trait was a conscientious determination not to grasp an opportunity until compelled to do so. But when Fate sets out to make a man rich and famous, what can he do?

First Experiment with Steam.

In 1825, Baldwin formed a partnership with David Mason for the manufacture of bookbinders' tools, to which was soon added the manufacture of cylinders for printing calico. The demand for the rolls was so great that in three years the firm was obliged to move to a larger establishment.

Increase in the business had rendered hand-driven machines inadequate. Horsepower was tried and found unsatisfactory. Then a small engine was installed. It was the best that could be had, but it would only run when it felt inclined, which wasn't often.

The men lost time waiting for power, while the heads of the firm took turns tinkering at the engine, until one day, after a particularly irritating session with the balky machine, Baldwin threw down his wrench with a clatter and exclaimed with supreme disgust:

"Curse the thing! I could build a better engine than that myself."

"Then you'd better get at it quick," replied his partner. "This thing will put us out of business if we stick to it long."

Builds His First Engine.

Baldwin washed his hands, took pencil and paper, and set to work to design an engine. He toiled so energetically that in a short time the plans were finished, and the parts were cast and partially assembled.

An English mechanic was called in to set the valve and start the engine. He puttered, perspired, and pondered for days in vain attempts to get the valve right, until Baldwin, losing all patience, snatched the wrench from his fingers, exclaiming:

"Get away, 'Butterfingers!' I'll set the valve myself."

He did set it. Thanks to the deft touch he had acquired at the jeweler's bench, it was the most accurately built, the neatest in finish, and the most satisfactory in performance of any engine that had been seen in America up to that time.

That engine did so remarkably well, in fact, that it created something of a sensation in Philadelphia. Hundreds came to admire it. It ran continuously for many years after Baldwin's death, and is still in good order and carefully preserved as a memento of the great locomotive-builder.

This engine-building achievement, following the invention of the gold-plating process and a number of labor-saving devices, gave Baldwin the reputation of being the best mechanic in America. It

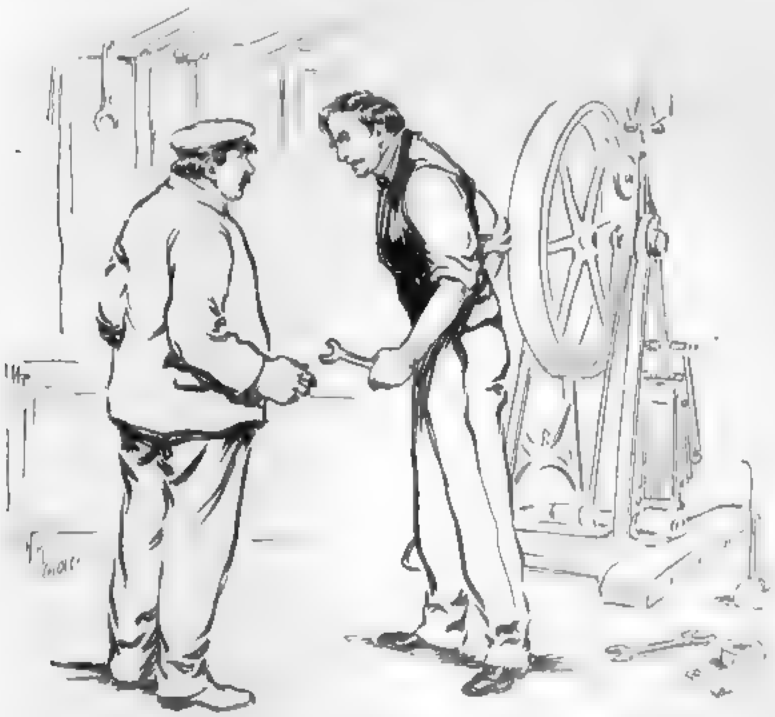
also opened a new field of enterprise for the firm, for the manufacture of stationary engines became an important feature of the business. About this time Mason withdrew and Baldwin continued alone.

In 1829 and 1830 the use of steam power on the railroads had begun to attract the attention of American engineers. Baldwin was naturally much interested in the problem. He made an agreement with Franklin Peale, manager of the Philadelphia Museum, to construct for him a working model of the new motor for exhibition.

With the aid of such imperfect published descriptions and sketches of English locomotives as were available, he completed the model, which was operated on a circular track in the museum for the first time April 28, 1831.

The model was the sensation of the day. Crowds flocked to the museum to see it. Baldwin's fame spread throughout the city, until it reached the offices of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad Company, one of the pioneer roads.

This system had expanded until its rails extended in an unbroken line from Philadelphia to Germantown, six miles away. Horses, which up to that time had supplied the motive power, were now deemed inadequate. So an order for a



BALDWIN SNATCHED THE WRENCH FROM HIS FINGERS, EXCLAIMING "GET AWAY, 'BUTTERFINGERS!' I'LL SET THE VALVE MYSELF."

locomotive was placed with the man who had built the wonderful model at Peale's Museum.

To build a locomotive, even of the modest dimensions then required, was a tremendous undertaking in 1831, in view of the facilities available. Only one man in America had succeeded in building a locomotive that would draw more than its own weight.

Although Philadelphia was then the manufacturing center of the nation, there were only five machinists in the city competent to do any part of the work on a locomotive. No blacksmith could be found who could weld iron more than an inch and a quarter in thickness. The

THE MODEL WAS THE SENSATION OF THE DAY CROWDS FLOCKED TO THE MUSEUM TO SEE IT

welding of a tire five inches wide and one and a half inches thick was altogether beyond the capacity of any forge in the State.

"Old Ironsides," the Baldwin Pioneer.

Planers and slotting machines were unknown. Baldwin had no patterns or models, and all the tools had to be invented as they were required. But he took the order, found the five mechanics, and began the job. The cylinders were bored out with a chisel fixed in a round piece of wood and turned by means of a crank worked by hand.

Lewis Oliver Howell, Philadelphia's star blacksmith, forged the axle in a cellar on Minor Street. The five men were called away from their own particular tasks whenever any one of them needed assistance.

After six months of patience-trying toil, "Old Ironsides" was finished, pronounced satisfactory after several trials, and on November 23, 1832, it was placed in service. When it had been formally accepted by the railroad company, Baldwin heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven, it's done! I'll never build another locomotive as long as I live."

The life-size locomotive created an even greater sensation than the model. Hundreds flocked to the railroad and insisted on riding behind the wonderful locomotive over the entire system, regardless of expense. The road was swamped with business at once.

Perhaps it was pardonable, perhaps not; but, at all events, the company became inordinately proud of the locomotive and tenderly solicitous for its welfare. This advertisement appeared in the Philadelphia papers:

NOTICE: The engine (built by Mr. Baldwin) with a train of cars will run

daily (commencing this day) when the weather is fair.

When the weather is not fair horses will draw the cars the four trips.

It was all well enough for Baldwin, with the vexations and anxieties of that first attempt fresh in his mind, to vow that he never would build another locomotive. But when he saw how well the product of his skill did its work, and heard his name on everybody's lips as the magician who had wrought such a marvel, he began to qualify his oath; and when other railroad companies heard of his success, and urged orders on his acceptance at attractive prices, he retracted it altogether.

He resolved to make a specialty of locomotive-building, but before many years rolled around he had cause to regret the resolution temporarily. Before the close of 1834 Baldwin had built five locomotives.

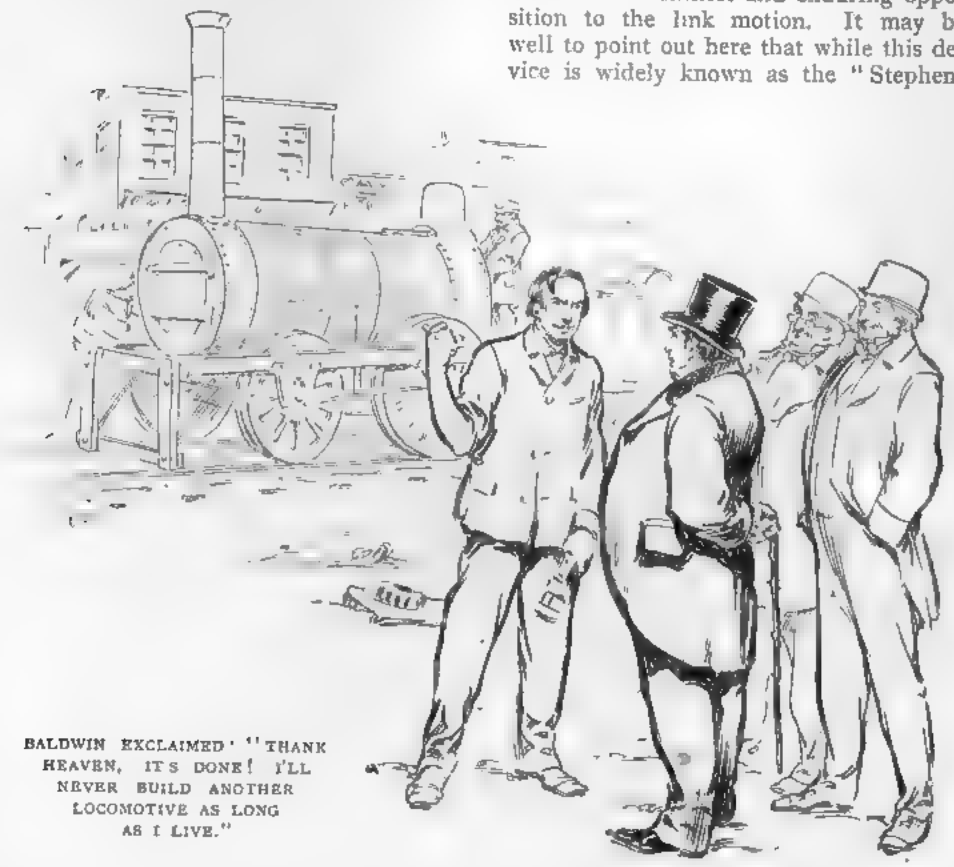
By 1835 the locomotive business had grown to such proportions that he was obliged to seek larger quarters. A move was made to the present site of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, where new buildings were erected. That year fourteen locomotives were built, and in the next year forty were turned out.

By this time the locomotive business was thoroughly established, and up to the time of his death Baldwin devoted his entire energy and attention to the interests of the industry.

Afraid of New Things.

Baldwin had the personal traits that were necessary to insure success in the occupation he had chosen. He was fertile in inventions, yet, paradoxical as it may seem, at the same time he was opposed to innovations with a determined obstinacy that somehow always stopped just short of causing disaster.

The most singular instance of this trait was his earnest and enduring opposition to the link motion. It may be well to point out here that while this device is widely known as the "Stephen-



BALDWIN EXCLAIMED: "THANK HEAVEN, IT'S DONE! I'LL NEVER BUILD ANOTHER LOCOMOTIVE AS LONG AS I LIVE."

son link motion," Stephenson had nothing to do with originating it.

This valve-gear, in almost universal use on American railroads, was invented by William T. James, of New York, in 1832. Ten years later the invention was claimed by William Howe, an employee in Stephenson's works.

Baldwin would have none of the new-fangled valve-gear. Not until 1853 would he consent to give up the half-stroke cut-off he had used since 1845, and even then he did it only under strong pressure from his associates.

Again, in 1835, Andrew M. Eastwick and Joseph Harrison, rival locomotive-builders in Philadelphia, received an order for an engine from the Beaver Meadow Railroad, now a branch of the Lehigh Valley. This road overcame greater engineering difficulties than any planned up to that time.

It ran through the mountains and forests near Mauch Chunk. There was one curve three hundred feet long of two hundred and fifty feet radius, and two grades of ninety-six feet to the mile.

A Man of One Engine.

To overcome these difficulties, young Harrison, who had been foreman in the locomotive works of William Norris, still another Philadelphia builder, designed an engine with inside frame and outside cylinders and other features which afterward became permanent. It had two pairs of drivers connected.

Henry R. Campbell was civil engineer on the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, which had given Baldwin his first order for a locomotive. Campbell was a shrewd, self-opinionated Scotchman. He became acquainted with Baldwin through that first locomotive, and the two grew to be great friends.

When Campbell saw Harrison's engine, with its two pairs of drivers connected, he recognized its value, and waxed enthusiastic. He hurried around to tell his friend Baldwin about it, but Baldwin didn't respond at all.

He listened solemnly until the description was finished. Then he said:

"Well, I don't see how an engine is to curve at all if you couple two pairs of drivers together without some of the drivers slipping. Why, it would be impossible to have all four drivers of the same size."

Then the two friends argued long and earnestly, but without result. Baldwin refused to see any merits in two pairs of drivers, while Campbell went away irritated to think that his friend would not see what was so obvious to him. Campbell returned to his office and began laying out some diagrams that would demonstrate the advantages of two pairs of drivers so clearly that even Baldwin's obstinacy would not be proof against them.

He grew interested, then fascinated. He worked at his drawings until late that evening, resumed them next day, and continued the work until he had completed the design of a new type of locomotive.

It was an eight-wheeled engine, with one pair of drivers in front of, and one pair behind, the fire-box. Campbell's design is still in use, for it became known the world around as the "American type."

It was Campbell's first locomotive, and it was his last. That one design seemed to have exhausted his interest in the subject.

Baldwin, however, went right along building locomotives according to his own ideas. In 1839, Eastwick and Harrison built an engine for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad which was one of the most famous ever constructed in the whole history of the road.

The "Gowan and Marx," as it was called, weighed eleven tons, nine tons of which were on the four drivers. It had cylinders twelve and a half by eighteen inches, and drivers forty-two inches in diameter. It was equipped with the first steam blower of the modern type, and it also had the first equalizers ever put on a locomotive.

This last was the most important feature introduced up to that time, for the equalizer made it possible to distribute the weight of the locomotive on any number of drivers on the roughest track. The "Gowan and Marx" also achieved the feat of burning anthracite, which had baffled so many locomotive-builders, including Baldwin himself.

Baldwin, by the way, evolved the most remarkable of all the weird schemes ever proposed for burning anthracite. His idea was to have detachable fire-boxes in which the refractory coal could be brought to a glowing heat.

One of these fire-boxes, with the fire ready made, was to be placed between the rails, the engine was to be run over it, the fire-box was to be attached, and

Still, Baldwin could see no merits in the ideas either of Campbell or Harrison. It took him five years more to become converted by the stress of inexorable necessity.

Then he capitulated, and in 1845 bought the patents of the Campbell eight-wheeler and the Eastwick and Harrison equalizer, and at once turned out the first of his famous Class C engines. He

THEN THE TWO FRIENDS ARGUED LONG AND EARNESTLY, BUT WITHOUT RESULT.

then the locomotive was ready to go to the next station.

On its first trip, February 1, 1840, the "Gowan and Marx" drew one hundred and four loaded four wheeled cars from Reading to Philadelphia at an average speed of ten miles an hour. The train weighed four hundred and twenty-three tons, or forty times the weight of the engine.

The performance made so much talk all over the world that at last the Czar heard of it, and sent for Eastwick and Harrison to come to Russia and build locomotives. They accepted the offer and closed their Philadelphia shops, thus relieving Baldwin of a dangerous rival at a most opportune time.

declared that this was the best engine he had ever built, and it probably was.

Shrewd Deal in Locomotives.

The price of his patents was not the only money Campbell got out of his friend Baldwin in a legitimate way. Along in 1842 and 1843, Baldwin became hopelessly insolvent. Competition was keen, for every town in the country with any pretensions to railroad importance had its locomotive works, and Baldwin had been unable to demonstrate his supremacy.

His creditors held a meeting, and, realizing that they would not get one per cent by selling him out, agreed to

take his notes at one, two, three, four, and five years, with interest at six per cent. Every dollar of these obligations was paid in full.

One creditor, however, the Philadelphia Loan Company, refused to enter into any such agreement. The loan company wanted money, and wanted it at once. The only thing Baldwin could do was to build a couple of locomotives to cover the claim.

These locomotives did not turn out to be a happy solution for the loan company. Baldwin's debt was canceled, and he had no concern in the fact that locomotives were a drug on the market just then.

The loan company fretted and stewed, but the locomotives refused to be sold. They had to be stored, and the charges mounted up rapidly. At last, in desperation, the loan company advertised them for sale at auction on a certain Saturday.

A committee from a Southern railroad saw the advertisement and started north for the purpose of putting in a bid. Unfortunately, this committee was unavoidably detained on the road. So it happened that when Saturday came, Campbell was the only man who appeared on the grounds where the sale was to be held.

Campbell knew the committee was coming, but he forgot to tell the loan company about it. It did not even occur to him to mention it to the auctioneer, although the two stood around watching each other furtively and looking bored until nearly dark.

Then, as no sale meant no fee, the auctioneer offered those two locomotives to the highest bidder. Campbell was the highest bidder, but not too high, for he hadn't a cent on earth in ready cash at that particular moment.

As the sale was for spot cash, he solemnly drew up a check for eight thousand dollars, for, of course, he had grace until nine o'clock on Monday. The price did not cover the amount of the loan company's claim.

The formalities of the sale were barely concluded when the belated and anxious committee arrived. Campbell promptly transferred the locomotives to the Southern gentlemen at private sale, and left the grounds with thirteen thousand dollars in real money in his pocket.

Then he sought out his friend Baldwin and took him out to dinner. After Campbell told his guest of his coup, it is said that Baldwin never left off grinning for the rest of the evening.

One of the interesting things in connection with Baldwin's career was the opportune way in which Fate removed competitors whenever they became formidable. The way in which Eastwick and Harrison were called to Russia, and thus put out of the way, has already been told. There still remained in Philadelphia one strong competitor, the firm of Long & Norris, composed of Colonel Long and William Norris.

American Engines Abroad.

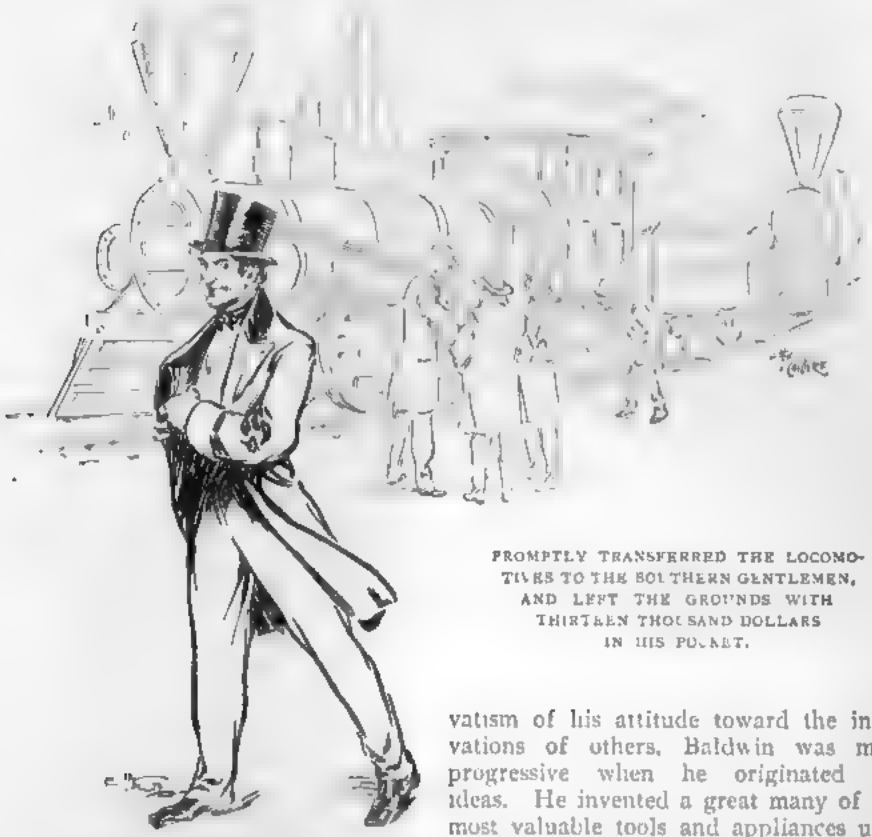
There was a keen rivalry between Baldwin and Norris, for the latter was brilliant and resourceful. Baldwin placed his single pair of drivers behind the fire-box; Norris put his in front. The relative merits of these respective arrangements excited no end of discussion among railroad men.

Norris, in 1839, built the "Washington," weighing fourteen thousand four hundred pounds, with cylinders ten by eighteen inches, and a single pair of drivers forty-eight inches in diameter. The boiler carried a pressure of ninety pounds of steam.

It worked so well that Norris decided to try it on the inclined plane of the Columbia Road, which was two thousand eight hundred feet long and ascended at the rate of three hundred and seventy-seven feet to the mile. As much to his own surprise as any one else's, the engine climbed the grade.

People would not believe that it had been done; they said it was impossible. So Norris did it again.

Bury, an English builder, declared his engines could do whatever an American engine could; but on trying it he learned otherwise. The result of Norris's success and the Englishman's failure was the first order from England for American locomotives. It was for eight engines from the Birmingham and Gloucester Railroad, and was soon followed by a second order for sixteen more.



PROMPTLY TRANSFERRED THE LOCOMOTIVES TO THE SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN, AND LEFT THE GROUNDS WITH THIRTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN HIS POCKET.

The interesting thing about this incident was that the reputation his locomotives acquired abroad led Norris to establish works at Vienna. He, too, was lured out of Baldwin's path altogether, for in 1854 the Norris Works in Philadelphia were finally closed.

After his one experience in insolvency, Baldwin was able to get his work in hand, and thereafter matters ran more smoothly. He had had several partners at different times, but all dropped out in a few years.

From 1846 to 1853 he conducted the business alone. In 1854 he associated himself with Matthew Baird, under the firm name of M. W. Baldwin & Co. This copartnership existed until the time of his death.

In spite of the rock-ribbed conservatism of his attitude toward the innovations of others, Baldwin was most progressive when he originated the ideas. He invented a great many of the most valuable tools and appliances used in the shops. One of the most important improvements which he introduced at an early date was the ground steam joint, instead of the clumsy affair of canvas and red lead which was forever leaking and requiring renewal.

Baldwin knew how to turn the skill of his men to the best account. He educated his mechanics, and encouraged them to attain greater skill

As for radical improvements, he allowed other builders to try them out, thus avoiding costly and disastrous experiments. The locomotives he turned out he was sure of.

As a result of the policy he pursued, the Baldwin Works are still in existence, while most of their early competitors are hardly a memory. Last year these works turned out 2,65[illegible] locomotives of the 6,592 built in America.

What Baldwin did for the locomotive, George M. Pullman did for the car. His solid-vestibuled, stanch-platformed sleeper has been one of the best safeguards against disaster arising from weaknesses in construction that the railroad has known. His work will be the subject of the next article in this series.

Roll-Call of Veterans.

This May Be an Age of Young Men, but There Are a Few Old Ones on the Job Here and There Yet.

ENGINEER NEVER FIRED.

Sweetland Has Ridden an Engine for Fifty-One Years, but Always on Right-Hand Side.

ONE of the remarkable things about Charles H. Sweetland, a recently retired veteran engineer of the Erie, is that, although he has been in the company's service for forty-six years, in railroad work for fifty-four years, and an engineer for fifty-one years, he never worked as a fireman.

He was first engaged in the machine-shops of one of the early roads. In 1857, he entered the employ of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, now the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, as an engineer.

The South attracted him two years later, and he joined the ranks of the Galveston, Houston and Henderson. After four years on this road, he returned North and entered the service of the Atlantic and Great Western, afterward a part of the Erie system.

Mr. Sweetland has had some remarkable escapes. His engine has turned turtle three times and three firemen have been killed at his side, but the only serious injury he ever received was a broken arm.

OLD WABASH CONDUCTOR.

Hough Can Take His Choice of Runs on His Division because of His Long Service.

ACCORDING to the recently completed seniority-list of the Wabash trainmen, George Hough, who has been in the service for fifty-one years, is the oldest passenger conductor on the Springfield, Illinois, division. This entitles Mr. Hough to his pick of the runs.

His first railroad position was on the New Haven, in 1847. Here he served an apprenticeship as brakeman, and then went out to Illinois to handle the scoop.

Soon he had worked his way to the right-hand side of the cab, and pulled a throttle for twenty years on a run between Springfield and Danville. By an accident, he was forced to quit the cab and enter the ranks of conductors, and he is still there, taking out his train daily between Bluffs and Keokuk, Illinois.

Mr. Hough has four sons, all of whom are in the railroad service, two on the Rock Island and two on the Wabash.

BROTHERS TAKES PENSION.

Age Limit Claims Pioneer Roadmaster of Pennsylvania after Fifty-Two Years Active Service.

AN Indiana veteran to retire from the service of the Pennsylvania recently is James S. Brothers, of Crawfordsville, for a great many years roadmaster of the Vandalia. Having reached the age limit, Mr. Brothers winds up his fifty-two years of active railroad life by being placed on the Pennsylvania's pension roll.

His first position on a railroad was as section laborer on the middle division of the Pennsylvania. For nine years in the early part of his career he worked for the Central Railroad of New Jersey, but for the subsequent forty-two years he was with the Pennsylvania.

For twenty-two years Mr. Brothers was roadmaster of the Vandalia. He was the first roadmaster in that section to place track-walkers on the road ahead of each passenger-train.

He has been in four wrecks, the last one, in 1896, being the cause of serious injuries. In 1900, being no longer able to travel over the road because of the injuries received at that time, he was offered the position of timber inspector, with a clause in his con-

tract that he should not be required to leave the division

Mr. Brothers has had interesting relations with many famous men, including General Lew Wallace, who many years ago foresaw the necessity of steel ties and tried to invent one, without success.

FRED WILD OF WISCONSIN.

A Name Known to All Veterans of the Middle West and to Many Youngsters, Too.

FRED WILD, one of Wisconsin's pioneer railroad officials, is said to be the oldest retired or active general passenger-agent in the United States in point of service. He struck for the West from Boston in 1858.

Two years before that the original Racine and Mississippi Railway Company, now part of the Milwaukee system and known as the Racine and Southwestern division, had opened for business. Mr. Wild received the appointment to the post of general freight and passenger-agent to the road.

The present general superintendent of the big system, D. L. Bush, was Mr. Wild's train despatcher at Racine at the time. Later, when the road went into bankruptcy and was bought by Alexander Mitchell, Mr. Wild was retained to operate the freight and traffic business. Mr. Wild, now seventy-five years of age, lives in retirement at Sycamore, Illinois.

PENSION FROM CARNEGIE.

But It Took the Age Limit Rule To Make Valentine Get out of Active Railroading.

ONLY the force of the age limit rule could have brought about the retirement of Benjamin F. Valentine, of Wall, Pennsylvania, for fifty-three years an employee of the Pennsylvania. Although the burden of years made it wise for the veteran to forsake active life on the road as a conductor for the less strenuous work of switchman some time ago, Mr. Valentine is still so vigorous and hearty that retirement promises to be more of a trial than a rest.

Among other landmarks in his career is the distinction of having been a flagman on the first train that was equipped with the Westinghouse air-brake. He is of a railroading family, his father having been an employee of the Pennsylvania, and his three sons are also in the railroad service.

Another distinction that the veteran can lay claim to is the fact that he was intimately acquainted with Andrew Carnegie in the latter's early struggles. It is said that Mr. Carnegie was often a visitor at the home of the Valentines, and the old man is in receipt of a pension from the mighty master of steel.

A LINK WITH THE PAST.

Peaslee Still Pulls a Throttle on the Rock Island Though Seventy-Five Years of Age.

IN point both of service and age, O. M. Peaslee, of the Illinois division of the Rock Island, is one of the oldest locomotive engineers in the country. Mr. Peaslee is a native of New Hampshire, where he was born in 1833. At the age of nineteen he entered the old Nashua and Lowell shops, now the Boston and Maine, as an apprentice.

His first promotion was to the position of fireman and the engine to which he was assigned was unique. It was the road's oldest engine. It possessed one pair of drivers and weighed nine tons.

In 1853 he was promoted to engineer and his pay was increased to forty dollars a month. In 1856 he went West and got a position in the Rock Island shops at Chicago. The gold lure of Pike's Peak drew him in 1859, but the lure did all the drawing, for all that Peaslee drew out of it was sad experience.

After residing three years in California he struck back for Illinois *via* the Isthmus of Panama, beginning his long period of service with the Rock Island in 1863

LOSS TO UNION PACIFIC.

General Eastern Agent Tenbroeck Retires on Age Limit After Twenty-One Years at Post.

ARRIVAL at the age limit caused the retirement, a short time ago, of Rensselaer Tenbroeck, general Eastern agent of the Union Pacific in New York. Mr. Tenbroeck has held this important post with the Union Pacific for twenty-one years. A moment's consideration of the vast changes that have taken place in the company's fortunes during that period, will realize the wide range of qualifications necessary for this position.

CIVIL WAR IN THE CAB.

BY FRANK CONDON.

How It Was Kept There by a Scrappy Fireman and a Hot-Headed Engineer.

"YOU," began Cockrill, addressing his fireman, and brandishing a leaky oil-can before his nose, "you are a greasy faced, soot-covered, pock-marked liar. You are almost an undesirable citizen."

"And you," retorted Dorgan, calmly scratching the remaining match on the seat of his trousers with skill and success, "are a fake engineer. Go get a job driving a truck. Throttle-pull on a Brooklyn perambulator. Hire out to the push-cart trust. Bah!

"You run this old cow killer into the turntable pit one day. You forget you ever heard of injectors the next. You let her water fall two feet below the glass, and she drops a crown-sheet.

"And then you try to Adam it off on this poor Eve," pointing to the fifth button of his waistcoat. "I get called up on the carpet, and accused of negligence on duty. And me peacefully and innocently eating lunch when it happened."

"Yes, eating lunch," Cockrill went on, trying to be calm and judicial; "eating it on that very seat where you're sitting now. 'Twas your fault, and you know it; and if I didn't defend you, and plead for your job with tears in my eyes, you'd been fired, you good-for-nothing loafer. Then you go and blame it all on me!"

"Weren't you under the engine?" asked Dorgan, with frigid politeness. "Hadn't you just left the cab? Was I anywhere around when you left?"

"You were. As I remarked a minute ago, you were sitting in the same position you now occupy."

"I was not," said Dorgan.

"You were," retorted Cockrill; "and if you get me any madder than I am I'll drop this can and lick the everlasting blazes out of you."

"Yes, you'd drop the can," said Dorgan scornfully, "and pick up the shovel. You couldn't lick a stick of candy. You're wrong about my blaming it on you, anyhow.

"Our genial and lovable superintendent, John Flathead McKinney—worse luck to him—asked me distinctly who was to blame, me or you; and who did I say? Who did I say, you ungrateful, bum engineer?"

"You said me, of course," responded Cockrill. "You blamed me—me who has been good to you all your worthless life. You turned and betrayed me and lied about me, and I ought to have you fired. I think I will yet."

The rattle of mutilated English overcame even the sharp hissing of steam in the engine-cab. Fireman and engineer were having it out for the sixty first time, and it was now four weeks since the locomotive had blown off an upper sheet.

One of the men had been negligent. There was no doubt about it. The water had been permitted to get far below the danger-point. Then the sheet had blown off, injuring nobody and nothing except Superintendent McKinney's feelings and the fire-box door.

Cockrill and Dorgan had been called upon to explain, and both came within an ace of being let out. Why they were not was never understood, and they resumed duty on a probationary understanding.

For the four ensuing weeks they had

been bullyragging each other, accusing each other, and verging upon actual battle. But no one knew that. To their comrades they were outwardly the same good friends they had always been.

"If McKinney said I accused you, he's a worse liar than you are," continued Dorgan, going on with his polishing. "That office of his is a disgrace to the whole division. They practise lying up there, down to the office-boy. At that, they can't hold a candle to you.

"I certainly have learned a lot about you in the past four weeks, Cockrill. I have had an insight into your real character. I have uncovered all the meanness and sham in you.

"You hid it pretty well all these years, but this blow-out brought it right to the top. I'm not only ashamed of you, I feel sorry for you, because I thought you were a real man, and I find you're a fake."

Cockrill dropped the oil-can and climbed down from his seat. He walked over and laid a rough hand on his fireman's shoulder, and there were fight, fire, and ferocity in his eye.

HE LAID A ROUGH HAND ON HIS FIREMAN'S SHOULDER AND THERE WERE FIRE, FIGHT, AND FEROCITY IN HIS EYE.

"Now, see here, you uneducated, mentally deficient idiot and ingrate. I said you were a liar at the start. You're worse. You're more kinds of a fool than I ever heard of, and I'm not going to sit here and listen to any more of your insulting rubbish.

"I never blamed you when McKinney

"ARE YOU UP THERE, COCKRILL?" HE ASKED.
"I AM," REPLIED THE ENGINEER, WITH A VAGUE NOTE OF CHALLENGE IN HIS VOICE

asked who did it. I shielded you, although you were to blame. I was the only friend you had, and I was on the job all the time you were in danger. You did it; I knew it; I told McKinney I didn't know. Isn't that friendship?"

Dorgan brushed the hand off his shoulder. "Tell that to the wipers," he sneered; "they don't know anything. I don't believe it, and there's no use standing here gabbing."

The roundhouse door swung open on creaky hinges, and attention to duty prevented further war for the moment. Cockrill opened the throttle, and the big engine glided softly into her stall.

In the perpetual dusk of the roundhouse a fat, red-faced man picked his way among the tracks and over the pilots. It was Superintendent McKinney, whose middle name was *not* Flathead

"Where's Cockrill?" he asked of a wiper.

"He just came in, sir," answered that menial person. "His engine is on the last track."

"Is Dorgan with him?"

"I think he is, sir."

McKinney strode forward, and Cockrill saw him coming.

"Shut up, now," he cautioned the suddenly mute Dorgan. "Here's the old snake himself, with more questions to ask."

The cinders crunched under McKinney's tread. "Are you up there, Cockrill?" he asked

"I am," replied the engineer, with a vague note of challenge in his voice

"So am I," put in Dorgan, his sarcasm totally lost on the florid superintendent, who climbed heavily into the cab.

"Now," began McKinney judicially, when he got his breath, "for the last time, I want to find out about that crown sheet. That thing cost one hundred and eighty dollars to fix up, and I want to find out why it happened, and which of you let it happen?"

"Mr. McKinney," Dorgan broke in contritely, "there's no use obscuring the issue, as they say in law. I am to blame. I did it. Mr. Cockrill here had nothing to do with it any more than you. If there's any punishment, I deserve it, and I'm ready to take it."

Before he had finished the "t" in "it," Cockrill's voice filled the cab.

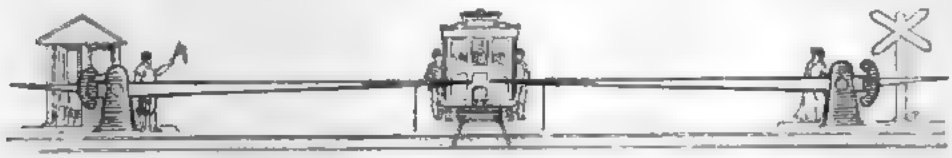
"Mr. McKinney, this young fellow is giving you the finest example of loyalty to a comrade you ever heard of. He is deliberately lying to save me.

"The truth of the matter is that Dorgan was eating lunch in the station when the sheet blew off. It was due solely to my own negligence, and I'm ready to suffer the consequences."

There was a brief pause. The silence was broken only by the cluck-cluck of the air-pump. McKinney turned right-about face, and laid his hand on the rail. A half grin wrinkled his face and deepened its ruddy bloom.

"You two are the cheerfulest liars I ever saw," he said. "Don't let it happen again." Thereupon he descended from the cab.

As his ungainly figure disappeared two grimy, oil-covered fists met before the fire-box door in a firm clasp that lasted exactly ten and three-quarter seconds by the watch.



OUR PLACE IN R. R. DEVELOPMENT.

Hard to Say Where We Stand Compared with Other Countries, Because of Different Conditions.

WHEN we take the total railroad mileage of the world, we find that the United States leads easily; but when we analyze the figures in connection with our area and population, we find that there is still tremendous room for progress before we even come level with several other countries, not all of them older than our own at that.

Great Britain cannot show any advantage over us in regard to mileage per unit of population, but her population is crowded into about one thirty-sixth the area of ours. Thus, having one thirty-sixth the area of the United States, and about one-tenth of the railroad mileage, she provides about three times our railroad mileage for an equal area of country.

On the basis of population, Canada easily leads the way, and is increasing the lead. She has 37.54 miles of road for every ten thousand inhabitants, against 6.2 miles for every ten thousand inhabitants of the United States. On the other hand, our mileage per area is vastly in excess of that of Canada, she having only one mile of road for every one hundred and sixty-one square miles of area, while for the same area we have 42.6 miles

Of the South American roads, Chile has one mile of road per hundred square miles of territory, and 3.7 miles for every ten thousand inhabitants. Brazil has eleven thousand miles of railways, but this gives her only 7.8 miles per ten thousand inhabitants, and, her population being scattered over three and a half million square miles, only .3 miles of road for every hundred square miles of territory.

Uruguay shows a better percentage. She has 1.8 miles per hundred square miles, and thirteen miles to every ten thousand inhabitants. Argentine has 1.1 per hundred square miles, and 2.54 per ten thousand inhabitants.

Of course, large and comparatively unoccupied countries necessarily suffer in a calculation based upon miles per area, and small and overcrowded ones suffer in a comparison of miles per unit of population.

Building a Tunnel on the Surface.

BY GEORGE FOXHALL.

THERE may be nothing new under the sun, but here is something new under the water—a tunnel that was built on the surface and is being lowered to the bed of a river in completed sections. This unique engineering feat is being performed by the Michigan Central Railroad under the Detroit River, and, so far as the records show, this is the first time that such a method has been adopted.

As in innumerable other cases, necessity was the mother of this invention. The tunnel could not be built in the conventional way; it had to be built, no doubt about that. Therefore, the engineers solved the problem in the way this article and these drawings describe.

How the Michigan Central Railroad Is Solving the Problem of Getting a Tunnel Through the Soft-Clay Bottom of the Detroit River.

AT Detroit, British and American territory will soon be joined by a tunnel which, though it will run under a river, will be built on shore, forty-eight miles from the scene. It hasn't been talked of as long as the English-French tunnel under the Straits of Dover, but it will be finished considerably earlier, and nobody talks about armed invasions.

Also, although it hasn't been discussed as much, it is as important, as wonderful, and will probably carry at least twice as much freight and as many passengers as that much-dreamed-of but far-off enterprise beneath the sea would, if accomplished. As for engineering boldness and skill, as far as is known a tunnel under the channel would present no new problems, but the tunnel of the Michigan Central, at Detroit, is a complete departure from all known systems of tunnel building.

It is pioneer work of the most radical and courageous type. That is why there hasn't been so much talk about it. Real pioneers are always too busy thinking to do much talking themselves, and the world takes the gifts of its great men too much for granted to discuss them unless they are well advertised.

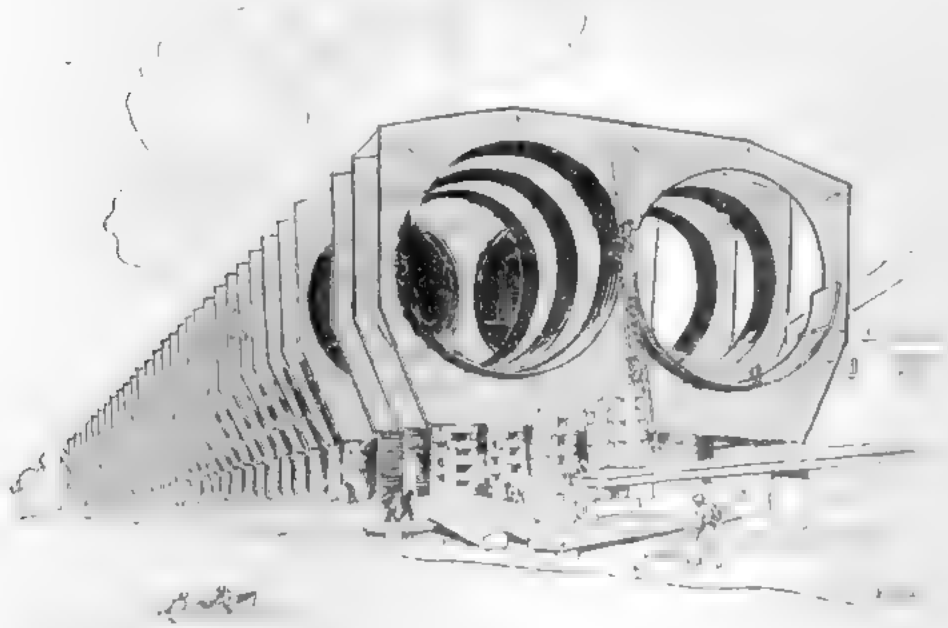
In the present instance the task of the pioneer is made infinitely harder than usual by the fact that the pioneer must not be the experimenter. The Detroit tunnel, built on methods never before attempted in the history of the race, following no tunnel-engineering precedents that would guide the builders, must be a perfect, finished product of the highest modern engineering skill. The standard set for it is the twentieth-century standard; the facilities, so far as tunnel building is concerned, are nineteenth century.

The tunnel will be most widely known as forming a link in one of the New York Central routes between New York and

Chicago. The present method by which the Central's trains make this lap in the journey is a picturesque relief in the monotony of a long railway trip, if the traveler happens to make it in the daytime. But, like nearly all picturesque modes of travel, it is terribly slow, according to our modern ideas.

The gigantic train ferries that transport the trains across the Detroit River are as rapid in their work as train ferries can be, but the cutting up of a train, that which shall feed, warm, and clothe a world, and economy is represented by the speediest method of getting those treasures safely over their lines.

The delay to passenger-trains caused by the ferry passage is about thirty or forty minutes; the delay to freight-trains is from two to three hours. Any one even casually familiar with the tremendous volume of transportation that now crosses the border, either originating or terminating in Canada, or merely cross-



HOW THE SKELETON OF THE TUNNEL IS CONSTRUCTED BEFORE IT IS LOWERED TO ITS PLACE IN THE BED OF THE RIVER.

the switching, and the reverse operations after crossing, are more elaborate than speedy. In the winter months the delay increases proportionately with the expense.

But it is not by added speed for the important, dignified "limited" that the tunnel will justify its existence, economically. Millionaires and magnates may crowd the dashing flier and feel important that on their behalf time is annihilated. But to the railroad, wealth is represented by the contents of the dingy freight-cars, whose dark interiors nurse

ing there *en route* east or west, can form some idea of the enormous sums that are annually wasted by these delays.

The matter became a serious problem, then an acute one. There were difficulties in the way of boring a tunnel that were not encountered in any of the wonderful pieces of tunnel construction that have heretofore astonished the world.

Principally, and overwhelmingly, was the fact that the bed of the river at this point is, for the most part, of soft blue clay, making boring operations almost prohibitive on account of danger and

cost. It took about two years to solve the problem and perfect the plans.

The first scheme considered by Vice-president Wilgus was to dredge a deep channel across the river, fill it with concrete, and then bore through it, an ingenious but obviously cumbersome method.

At last Mr. Wilgus and his coadjutors evolved the present scheme, which is really a kind of subaqueous cut-and-cover method; a bold enough idea, surely. The skeleton of this unique tunnel is being constructed above ground, and it is on the ingenious designing of this skeleton that the whole scheme hinges.

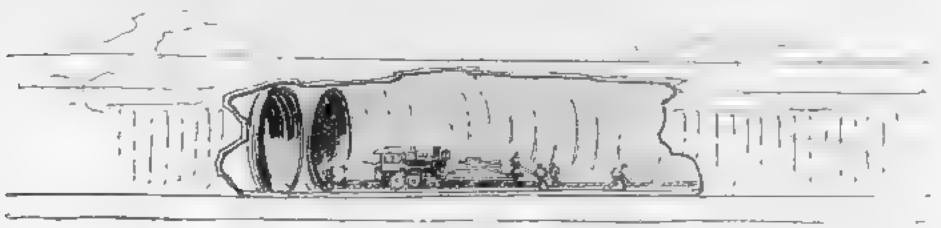
The tunnel consists of twin tubes, the skeleton of which is built of three-eighths of an inch steel, in sections two hundred and fifty feet long. At intervals of eleven and a half feet the tubes are surrounded by a kind of diaphragm or flange for the purpose of giving the whole greater rigidity. These upright cross-sections are in turn strengthened by the use at intervals of one-inch steel rods which join alternate pairs.

The scheme of procedure has involved the building of these sections of steel tunnel at the engineering works of the contractors, forty-eight miles away. As the sections are required, they are riveted together in pairs, bulkheads are built into the ends, and they are transported to where they are to be sunk to the cradle prepared for them at the bottom of the river.

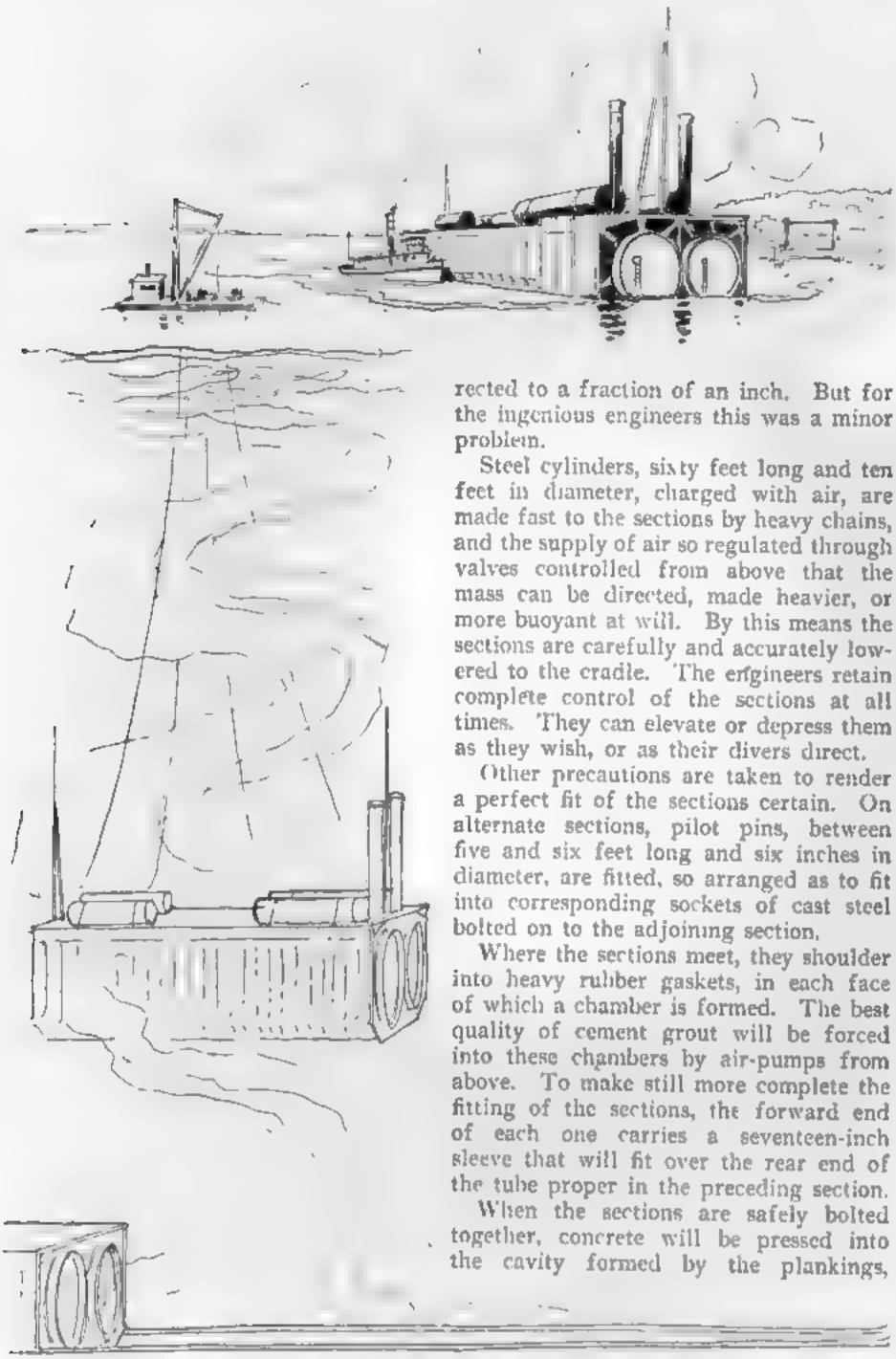
In itself, this cradle forms a departure in tunnel construction. It is a trench dredged in the river bottom, as was suggested in the rejected scheme. This trench is forty-eight feet wide at the bottom, and thirty-two feet deep. At the top, it is between fifty and sixty feet wide.

To float the sections to their places, they were reenforced with a heavy planking. At the bottom of the bulkheads, at each end of the tubes, a series of inlet valves are constructed, to allow the admission of water ballast, by the aid of which the tubes are lowered. The upper part of the bulkhead is similarly provided with a series of valves for the escape of the air forced out by the ballast.

It would seem that a mass of steel, wood, and water of this bulk and weight would be absolutely unmanageable in a swiftly moving river, and it must be remembered that the mass has to be di-



AS FAST AS THE SECTIONS ARE LOWERED THE COVERING OF OF MATERIAL, PUSH FORWARD



CONCRETE IS APPLIED AND DUMMY ENGINES WITH CARLOADS INTO THE COMPLETED PORTION.

rected to a fraction of an inch. But for the ingenious engineers this was a minor problem.

Steel cylinders, sixty feet long and ten feet in diameter, charged with air, are made fast to the sections by heavy chains, and the supply of air so regulated through valves controlled from above that the mass can be directed, made heavier, or more buoyant at will. By this means the sections are carefully and accurately lowered to the cradle. The engineers retain complete control of the sections at all times. They can elevate or depress them as they wish, or as their divers direct.

Other precautions are taken to render a perfect fit of the sections certain. On alternate sections, pilot pins, between five and six feet long and six inches in diameter, are fitted, so arranged as to fit into corresponding sockets of cast steel bolted on to the adjoining section.

Where the sections meet, they shoulder into heavy rubber gaskets, in each face of which a chamber is formed. The best quality of cement grout will be forced into these chambers by air-pumps from above. To make still more complete the fitting of the sections, the forward end of each one carries a seventeen-inch sleeve that will fit over the rear end of the tube proper in the preceding section.

When the sections are safely bolted together, concrete will be pressed into the cavity formed by the plankings,

forming, as it were, a solid block of concrete with steel reenforced tunnels running through.

Then begins the work on the actual tunnels. These will consist of a lining of reenforced concrete throughout the steel tubes. The lining will be of a specially prepared concrete, twenty inches thick, and reenforced throughout by longitudinal steel rods one inch in diameter, placed at intervals of about eighteen inches.

The over-all outside dimensions of the concrete block will be fifty-five feet wide and thirty-one feet deep. The inside diameter of the steel tubes is twenty-three feet four inches, allowing a clearance between the rail face and the roof of about eighteen feet, while the centers of the tubes are about twenty-six feet apart.

At this point the river is a little over half a mile wide. On the American side there is an open cut of fifteen hundred and forty feet and a land tunnel of two thousand one hundred and twenty-nine feet. At Windsor, on the Canadian side, there is a land tunnel of three thousand one hundred and ninety-two feet, and an open cut of three thousand three hundred feet.

Millions of feet of concrete are being used in the work, but it is typical of the entire scheme that not a shovelful of gravel or sand, nor a pint of water used in the mixing, is being manipulated by hand. All is a vast, whirling jugglery with natural forces to overcome natural forces.

The tunnel and its approaches will be operated by electricity. Nothing whatever is being done that could be done in a manner more advanced. Where the

THE YARDS WHERE THOUSANDS OF CARS AWAIT THEIR TURN AT THE FERRY.

march of ingenuity has not reached the requirements of the builders, they have taken ingenuity by the forelock and compelled it to stride their pace.

To attempt to prophesy as to the possibilities of the tunnel is out of the question, even guided by the statistics of the present ferry-boat operation. Now the freight-trains are, of course, split up, as the limitations of the boats prevent the handling of long freight-trains, even in two sections.

And here is emphasized the amount of time wasted in the breaking up and reconstructing of long freight-trains. During the year 1906-1907, the Michigan Central carried, approximately, four hundred thousand cars across the Detroit River. This included freight and passenger cars.

As a conservative estimate, say the combined traffic of the other roads totaled the same number. Take the normal rate

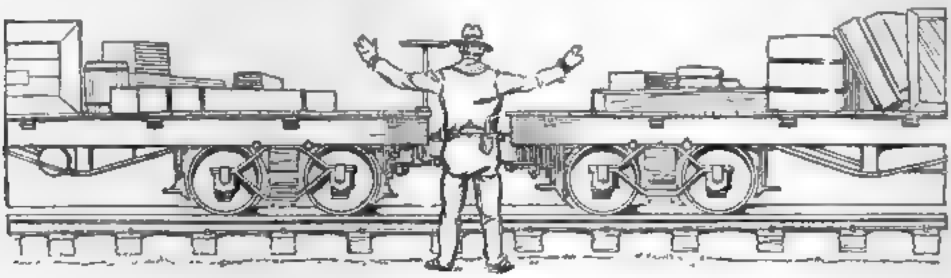
of increase which the river traffic has shown, and some slight idea of the value of the tunnel can be obtained.

Further, the mere saving of time for the passenger, or in the transportation of freight, is only a small part of the loss saved to the railroads. A large army of yardmen have to devote their constant time to the switching operations. The wear and tear on cars is enormous, and the cost and maintenance of switching engines would represent a fair-sized private income.

The encouragement to traffic will be great, though that is at present, of course, purely speculative. In fact, this is a side which scarcely needs to be quoted in marshaling the economies which will result from this wonderful tunnel. The actual, tangible, and existing conditions cry aloud for its existence.

It is believed that the work will be completed in the fall or early winter of 1909

The estimated cost is from eight to nine million dollars, and one wonders at the comparative smallness of the bill for such a monumental undertaking. A monumental undertaking it certainly is; monumental in an unexplored sphere, and this moderate bill of cost does not nearly represent the outlay of human endeavor, nor will it represent the profit to commerce, nor the sum of experience and knowledge which will have added many strides in engineering progress.



FOR "PERFECT" TRAIN-DESPATCHING.

A New System Which Is Expected to Eliminate All Accidents Except From Track or Engine Failures.

FROM a newspaper clipping headed "Perfection," we learn that soon there will be no more railroad accidents. A train-stopping device has been invented, which, it is claimed, will practically eliminate the telegraph operator in the movement of trains, and will be so comprehensive in action and design that accidents will be impossible, except, we suppose, in such cases as track or engine failures.

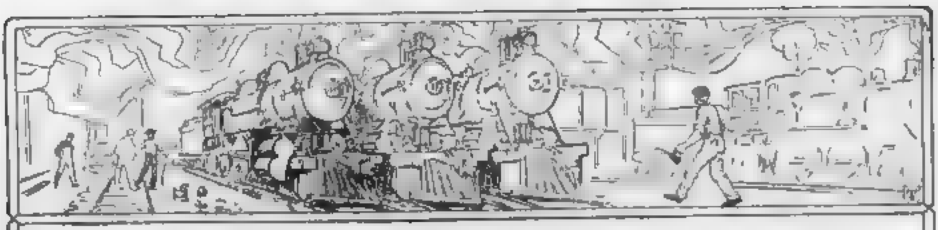
The system is now being investigated by the Block Signal and Train Control Board of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is the invention of P. J. Simmen, of Los Angeles, and has been installed on eighteen miles of the Santa Fe in southern California, where it is said to be working satisfactorily.

By the working of the system each train records on a sheet in the despatcher's office the time it enters and leaves a block. The despatcher can signal direct to any engineer on his division to stop his train or to proceed.

Intelligible communication is maintained between the despatcher and the engineer in his cab. The despatcher is protected against error by the interlocking of the switchboard and signals. The train is protected by an automatic stopping device.

If, on receiving a danger signal, the engineer fails to reduce his speed, his engine is stopped automatically after it has proceeded a certain distance. A device in the locomotive makes a record of the time and place where the danger signal is given, how soon the engineer responds to the signal, rate of speed of the engine at the time, and time and place at which the stop comes into action.

How much this system differs from many other systems of cab-signaling, or what other safeguards it imposes, has not been made clear in the published reports as yet



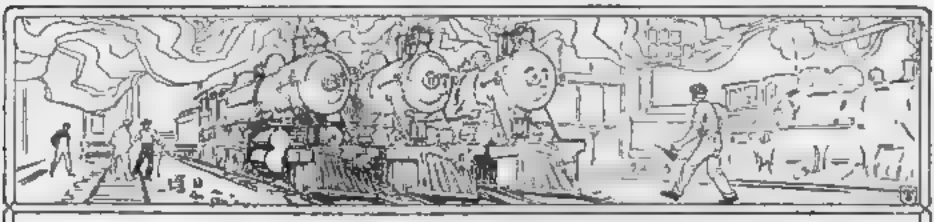
THE ENGINEERS' MAKING LOVE.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

IT'S noon when "Thirty-Five" is due.
An' she comes on time, like a flash of light,
Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.
An' you hear her whistle, "Toot-tee-too!"
Bill Maddon's drivin' her in to-day,
An' he's callin' his sweetheart, far away—
Gertrude Hurd—lives down by the mill—
You might see her blushin'; she knows it's Bill,
"Tu-die! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!"

Six-five A.M. there's a local comes—
Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east;
An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
Is a livin' caution to man an' beast.
Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;
Summer or winter, always the same,
She hears her lover, callin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Loo-iee!"

At six-fifty-eight you can hear "Twenty-One"
Go thunderin' west, and of all the screams
That ever startled the rising sun,
Jehu Davis sends into your dreams;
But I don't mind it; it makes me grin—
For just down here, where the creek lets in
His wife, Jerusha, can hear him call,
"Jeee-rooo-shee! Jehoo!"



But at one-fifty-one old "Sixty-Four"—
  Boston Express runs east, clear through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
  With the softest whistle that ever blew;
    An' away on the farthest edge of the town,
    Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
    Shine like the starlight, bright an' clear,
    When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear—
      "You-ou-ou, Su-u-u-u-e!"

An' 'long at midnight a freight comes in,
  Leaves Berlin some time—I don't know when—
But it rumbles along with a fearful din,
  Till it reaches the Y-switch there, and then
    The clearest notes of the softest bell
    That out of a brazen goblet fell,
    Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams—
    To her like a wedding-bell it seems—
      "Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

An' somewhere late in the afternoon,
  You'll see "Thirty-Seven" go streakin' west;
It's local from Hartford; same old tune
  Now set for the girl that loves him best.
    Tom Wilson rides on the right-hand side,
    Givin' her steam at every stride;
    An' he touches the whistle, low and clear—
    For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—
      "Lu-lu! Loo-loo!"

So it goes on all day an' all night,
  Till the old folk have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right
  For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.
    But the engineers their kisses will blow
    From a whistle-valve to the girls they know,
    An' the stokers the name of their sweethearts tell
    With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the swaying bell.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF.

BY J. AUBREY TYSON,

Author of "The Man of Straw," "A Railway Pizarro," and "Juno at the Way-Station."

Need Urges Him on the Backward Path and Fear Warns Him of What He May Find There.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

A YOUNG man leaving the desk of a Broadway hotel suddenly realizes that he has lost his identity. At the hotel to which he goes to pull himself together, he discovers that he has a wound in his head, but fails to find any clue to resurrect his lost memory. In a pocket he finds some scraps of a letter from "Marian Enderby," making an appointment with "Floyd Rockwood," and in another pocket he finds an envelope containing five thousand dollars, inscribed in his own writing with the name of an apartment-house. He also finds from a newspaper that a lawyer named Lanier has been murdered, and that he is wearing clothes such as the man suspected of the murder wore. Next day he visits Miss Enderby, who, mistaking him for the detective, Rockwood, tells him the story of a missing deed to a mine which had been forced from her afterward murdered father at the point of a gun.

CHAPTER V.

An Unremembered Enemy.

FOR the moment the young man's grasp on his newfound self-possession was slipping. His suspicion that he might have been the murderer of Lanier was almost conviction. His nerves drew tense, and he felt himself in the grasp of a current of self-loathing.

Becoming suddenly conscious of the fact that Miss Enderby's eyes were on him curiously, the young man straightened himself and leaned back in his chair.

"Well, Miss Enderby, I'll do my best to live up to the reputation Mr. Farnsworth has given me," he said, smiling faintly. "If you will give me the number of the Eleventh Street house, I—"

He stopped as the sound of an electric bell came to him from the rear of the hall. A nervous tremor passed through his body, for, in a sense, he felt himself a fugitive, and he had no doubt that some other visitor had rung the door-bell and was about to be admitted to the house.

Without seeming to notice anything significant in the young man's sudden pause, Miss Enderby told him the number of the house of which he had spoken, and also explained that the landlady's name was Mrs. Engleton. Instinctively the man thrust a hand into one of his pockets for a memorandum-book; then he recollected that the envelope containing the five thousand dollars was the only paper that he carried which would serve his purpose.

He found a pencil, and on the envelope he wrote the name and address that she gave him. As he wrote he heard the street-door open. Listening intently, the visitor caught the sound of a man's voice, but so low was it that the words were unintelligible to his ears.

The reply of the maid was plain enough, however, and a chill crept over him as, in a surprised tone, she said:

"Mr. Floyd Rockwood! Why—why,

there is a Mr. Floyd Rockwood here already! He—"

Suddenly recollecting that it would be more proper that her mistress should receive any explanation that might be in order, she stopped suddenly.

"Step in, sir," she went on after a pause. "I will take your card to Miss Enderby."

The dialogue in the hall was unheeded by Miss Enderby.

"You are prepared, then, to get to work at once?" she asked

"Yes—yes," the visitor said, as he rose nervously. "I will be at the Eleventh Street place in half an hour; and then, when—"

The portières in the doorway that led to the hall parted suddenly, and the sentence died on his lips. The maid had entered the room, and was advancing toward Miss Enderby, with a card in her hand

The young man had mastered his nervousness, and was thinking quickly now.

"Why, Mr. Rockwood, what does this mean?" Miss Enderby asked, as she gazed, with an expression of perplexity, at the card which the maid had handed to her. "Some one who has just called has sent in a card which bears your name."

The visitor laughed quietly as he glanced at the card which, with an affectation of carelessness, he took from the young woman's hand

"Oh, this is all right, Miss Enderby," he explained. "I thought it not unlikely that a messenger would seek me while I was here. The card contains the name of the man he was to ask for—not his own. If you have no objection to my receiving him here alone for a moment, I dare say—"

But before the puzzled young woman had time to reply, the wooden rings of the portières rattled on the pole, and a tall, clean-shaven man, with black hair, piercing black eyes, and a square, well molded but determined face, appeared on the threshold.

As Miss Enderby, startled by the sudden intrusion, glanced at the newcomer, she saw that his eyes passed her by with only a glance and sought the face of the man with whom she had been speaking. At the look which came over the features of the two men who thus confronted each other, the young woman caught her breath with a gasp and shrank toward the rear of the room.

It was difficult to tell which of the men was the most affected by this sudden encounter. For what seemed minutes, each, gazing at the other, stood as if he had been turned to stone. The man who had introduced himself as Rockwood leaned forward.

A dazed, wondering expression slowly deepened on his face and his eyes grew wider. Then, his eyes suddenly narrowing, lighted with anger; and his face, which had been pale before, grew crimson. His right hand, which grasped the back of a chair, was trembling, and in his set eyes and half-crouching attitude there was something suggestive of a beast of prey gathering itself for a spring.

But it was the face of the man who stood between the portières that held Miss Enderby. Over his brown skin there crept a greenish pallor, and his eyes grew wide with astonishment and fear. It was a strange encounter. Both were angry with the hatred of wild beasts, and one was afraid. That one was not the one who first appropriated the name of Rockwood. Anger alone, hot and unwavering, was in his face.

He advanced a step toward the intruder. As he moved forward, the newcomer drew back and the portières fell.

The man who advanced followed on toward the hall. He had taken only a couple of steps, when Miss Enderby caught him by the arm.

"What are you going to do?"

The young man drew back and looked at her with burning eyes.

"Do—do!" he repeated hoarsely. "Why, I'll—I'll—"

The rest of the sentence was unspoken. Thrusting the young woman aside, he rushed through the doorway and into the hall. The newcomer had left it, and the door leading to the street was closed.

In a flash the maddened man had flung it open. As he ran down the steps to the sidewalk, he saw the man he was pursuing looking back at him from an automobile that was rapidly disappearing around a corner.

Standing with clenched hands at the curb, the young man gazed toward the place where he had last seen the vehicle. Miss Enderby, watching him from the doorway of the house, saw the expression of anger gradually give place to one of helplessness.

Twice she called to him, but if he heard her he gave no evidence of it. A third time she called.

He turned a dazed face to hers and looked at her wonderingly. In his eyes there was a look that gave her new ground for alarm—a look of physical weakness and piteous, childlike pleading. She thought he was about to fall and hastened to his side.

"What is the matter, Mr. Rockwood?" she asked anxiously, as she laid her slim, white hand on his arm. "Are you ill?"

The young man shook his head weakly and passed a hand over his eyes, but he made no reply.

"Who is he?" Miss Enderby asked.

"If I had only got him," the young man muttered feebly. "He could have told me all. He knows—he knows."

"He is your enemy?"

The other nodded.

"Yes—yes. He is my enemy, but—but there is something—something that I can't remember. I must find him. Yes, yes, I must find him soon."

"Let us go in," urged Miss Enderby, tightening her grasp on his arm.

He allowed her to lead him up the steps and through the door; but as he walked beside her, he kept repeating:

"When he left, I was just beginning to remember. I must find him! I must find him!"

CHAPTER VI.

Glimpses of a Past.

NOT until they entered the drawing-room did Miss Enderby take her hand from her visitor's arm. Though her face was pale, her hands trembling, and her eyes heavy with apprehension, the young woman had kept a tight hold on her self-possession.

"Sit down," she said quietly, with a wave of her hand toward the chair which he had left a few minutes before.

But the visitor, apparently failing to hear her words, began to pace up and down with slow, nervous steps. Gazing moodily at the floor, he seemed oblivious to her presence.

"He was not the man you expected—the messenger of whom you spoke?" Miss Enderby asked.

The visitor, who was now convinced that he was the true Rockwood, shook his head

"No," shortly.

"How did it happen that he gave the name of Rockwood when he called? Apparently, he didn't expect to find you here."

"You are quite right," the young man replied, with an evident and partially successful effort at self-control. "It was plain enough that he was not looking for me. What his purpose was in coming, and why he should assume my name, I do not know." He paused a moment; then he went on: "Nor do I understand how it happened that he knew that I was to be here at this hour."

Miss Enderby, who had been watching her visitor closely, frowned slightly.

"He seems to be well-informed as to your movements," she said suspiciously.

"If he had been, he would not have been so taken by surprise when he found me here," Rockwood replied. "Though he must have known that I was expected by you this morning, it seems clear enough that he believed that I would not keep my appointment."

As the young man spoke, the fingers of his left hand wandered to the bruise on his head. Then a new thought came to him.

In some way or other, this intruder might have learned that Floyd Rockwood was the murderer of George Lanier; and believing that the murderer had either fled from the city or was in concealment, this man, for some reason, had ventured to impersonate him.

How much did he know? That he was an enemy, Rockwood did not for a single moment doubt. Would he, therefore, report to the police that he had seen the fugitive at the house of Marian Enderby?

Since her return to the drawing-room, the young woman had not permitted her puzzled gaze to stray from the face of

her companion. As she became less apprehensive on his account, she became more so on her own.

The scene which she had witnessed had inspired her with astonishment, fear, and distrust of the man to whom she had given her confidence. She had seen her visitor lose his self control and assume the aspect of a maddened animal; and a few minutes later the strong man had become a physical weakling, who seemed to be on the point of falling to the sidewalk at her feet. He had admitted that the mysterious intruder was an enemy, but had been unable to remember who he was.

Not for a moment did Miss Enderby doubt that Rockwood had given truthful answers to the queries she had just put to him. Even more than his words, his face showed that the intruder had opened a tiny chink through the dead wall that shut him off from his past.

"I suppose it is some one whom you have worked against in one of your former cases," she suggested.

"Perhaps," Rockwood answered shortly.

Miss Enderby sank into a chair, at her wit's end. The young man continued to pace the room for two or three turns; then he halted suddenly in front of Miss Enderby.

"Miss Enderby, I have a confession to make to you," he began abruptly. "I have met with an accident, and as a result of it my memory is impaired. Since you have told me your story, it has occurred to me that perhaps I did meet Mr. Farnsworth while he was on his way West."

The young woman started, and an exclamation of astonishment escaped her as she leaned toward him.

"You think you met him, and yet—yet you have forgotten?" she faltered.

Rockwood, with compressed lips, turned toward the window, and did not answer her.

"What was the nature of your accident?" Miss Enderby asked breathlessly.

"In some way or other I received a severe blow on the head," Rockwood explained, touching the bruise gingerly. "How and where I got it, I do not know; but I cannot help believing that the man who entered and left this room so unceremoniously a few minutes ago could have told me how it happened.

"In his presence, I felt my lost memory coming back to me; but when he left, my recollection of past events was as defective as it had been before."

"Why do you think you saw Mr. Farnsworth before you came to me?" asked Miss Enderby.

"Because, when I recovered partial possession of my faculties last night, I found in my pocket a memorandum which shows that I had an appointment with George Lanier at his apartments on Tuesday night."

Horror was in the young woman's face

"The night he was killed?" she murmured, with white, stiff lips.

"Yes. The fact that I also had in one of my pockets a letter from you indicates that my proposed visit to Lanier was to be made in your interest. That I had intended to see Lanier before seeing you leads me to conclude that I was acting in accordance with instructions given me by Mr. Farnsworth."

The look of horror was still in Miss Enderby's face as she rose unsteadily.

"Then you think—you suspect that you were with Mr. Lanier at the time he died?"

Rockwood shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm afraid so," he answered bitterly. "Whether we quarreled—whether we fought—whether I searched his desk for the missing deed—I do not know. As I view the situation now, only three things are clear to me: I received a blow that robbed me of my memory, Lanier is dead, and the missing deed is not in my possession.

"In some way or other, this fellow who broke in on us a few minutes ago knew that I was to see you this morning, but he didn't expect to find me here. Who he is, I do not know; but that he is in some way connected with the case in which you are interested, I do not doubt.

"I must find him. But first I must see this woman, Mrs. Engleton, the landlady of the Eleventh Street house where Wiley Slagon lodged. From her I will get a description of her former lodger, and then—"

"But if Mr. Lanier had the deed—" began Miss Enderby, almost hysterically.

"We do not know that it had reached his hands," Rockwood interrupted. "It may be that this man Slagon had no communication at all with Lanier."

"Who do you think the man was who tried to impersonate you?"

"The idea has occurred to me that it may be Slagon himself."

Rockwood stopped, and looked thoughtfully at the floor; then he went on:

"There is a legal axiom that says that 'a man is to be presumed innocent until he is proven to be guilty,' Miss Enderby, so I will beg you not to put me down as Lanier's murderer until I lose faith in my own innocence. That it was my purpose to visit Lanier about the time that he met his death, is probable.

"That such a visit was in your interest, I do not doubt; but, whether it was with him or some one else that I had the quarrel, in the course of which I received my injury, I do not know. I do not believe that I am a murderer at heart."

"I have not said that I believed you guilty," the young woman protested weakly. "I can understand how a heavy blow would have swept from your memory all recollection of the encounter in which it was received, but I do not understand how, after you had recovered consciousness and the power to talk and reason as you have, you should be unable to tell whether or not you had seen Mr. Farnsworth less than a week ago."

Rockwood shook his head gravely. "Believe me, Miss Enderby, my extraordinary infirmity is even more puzzling to my mind than it is to yours. For more than twelve hours I have striven to recall at least one incident in my life, but all my efforts have been vain.

"All recollection of my personal activity, the faces of my friends, the places in which I have lived—everything that has to do with my own individuality, has passed from me. And yet I feel that any moment it may all come back."

"Are you sure that you are Floyd Rockwood, after all?" the wondering young woman asked.

The visitor hesitated. "Yes. I feel sure of that. At first I doubted it, but the impression that I am Rockwood has grown so strong that it amounts to conviction. And if I am not Rockwood, how did it happen that I should have that note from you in my pocket?"

"You were deceiving me, then, when you said that you knew Mr. Farnsworth, the lawyer?" Miss Enderby asked.

"There is no doubt in my mind that I do know Mr. Farnsworth."

"But at the time that I asked the question? You did not know that you knew him then?"

"I knew nothing then of any one whom I had met in the past. It was with the hope that I should be able to learn something of my own history, and of the identity of my friends and acquaintances, that I called here this morning to see the writer of the note that was addressed to me—the only clue to my own identity that I had in my possession when I regained my faculties."

"Well, what do you purpose to do?" the young woman asked.

"I must try to work my way back to where I was before the blow fell that took away my memory. In the course of these efforts it is probable that I will come across somebody or something that will bring the past back to me. In your interest, as well as my own, it is essential that I clear up the mess I have made. You tell me that on my arrival here from Chicago I put up at the Wolverton Hotel. I will go there, and—"

He paused as he saw Miss Enderby turn quickly and look at him quizzically.

"Are you satisfied that, under the circumstances, it would be safe for you to go to a place where you are better known to others than you are to yourself?"

The young man colored violently, and looked at the floor.

"I'll go to the Eleventh Street house first," he said.

"Under what circumstances did you recover your faculties?" Miss Enderby asked, after a pause.

As briefly as possible Rockwood told her all. He described the manner in which he found himself in the theater, the search of his pockets, the finding of the five thousand dollars, the inscription on the envelope, how he had read the news of Lanier's death, his visits to the clothing shops, and his ride to her door.

He omitted nothing, and the young woman followed his narrative and his various deductions with almost breathless interest. When he finished, the situation in which he now found himself was as clear to her as it was to him. In conclusion he said:

"And now all that I ask of you is your confidence. If you will guard my secret, even from Farnsworth, and trust me, I will obtain and give you the deed, if it is in any way possible for me to get it. I am confident that within a few hours I will be myself again; but I will lose no time waiting for the return of a memory that most likely will be regained by being confronted with old conditions."

Rising slowly, Miss Enderby held out her hand.

"I shall have absolute confidence in all you say and do," she replied. "It does not seem to me that you have made out a very strong case against yourself as the assailant of Mr. Lanier, for the inscription written by you on the envelope might refer to the visit of another person to the Dunellen at that hour. There was no revolver in your possession when you found yourself in the theater?"

"No; but—"

"Well?" demanded Miss Enderby anxiously, as the young man paused.

"I might have thrown it away—left it somewhere," he explained.

For the first time since he had entered the house Miss Enderby's face lighted with a real smile.

"You are an inexorable judge, for you do not give yourself the benefit of the doubt," she retorted laughingly. Then she grew grave again, and added: "I have read pretty carefully the newspaper accounts of the death of Mr. Lanier, and I have not seen any reference to Floyd Rockwood in connection with the affair, so it is apparent that no one suspects you.

"Mr. Farnsworth, however, has requested me to put full confidence in you; and, having done so, I see no reason for regretting my action. Your secret is safe with me."

Rockwood bowed low over the white hand he still held in his grasp.

"Thank you," he said, a trifle shakily. Then, as Miss Enderby withdrew her hand, he added: "Now, I'll go to the house where Slagon lodged. Very likely I'll call you up on the telephone some time in the course of the afternoon."

Miss Enderby nodded. "Very well. If you do, it would be better, perhaps, to speak in French."

"I will."

"Or German."

"As you please."

"Are there any other languages that you know?"

Rockwood looked at her curiously. "Why, I speak Spanish and Italian," he explained. "I also—"

"That will do," protested Miss Enderby. "The education of Western detectives quite dwarfs that which is afforded by a young women's seminary. The only languages I speak, besides my own, are French and German."

A grave look came into the young man's face, as he saw the light of mockery in the eyes of his beautiful questioner. Though she vouchsafed him a full measure of her confidence, her questions had evidently been prompted by doubts that she kept to herself. Her question gave rise to other doubts in the mind of the man, for he knew that the ordinary detective is not distinguished for linguistic attainments.

"You do not believe me to be Floyd Rockwood?" he muttered moodily.

"I am not sorry to learn that Floyd Rockwood is something more than a professional detective," she replied, and, for the first time, he saw a rush of youthful color to her cheeks.

He looked at her questioningly, with a smile in his eyes.

"It will be so much easier for me to talk with you now," she explained. "Shall I see you again soon?"

He flushed also, as he bowed over her hand. "As soon as possible, Miss Enderby. Until then, good-by."

"And until then do not get within striking distance of your enemies," she replied, more gravely than before. "It is bad enough to have one blow rob you of all memory of friends, without allowing another to efface all recollection of the irregular verbs of Europe."

"My memory may be at fault as far as old friends are concerned, but I shall allow nothing to rob me of my memory of the new," said Rockwood grimly.

A minute later he was in the street, and turning unhesitatingly westward toward the elevated railroad, on Columbus Avenue. At the Eighth Street station, on Sixth Avenue, Rockwood alighted from the train and descended to the street. Five minutes later he rang the bell of a grimy, brick house in West Eleventh Street. A young colored girl opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Engleton in?" Rockwood asked.

"Come in, sir," replied the maid, opening the door wider.

When the door was closed the maid, without answering the question he had put to her, walked to the rear of the hall and disappeared down a stairway. The visitor had not long to wait, for soon he heard footsteps ascending the stairs from the basement, and an instant later a portly middle-aged woman, clad in a faded and soiled calico wrapper, confronted him.

"Mrs. Engleton?" he asked.

The woman nodded. "Yes, that's me," she answered stolidly, but as she spoke she fixed her eyes, with sudden attentiveness, on the young man. A feeling of apprehensiveness crept over him, and he fancied that her manner became more alert and suspicious.

"I have called to learn whether, in the last few days, you have seen or heard of your former lodger, Wiley Slagon," he explained.

The woman scanned him deliberately from head to foot with searching eyes. "I haven't seen or heard from him since the night he went out of here with you," she answered, in the same tone as before.

"With me?" exclaimed Rockwood feebly.

"Yes—with you," the woman answered sharply. "And, judging by what I have heard certain parties say, they are just as anxious to see you as you are to find Wiley Slagon."

CHAPTER VII.

Doubling Back on His Trail.

THE silence that followed Mrs. Engleton's startling revelation was unbroken for minutes. Stunned by the unexpected nature of the disclosure, Rockwood found it difficult to put a reply into words.

"You haven't seen him since he went out with me?" he faltered.

The expression of curiosity on the woman's face grew more pronounced. "If you don't know what became of him, I guess there ain't nobody does," she answered, with grim significance.

"I haven't seen him since that night," said Rockwood, after a pause.

"Was he all right when you left him?" Mrs. Engleton asked, fixing a searching gaze on her visitor.

"Why, yes—of course—of course. I saw nothing the matter with him."

"Where did you leave him?"

"Oh, we walked a couple of blocks together; then I said good-night, and went to my hotel."

Mrs. Engleton stared thoughtfully at the floor. "What do you want with him now?" she demanded abruptly.

"I want to see him about a matter of considerable importance, and it is necessary that I find him as soon as possible."

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, everybody that comes to ask for him now says that," she retorted contemptuously. "While he was here, there wasn't nobody came to see him. Now he's gone, they come at all hours, and it's always business of great importance."

"You have said that certain persons who have called here were as anxious to find me as I am to find Wiley Slagon. Who are they?"

"Well, a man named Farnsworth is one of them."

"Did he mention me by name?"

"He didn't seem to know your name, from the description I gave him of you."

"How did you describe me?"

"Just as you see yourself in the glass," the woman snapped. "You were dressed a bit differently then, for you wore a long gray overcoat."

Rockwood hesitated, and looked at the landlady speculatively. "And what sort of description did you give of Slagon?" he asked.

"A man about twenty-eight or thirty, smooth face, reddish hair, brown eyes, and sullenish. His clothes were brown, and fit him badly."

Rockwood's brow darkened. It was

plain that Slagon and the mysterious intruder who had appeared at Miss Enderby's were different persons.

"Did you ever see a revolver in Slagon's room?" he asked, after a pause.

"All Westerners keep guns about them," Mrs. Engleton answered tartly.

"Did this one?"

"Yes. I seen it on his table once, but he never went out without it."

"Did you tell Mr. Farnsworth this?"

"He didn't ask me."

"Is there any objection to my looking over his room?"

"He's got no room here now. The room he had is rented to another party."

"What did you do with his things?"

"Mr. Farnsworth took them."

"All of them?"

"Yes—all of them."

Again Rockwood hesitated. It was clear that the woman knew comparatively little of her former lodger, and that Farnsworth, working in Miss Enderby's interests, had all the information that could be gathered from the missing man's effects and from the woman herself.

In view of the fact that Mrs. Engleton had seen him leave the house with Slagon—a circumstance which until now had been unknown to him—it was inadvisable that he should question her about the appearance and habits of a man of whom she believed him to know more than she did. Accordingly he thanked her for her information and, suggesting that he might call again to learn whether she had heard anything further from Slagon, he left her.

From the house he walked slowly eastward toward Fifth Avenue. It was now nearly half an hour after noon. The air was chill, and a light snow was beginning to fall. He turned up the collar of his coat, drew his slouch hat well down over his forehead, and resigned himself to disturbing meditations.

Though he had failed to learn as much as he had expected, his visit to Mrs. Engleton had been even more important than his call upon Miss Enderby. He had been seen and recognized by a woman who had met him before the door had been closed on his memory.

From Mrs. Engleton he had gleaned certain information that was clearly antagonistic to his belief that he was the man who had been recommended by Farnsworth to Miss Enderby as Floyd Rockwood. According to Miss Enderby's story, Farnsworth had told her that only a week before Rockwood, a Western man, familiar with New Mexico, was in Chicago, and would not arrive in New York for several days.

Mrs. Engleton, however, declared that she had seen him with Slagon on the night he disappeared, three weeks ago. If he was, indeed, Floyd Rockwood, either Farnsworth or Mrs. Engleton was mistaken.

Then, too, Mrs. Engleton had said that Farnsworth had tried to find the man who had accompanied Slagon when he last left his lodgings. Was it possible that he and Farnsworth had been working at cross-purposes?

Had they affected some sort of compromise later, with the result that their interests now were identical? If this was true, why had Farnsworth given Miss Enderby to believe that Rockwood was a comparative stranger in New York?

There was one thing, however, that his interview with Mrs. Engleton had made even clearer than before. There could be no doubt now that, in some way or other, he had been closely identified with the search for the missing deed.

Involved in this quest there were three interests—the estate of Henry Tredenham, until this week represented by George Lanier; Marian Enderby, represented by Farnsworth; and Wiley Slagon, the man who was supposed to have the missing document in his possession.

Lanier—Marian Enderby—Wiley Slagon!

In a blundering sort of way he appeared to have been associated with all three. In one pocket he had found a memorandum indicating that he had an appointment with Lanier on the night of the murder. Another pocket had held the fragment of a letter summoning him to Miss Enderby, and Mrs. Engleton had asserted that she had seen him with Slagon on the night he had so mysteriously disappeared.

What should he do next?

His first impulse was to go to Farnsworth's office and interview one of the clerks. This idea, however, he aban-

doned promptly. Mrs. Engleton's assertion that Farnsworth was anxious to find the man who had been seen with Slagon just before the latter dropped out of sight had put him on his guard. It was possible that his interests and those of Farnsworth were not identical.

It was evident that Rockwood, the "man who would stop at nothing," was to work in Farnsworth's interests, but was he indeed Rockwood? He did not forget that another man, introducing himself as Rockwood, had called to see Miss Enderby while he was there, and there was no doubt in his mind that this man was an enemy.

His course seemed clearer to him now. There was only one thing for him to do. The question of his identity as Rockwood must be settled without delay. Such a settlement would involve a certain amount of personal risk, but he was not lacking in courage.

From Miss Enderby he had learned that she had addressed Rockwood at the Wolverton Hotel. The name was new to him.

A postman told him where he could find it, just off Broadway, in the theater district, and a cab soon carried him thither.

CHAPTER VIII.

Who Is the "Cub"?

THE clerk of the Wolverton was chatting with a couple of patrons, and the register lay open on the desk as the young man entered. Turning over the pages carelessly, Rockwood came at last to the entry he sought—"Floyd Rockwood, Chicago." The number of the room was 407.

The clerk approached, with a business-like air.

"Let me have the key to 407," said Rockwood carelessly.

The clerk nodded, and turned to the rack. From one of the boxes he drew a key and telegram. As he glanced at the address on the telegram he glanced at the man in front of the desk and hesitated.

"Mr. Rockwood?" he asked quietly.

The young man nodded, and held out his hand for the key and message. Without a glance at the face of the clerk he turned and deliberately made his way to the elevator. Not until the elevator had begun its ascent did he look in the direction of the hotel desk. Then he saw that the clerk had disappeared.

Rockwood directed the elevator man to stop at the fourth floor. There he alighted, and turned down the hall to Room 407, which he found after a few blind leads. A minute later he stood in a large, pleasantly furnished apartment overlooking the street.

As he glanced around the apartment he saw a couple of suit-cases standing near the bed. The only other evidences of the fact that the room had a tenant were a pair of leather-backed hair-brushes on the dressing-case, and a pipe and half-filled box of cigars on the table.

Having been careful to lock the door, the young man proceeded to open the telegram he had received. The message was dated at Denver, on the day before, and was addressed to "Floyd Rockwood, Wolverton Hotel, New York City." It read as follows:

> Cub has gone East. Look sharp for trouble. Get girl out of town at once. If he finds her, game will end in trip to Sing Sing and electric chair. Up to you. F.

An expression of wonder and alarm overspread the young man's face, and he looked blankly toward one of the windows. "What did this strange message mean?"

He did not doubt that the letter "F" of the signature stood for "Farnsworth." But who was "Cub"? And the "girl"—who was she?

He felt as a man who wakes suddenly in the darkness of the night, to hear the click of a revolver and the footsteps of an unseen enemy moving toward his bedside. Mysterious as the message was, one fact seemed clear enough.

The life of this girl was threatened by some one who was now on his way to New York. Who "Cub" was he had no means of knowing, but that he was coming with murder in his heart was made plain enough by the reference to Sing Sing and the electric chair. And the "girl" could be no other than the one in whose interest Farnsworth had enlisted the services of Floyd Rockwood.

She must be Marian Enderby!

The fact that the beautiful young woman who had given him her confidence, and who, in return, had received a measure of his own, might at any moment be exposed to the murderous assault of a man who was coming East to take her life, was alarming enough, but that the responsibility of preventing the crime had been placed upon him by Farnsworth fairly appalled him.

"Up to you" were the concluding words of the telegram. But, with his memory a blank, how was he to know whom to guard against? Who was this "Cub"?

A sensation of faintness and despair stole over him, and then the thought came to him that the man with the murderous design might be none other than the one who had confronted him at the door of Miss Enderby's drawing-room, and had left the place so suddenly. Speedily this suspicion crystallized into conviction.

There was no doubt of it now. The false "Rockwood" was the man whom he had faced only an hour before.

Where was this would be murderer lurking now? Was it not probable that he had lost his nerve when he had suddenly found himself confronted by the man whose name he had assumed, and had drawn back to await a more favorable opportunity for the execution of his purpose?

Impressed with the necessity of warning Miss Enderby to keep all unknown visitors from her house until he should return, the young man glanced around the room in search of a telephone. There was none, and he was about to hurry down to the hotel office when his gaze fell again on the two suit-cases at the head of the bed.

He hesitated; then curiosity conquered his former resolution. Believing that in one of these cases he might find something that would refresh his memory, he decided to open them.

Neither was locked. The weight of the first indicated that it was almost empty. Two soiled collars, a pair of cuffs, and two handkerchiefs were the sum total of its contents. Insignificant as these objects would have appeared to him under other circumstances, they inspired him with a sense of horror and foreboding now.

One cuff and both handkerchiefs were stained with blood!

"I did come here, then, after—after I left the Dunellen," he muttered.

Taking out the stained cuff, he examined it attentively. The manufacturer's imprint revealed a brand that was known throughout the United States. Besides this it bore several unintelligible laundry marks.

The buttonholes were indented in a manner that showed that the cuff had been worn on the right hand. The bloodstains extended nearly half way around the edge, and were comparatively light. The left cuff was unmarked.

There was a puzzled expression in Rockwood's eyes as he examined first one cuff, and then the other. Not for a moment did he doubt that he had worn these when he received the injury that had taken away his memory, and yet there was something significant in the fact that while the injury he had received was on the left side of his head, it was only the right cuff that had been stained. More significant still was the discovery that neither of the collars bore any trace of blood.

Replacing the articles, he closed the first suit-case and opened the second. This contained several articles of carefully folded wearing apparel, two current magazines, and an envelope addressed to Floyd Rockwood at a Chicago hotel, and postmarked in that city eight days before.

He drew out a single sheet of letter-paper. This was dated simply, "New York, Jan. 31," and was signed "F." It ran as follows:

DEAR F.:

Slagon has played double and has sold us a forgery that isn't even clever What he means to do with the original, I cannot tell, but if it falls into the hands of young Tredenham, who seems to have beaten you at every turn, the game is certainly up with both of us.

The miserable cub has shown enough of his hand to convince me that he is the sort of fellow who will take desperate chances. He knows what the Lorinda is worth, and he is going to get it, by hook or by crook.

But his principal purpose is to avenge

the death of his father. If he follows up the Enderby trail and gets the girl, God only knows what will happen.

The girl must be guarded here, but if, in the course of the next few hours, I find that either Slagon or the cub is headed for the West, you or I must get out there hot-foot. If you can't trust yourself, the trip is up to me.

Towndro is getting too bad a case of nerves to be trusted. Keep close to your hotel until my next message reaches you. If I go West, you must come on and watch the girl. Yours, F.

The young man read and reread the letter, pondering every phrase carefully. Then he thrust it into his pocket.

The mystery was growing clearer. The "Cub" was a son of Henry Tredenham; but, strangely enough, Marian Enderby had not mentioned him while she was telling her story. Apparently she did not know him, or of his share in the quest.

Why had Farnsworth, knowing that a meeting with this man would expose her to peril, not warned her of the danger which was threatening her?

The young man paced thoughtfully to and fro. Yes, the whole thing was growing clearer to him now. Henry Tredenham had compelled Thomas Enderby, at the point of a revolver, to sign away all the property in which the father and daughter's fortunes were invested, and had then been overtaken and shot by Enderby.

This was nothing more or less than an act of justifiable homicide, but even though Enderby also was dead, it was an act which the young woman and her lawyer were attempting to conceal.

And now Farnsworth, representing Marian Enderby, was trying to prevent the missing deed from falling into the hands of Henry Tredenham's son. This son was inspired not only with a determination to secure possession of the Lorinda, but he was resolved to avenge the death of his father. But desperate and revengeful as he might be, how would any of his purposes be served by the murder of Thomas Enderby's daughter—a young woman who knew nothing of Henry Tredenham until after her own father had met a violent end? The very thought of such an act of useless and blind atrocity seemed absurd, and yet the language of the telegram seemed very plain:

Cub has gone East. Look sharp for trouble. Get girl out of town at once. If he finds her, game will end in trip to Sing Sing and electric chair. Up to you.

Rockwood shook his head dubiously. "Why hasn't the fool warned Miss Enderby?" he muttered. "And why didn't he tell her some of the details of my work in connection with the affair while I was in the West?

"If we have been doing all these things in the young woman's interest, why is it necessary to conceal from her some of the more important of the facts which have come to our knowledge? If Farnsworth were to meet the fate of Tredenham, Enderby, or Lanier, or get temporarily put out of the game as I have been, who would be able to advise her or protect her interests then?"

There was something in Farnsworth's apparent lack of frankness to the young woman that he was unable to understand.

Failing to find in the second suit-case anything else that would throw additional light on the extraordinary situation, Rockwood closed the case, put on his hat, filled his pocket with cigars out of the box that stood on the table, and left the room, locking the door again.

An elevator took him to the main floor of the hotel. There he entered a telephone-booth and called up Miss Enderby. In a minute or two a voice which he recognized as hers responded. He told her who he was, and asked her if all had gone well with her since he left the house. The young woman was so long in replying to his question that he was about to repeat it, when the answer came in sharp, nervous accents:

"Please do not talk to me any more over the telephone. Come to me as soon as you can, but do not call me up like this again. I am greatly alarmed, and need you here very badly."

"But Miss Enderby—" began the bewildered man.

"How soon am I to expect you?" she interrupted.

"In fifteen or twenty minutes," he replied. "If—"

"I shall expect you in fifteen," she answered quickly, and by the clicking

sound that followed the listener knew that she had hung up the receiver and left the phone.

"What the deuce is up now?" he wondered, as he backed out of the booth. "When I left her it was arranged that I should telephone to her, and now she tells me not to call her up again. 'Again,' eh! Is it possible that—that this other fellow—young Tredenham—has been calling her up and making her believe she was talking to me? By Jove! if he—"

He flung a coin on the desk of the telephone attendant and, with a white, anxious face hurried toward the street-door. But, rapidly as he moved, there were two other men who had been loitering near the telephone-booth, and now followed him step by step. As Rockwood passed through the door the two strangers—one a thick-set man of medium height and about forty-five years of age, and the other a tall, reddish-haired man of thirty-three or thirty-five, were at his heels.

Rockwood stepped into a cab, and gave the driver Miss Enderby's address. As he moved off another cab followed him, half a block behind. In it were the two strangers who had followed him out of the hotel.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE RUPERT AND THE G. T. P.

King Charles's Dashing Cavalry Leader at One End of History and a Transcontinental Railroad at the Other.

THERE is a little island in Canada at which nobody may land without permission. It is dreary and practically uninhabited, and yet if any one could buy it at its apparent face value he would probably be securing the most valuable real estate investment in Canada. That little island, until lately scarcely deemed worthy of a place on the map, is destined for a glorious future. Perhaps it will be the Manhattan of western Canada.

It is nearly three hundred years since this apparently worthless island was named for Prince Rupert, the dashing nephew of Charles I. The prince was one of the greatest promoters of commercial exploration of his time, and was the head of a company formed for the purpose of exploring and exploiting the wealth of Canada.

Unfortunately for the prince's plans, a gentleman named Cromwell happened along about that time, and Rupert and he differed over matters nearer home, turning Rupert's attention away from Canada.

If Prince Rupert's Island has progressed a great deal between that time and its recent discovery by the Canadian government and the Grand Trunk Pacific, it doesn't show it conspicuously. Its chances within the next three years, nevertheless, have all the past three hundred years beaten to death.

It took a long time to decide what should be the Pacific terminus for the Grand Trunk Pacific. Port Simpson was the favorite for a considerable time, and many others were suggested. Then somebody discovered Prince Rupert's Island, and the matter was settled.

For this neglected little island has the finest natural harbor in Canada, a deep indentation a mile and a half wide and ten miles long, with easy approaches and no obstacles to navigation. It is believed that Prince Rupert, a day and a half nearer the Orient than Vancouver, will in twenty years be one of the greatest ports on the Pacific coast.

Full Speed Ahead.

Railroad Business Is Running On a Fast Schedule and Rapidly Overtaking the Old-Time Prosperity On the Year's Home Stretch.

THE Cincinnati Southern has called for bids on the erection of a viaduct at Cincinnati, Ohio, which will involve the use of four thousand tons of steel

A RECENTLY placed order for twenty-five locomotives, placed by the Denver and Rio Grande with the American Locomotive Company, has been increased, and now calls for thirty locomotives

AT Cumberland, Maryland, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will widen its viaduct from Hay to Cumberland Streets. The material used will be concrete, masonry, and brick, and the estimated cost is $75,000.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is in the market and has received bids for forty all-steel passenger coaches and a number of postal cars. The Georgia and Florida is also in the market for four hundred cars of various types

ORDERS have been placed with the Pullman Company, by the Harriman lines, for 197 steel passenger coaches and 23 wooden coaches of miscellaneous types. The orders stipulated that delivery should be made within sixty days.

TEN consolidation locomotives have been ordered by the Ann Arbor Railroad, Detroit, Michigan, from the American Locomotive Company. These engines will probably be built at the Schenectady plant of the locomotive company.

EXTENSIVE orders for steel rails were placed by the Grand Trunk Pacific during October. A contract for 28,000 tons has been awarded to the Algoma Steel Company, and for 16,000 to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. These orders were part of a total of 53,000 tons that the Canadian mills captured within a week.

THE Pittsburgh and Lake Erie has awarded a contract to the McKelvey-Hine Company, Pittsburgh, for the construction of a fifty-foot concrete arch over Pennsylvania Avenue, Monaco, Pennsylvania. The price specified is $28,000.

A CONTRACT for a thousand and fifty-foot viaduct at Westfield, New York, has been let by the Buffalo and Lake Erie Traction Company, Buffalo, to the American Bridge Company. The structure will require about eleven hundred tons of steel.

IT is reported that the Canadian Pacific has awarded a contract for the construction of a bridge over the Old Mon River, between Lethbridge and MacLeod, Alberta, to Thomas Kelley & Sons, of Winnipeg. The contract is for $300,000.

THE Chicago and Alton has placed an order with the Standard Steel Car Company for 1,000 fifty-ton steel gondola cars. The cars will be 40 feet 8½ inches long, 10 feet wide, and 8 feet 9 inches high, and will weigh 40,000 pounds. These cars are additional to the large orders placed very recently.

STEEL underframes and cast-steel truck frames for 2,500 coal cars of 100,000 pounds capacity have been ordered from the Bettendorf Axle Company by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. The former company has already furnished frames and trucks for 7,500 cars for the St. Paul, which were built at the road's Milwaukee shops, and this later order completes the running gear equipment of the 10,000 cars put through by the railroad.

Around the Union by Rail.

BY GILSON WILLETS,

Special Traveling Correspondent of "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

RESULTS have justified Mr. Willets's swing through the Southern States. The stories that he picked up in Florida alone, on the lines of the Florida East Coast and the Plant systems, are enough to have repaid him for the trip, if he had gone no farther.

Seldom is there to be found among railroad workers, or anywhere else, a tale so romantic, so mysterious, so thrilling as that with which this month's instalment opens. All of which only goes to show that the railroad has not killed romance. It has only changed its form and given it new direction.

No. 13.—TALES TOLD BY RAILROAD MEN AMONG THE SWAMPS AND KEYS OF FLORIDA.

Light on the Murder of Prince Dolgorouki, Anecdotes of the Early Days of Henry Plant, the Mystery of the Masked Lady, and Other Yarns.

HE told me the most appalling and mysterious story I have ever heard from the lips of any man connected with a railroad. Every feature of the yarn as here set forth he swore to as absolute fact, true to the last detail.

I will call him simply Dr. Blank. He was formerly in the medical department of Henry M. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway; he was one of the surgeons at a construction camp maintained in conjunction with the building of the extension of the line from Miami to Key West. This astounding yarn he heard from one of the foremen of railroad laborers at the camp in question, and as he is still in Florida and more or less in active railroading in a medical sense, Scotland Yard might invite him to enter into a correspondence which he does not care to undertake—though that invitation to correspond would depend, of course, upon whether or not Scotland Yard reads this tale.

I met Dr. Blank at the Railroad Men's Y. M. C. A. in St. Augustine, the finest building of its kind in all the South, an ideal clubhouse recently built, equipped and given outright to the Y. M. C. A. for the use of Florida East Coast railroaders by Mr. Flagler.

The doctor and I played chess together, and at the end of one of the games he said:

Told on a Death-Bed.

"For a year I have had on my mind a story told me by one of the East Coast men, a tale that I promised to get pub-

lished. I wrote months ago to Marie Corelli, asking her if she would accept my notes as a gift, but she has never answered

"It was a death-bed confession. My object in giving publicity to the tale is, first, to throw light upon the manner in which a certain man and his wife in London met their death; second, to acquaint the relatives of the dead man and woman with the circumstances surrounding their murder; and, third, to show the detectives of Scotland Yard that all further attempt to run down the assassins will prove futile.

"'I PASSED AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY WHERE THERE WAS A SIGN READING: "LABORERS WANTED FOR RAILWAY BUILDING ON FLORIDA KEYS."'

"I will give you only the merest outline of the story," continued Dr. Blank, "but you will find in it a ready-made plot for dramatist or novelist. A play or book could be built upon it.

"First, I must tell you something about Mr. Flagler's extension of his railroad southward from Miami, practically out to sea—an attempt to cover the one hundred and fifty-six miles over the Florida keys between Miami and Key West, the southernmost city of the United States.

"Mr. Flagler has already (February, 1908) built to within forty miles of the 'Cigar City.' Like an amphibious mastodon the line has crept across the various keys on concrete viaducts. The first train was run January 20, 1908, and that train was the first in American railroading to run out of sight of land.

"The work has cost Mr. Flagler about two hundred thousand dollars a mile, or a total to date of over twenty millions. No contracts were given out, the road doing all the work itself under the supervision of Vice-President Parrott.

"Certain items of expenditure for that extension represent each a king's ransom. Take, for instance, the department in which I was engaged, the medical department. I know that Mr. Flagler has spent over sixty thousand dollars for medical attendance for the laborers.

"The building of that 'sea-going sickle-blade' gave employment to more than twenty-six hundred men; and as hospitals and competent corps of physicians and nurses were maintained at each camp, and as there was a great deal of sickness, it is no wonder that the cost of medical attendance alone was immense.

"Now, for an understanding of my story, it is necessary also to explain how the company obtained its workmen. In Florida there is a dearth of laborers for development work. Hence, men must be brought from the North, principally through the big employment agencies in New York and Philadelphia.

"In that way we obtained nearly all our men for the line over the keys. The result was that in any one of our camps half the nations of the earth were represented.

"To get the men to Florida the railroad paid for their transportation. The money was then deducted in small instalments from their wages. One-fourth of the total number of recruits thus secured, however, deserted before they reached our camps.

"For example, out of four thousand seven hundred men shipped from New York in 1907, only three thousand four hundred showed up in Florida—a desertion of one thousand three hundred, costing the railroad fifteen thousand dollars for which it got no return.

The "Gentleman Boss."

"In April, 1907, the month in which I came by the extraordinary story I'm about to tell, I was on duty, as one of the surgeons at our camp at Plantation Key, where we had some four hundred and fifty white men. One of the foremen there was an Englishman of obvious education and refinement, who seemed to be principally desirous of concealing his past. He called himself Bill Richerly, but because of his general air of superiority his men nicknamed him the 'Gentleman Boss.'

One day the 'Gentleman Boss' was brought into our rough hospital, a very sick man. I examined him, told him he could not live more than three or four days, unless I could perform a miracle. He said:

"'Well, doctor, I'm glad. I have lived in hell since I was five-and-twenty; so if that's where I'm going now, I'll feel at home.

"'But before I go, I have a confession to make. I want you to print my story; it may bring some comfort to certain people in London.'

"Of course, the 'Gentleman Boss' did not announce this desire to confess until after he and I had talked for some time as man to man. In the course of one of our conversations he said:

"'I'll tell you how I happen to be here on the keys. I learned—no matter how—that a man named Lang was living on this coast as a beach-comber. He was supposed to be a fugitive from justice, but no one knew where he came from.

"'His description answered that of the Lang I was in search of, and, though I had very little money, I determined to get down here and take a look at him. And if he proved to be my Lang, I meant to kill him.

"'One day in New York I passed an employment agency where there was a sign reading: "Laborers wanted for railway building on Florida keys. Railroad fare free."

"'That was what I wanted. I went in and applied, but a man who examined me turned me down as physically unfit.

"'Then out on the sidewalk a man offered me his ticket of identification calling for a free ride to Florida. He said he had signed a contract to go to the keys to work on the railroad, but that he had really not intended to go, merely signing on and obtaining his identification card for the purpose of making a dollar. He offered to sell me his card for a dollar.

Why He Sought Revenge.

"'He said that scores of men did the same thing—that no end of railroad laborers all over the country got their jobs by buying the tickets thus of other men—and hence that I need have no fear about getting through to Florida all right. I gave him my last dollar, and that's how I got to this camp.

"'Did I find my man Lang? No! I learned that he had been murdered at Fort Pierce, a fact which I rejoiced to hear, assuming that he was the particular Lang I sought.'

"'But why did you want to kill Lang yourself?' I asked.

"And then he began his story, continuing it at various times during the next three days. He spoke entirely in the third person, though I am convinced that he himself was the 'hero,' if such he can be called, named in this tragedy.

"The dying man began with a scene aboard an Atlantic liner. It was on the third night out from Queenstown—very stormy, high rollers, and all that—and many aboard were seasick.

"At eleven o'clock that night a man

came on deck, and made his way to the rail as best he could between the frightful rolls of the vessel. He leaned on the rail, his head in his hands, in deep thought. He was an Englishman, Wycherly by name.

"His age was not over twenty-five, yet he seemed forty or more. His hair was streaked with gray, his face drawn and pallid, his shoulders bent as with the burden of hard years or of hard experience.

"As he stood thus a woman, young and beautiful, passed along the deck behind Wycherly. Close by him she paused and seemed to debate some question with herself. That young woman was Josephine Singleton, the daughter of a British army officer who had died in India. She was traveling with her maid, Cécile, who was below, suffering the agonies of seasickness.

"Josephine Singleton passed Wycherly and went below, where she found that her maid, believing that she was about to die, had sent for a priest who happened to be aboard.

"Miss Singleton seized a vial, placed it at the nostrils of the suffering maid, and by the time the priest arrived the maid lay in a stupefied sleep out of which no effort of the priest could arouse her.

"Here for a while we leave the characters aboard the liner. The scene now changes to England. It is some weeks before the scene just described.

Wycherly's Friend.

"This part of the story will explain why Wycherly was so tortured in mind as he stood at the rail; what Josephine Singleton debated with herself as she stood behind him; and why she drugged her maid before the coming of the priest.

"Wycherly had just finished his post-graduate course as a medical student in London and had been gazetted to join the medical corps of the army; he was assigned to a cavalry regiment at Canterbury.

"At that time he met a fellow medical student, a Russian named Jules Mirot, and the two became quite chummy. One day Mirot said:

"'Wycherly, I want you to come down to Brighton with me and meet my fiancée. She is an English girl, named Josephine Singleton. You'll like her.'

"On the train on the way to Brighton Mirot brought up a subject that he had repeatedly broached to Wycherly before. His proposal was that Wycherly should join a secret society of which he, Mirot, was a member. But each time Wycherly had said, 'No! I have no use for secret societies that do not let you into their secrets till it is too late for you to back out.'

"This day, on the Brighton train, Mirot brought up the matter again, saying: 'It is a purely beneficent, wholly benign order, old chap. Our cause is that of the common good of humanity. Think it over.'

Jules's Mysterious Power.

"At Brighton Wycherly was introduced to Mirot's bewitching fiancée, Josephine Singleton. Wycherly thought her one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen, but had no idea of falling in love with her.

"Wycherly and Mirot remained at Brighton several days. One afternoon Wycherly was alone in the hotel parlor when Josephine entered. She crossed the room slowly, with a far-away look like that of one walking in her sleep. Her first words were:

"'Mr. Wycherly, I want you to join the society that Jules has mentioned to you so often. Do it for my sake!'

"Wycherly was dumfounded. 'For my sake!' What did this lovely girl mean by appealing to him as if she had some secret right to do so?

"'I'll join!' cried Wycherly, with sudden resolution. 'For your sake,' he added.

"No sooner had he spoken than the sleep-walking attitude of Josephine seemed to fall from her, like a mantle, and she became her natural self.

"'Do you know,' she said laughing, 'I believe Jules has some supernatural power over me. What was I saying just now?'

"Wycherly believed these words to be merely a woman's way of hiding embarrassment over the sudden familiarity of which she had been guilty. So he remained silent.

"'You won't tell me what I said just now, Mr. Wycherly?' she pouted. 'Oh, very well. Probably it was of no consequence.

"'But let me warn you, that Jules Mirot exercises some strange power over me, some power which I cannot myself either understand or resist, an unpleasant influence by which he compels me to do what he wishes. He forces his will upon me whether he is near me or hundreds of miles away.

"'Whenever I ask him when we are to be married, he fixes those terrible eyes of his upon me and says, "Wait!" Then I find myself reconciled to another long wait before I dare mention it to him again.

"'I tell you all this, Mr. Wycherly, to prepare you for whatever may happen. Through mere instinct I caution you against Jules—'

"But just then Mirot entered the room, and Wycherly and Josephine never again found themselves alone together at Brighton.

"I WANT YOU TO JOIN THE SOCIETY THAT JULES HAS MENTIONED TO YOU SO OFTEN. DO IT FOR MY SAKE!'"

"A few nights later, Wycherly, in company with Mirot, entered a dilapidated building near Hatton Garden, London, Wycherly being ready to join Mirot's secret order 'for her sake.' In a large, poorly lighted room were gathered many men of many lands and of many different classes—Russians, Austrians, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen.

The Oath of the Brotherhood.

"In the motley crowd were nobles, grandees, and gentlemen, shopkeepers, artisans, and thugs. Mirot knew them all by name. He appeared, indeed, to be the leading spirit of the society.

"Wycherly's initiation proceeded without delay. I give you only an inkling of the horrors of that ceremony when I say that Wycherly was compelled first to draw blood from his own body.

"Then he was made to smear that blood over a Russian ikon. He was then required to set fire to the image and, as it burned, to repeat this oath:

"'I swear to be faithful till death to the brotherhood. As this saint and the drops of my blood are destroyed, so will I shed all my blood for the fraternity; and as these ashes and this blood can never be restored, so can I never become free from the brotherhood.'

"After that oath he was obliged to fire a shot at another ikon to signify his readiness to kill even his nearest relative, if so bidden by the society.

"A hundred pairs of feverish, fanatical eyes watched the new member all through the ceremony. When it was over, Wycherly was white as a sheet. He reeled and would have fallen if Mirot had not caught him.

"The latter dragged his victim from the room and out into the night air. There Wycherly revived and immediately began upbraiding Mirot.

"'You have made me a nihilist against my will,' he said hoarsely. 'You told me it was a benevolent order. Instead, I find it a society of assassins.'

"'Well, you are in now, and that's all there is to it,' replied Mirot.

HE DREW, AND WHEN HE READ THE WRITING ON THE PAPER HE WENT WHITE AGAIN."

"As Wycherly looked squarely at the young Russian, he perceived that Mirot's eyes shone with the unmistakable light of the fanatic—that peculiar glare of eye inseparable from one who is 'devoted' to some 'cause,' good or bad.

"'But now, Wycherly, you must return to the room,' ordered Mirot. 'This night's work is not yet finished.'

The Fatal Lot.

"Helplessly, as in a dream, Wycherly suffered himself to be led back to the room. He found the nihilists in the act of drawing lots.

"Wycherly was commanded to select a piece of paper from among a number of pieces in a hat. He drew—and when he read the writing on the paper he went white again. For the paper read: 'To witness.'

"'To witness what?' he asked huskily of Mirot.

"'You'll know presently,' replied Mirot, as he also drew a bit of paper on which he read the words, 'To act.'

"'Who's the other?' Mirot shouted. And a tall, evil-looking Englishman, one uncommonly resembling a stage thug, stepped forward and displayed to Mirot his own bit of paper. It read: 'To act.'

"'So you and I are to act together, are we, Lang?' So said Mirot. And he added: 'And Wycherly here is to witness. Well, let's be at it. Come on, Lang. Come on, Wycherly.'

"Outside, Mirot called a four wheeler. All three men climbed in. 'To St John's Wood,' ordered Mirot.

"'What are we going to do?' asked Wycherly in a weak, hysterical voice. He trembled like one with palsy; it was June, but his teeth chattered as though it were a cold night and he were insufficiently clothed.

"'We are going to call upon one who is a traitor to the brotherhood,' Mirot said, with no more show of feeling than if announcing that they were going to a play or day's shooting on the grouse moors.

"'The traitor deserves it,' he went on. 'He is a Russian of high station and great wealth. His name is Dolgorouki. Lang,' he added, turning suddenly to the thug, 'you and I act together, eh?' There was a sinister significance in his tone.

"'Yes,' answered the thug, looking at Wycherly. 'And you, Mr. Wycherly, are to witness, eh?'

"At the edge of the residential section of London known as St. John's Wood, the three men dismissed the cab and proceeded on foot to a gate in a wall surrounding a pretty villa.

"'The knife?' asked Lang.

"'Yes, no noise,' replied Mirot.

"'But what if the lady screams?' Lang persisted.

"'If quick action be needed,' Mirot said, 'I have a pistol.'

"Mirot evidently knew every inch of the garden and just which one of the French windows to force. Once inside the house, he mounted the stairs, forcing Wycherly to precede him on pain of instant death if he so much as opened his mouth. In an upper chamber Mirot and Lang paused, and Wycherly was ordered to 'Stand still!'

"'They sleep in the next room—Dolgorouki and that beautiful wife of his,' Mirot whispered. 'That door there is unlocked and it leads into their bedroom. Come.'

The Murder in the Night.

"As they reached the door, the almost crazed Wycherly suddenly heard these words whispered in his ear by Lang:

"'Here, pal, take this knife. When we opens the door, you jump in and use it on the man.'

"'Do exactly as Lang bids,' Wycherly heard Mirot whisper. 'You think we brought you here as a mere witness? We're not fools. This night's work binds you to us forever. You must act.'

"With that Mirot opened the door. Within, lighted by a night-lamp, was revealed a richly furnished bedroom. In the bed Wycherly could see two persons.

"Both were sound asleep—one a dark man with a heavy black beard, the other a fair-haired woman. Wycherly understood that these two were Prince Dolgorouki, the so-called traitor, and his wife.

"A moment he stared at them like one fascinated. Then, as if the terrible strain of the last few hours had at last reached the ultimate of result, Wycherly's mind gave way entirely. It was a madman, a downright lunatic, who uttered a demoniacal yell and sprang across the room, knife in hand. With a second piercing, diabolical scream he plunged the knife into the woman's heart.

Fleeing from the Crime.

"At the same moment two shots rang out, one fired by the black-bearded man, who had whipped a revolver from under his pillow, the other fired by Mirot. Lang fell. Mirot, who stood by Wycherly with smoking pistol in hand, looked at the bearded man and said:

"'He is dead. So is Lang. So is the woman. Drop that knife, Wycherly, and let's get out of this!'

"Wycherly never knew how he reached his lodgings that night. When he awoke in the morning, his coffee and a newspaper lay where his landlady had placed them on a table by his bedside. He looked at the paper.

HORRIBLE MURDER OF RUSSIAN PRINCE AND HIS WIFE.

Prince Dolgorouki Shot and the Princess Stabbed to Death by Unknown Assassins — Thug Found in Their Bedroom Could Not Have Done Either Murder — Bullet Plowed Through Head of Thug, Named Lang, Who Will Live— Scotland Yard Nonplused.

"Wycherly read these headlines and swooned. For four days he stayed in bed, taking no food except coffee. On the fourth day he arose, dressed, and wandered out into the streets, walking and walking in the aimless wanderings of a lunatic, till he reached the suburbs.

"There he fell asleep by the roadside. When he woke he continued his wanderings, like a veritable tramp, though some vague voice within him whispered, 'Canterbury.'

"Reaching Canterbury after days of tramping, he saw the sun shining on the windows of the cathedral. That sight lured him in.

Wycherly Finds Peace.

"He heard the bells tolling for vespers. The sound cheered him. He entered the church, and, while seated there, reason returned to him. For the first time since that night of horror he knew self-control.

"The next afternoon he went again to vespers—and the next and the next. Then, of a sudden, he murmured, 'I know the way out now. The rest of my life I will devote to humanity. I'm not guilty, but I will do penance till death overtakes me.

"'I will go to Molokai as a missionary to the lepers. I will nurse them, comfort them, be a second Father Damien.

"'But, first, I must send in my resignation from my regiment stationed here at Canterbury. Was it only ten days ago that I was so happy at the thought of coming here to begin my army life?'

"Fortunately, Wycherly had some money in his clothes. After sending in his resignation, he took a train to London. There he had the good sense to understand that he must not apply for the post of missionary, but must go right out on his own hook to Molokai and show up at the lepers' colony as a volunteer nurse.

"Accordingly he drew out all the money he had in the bank and took passage on an Atlantic liner, intending to cross America to San Francisco and proceed thence across the Pacific to Molokai.

"All this time Mirot, through his agents, had traced Wycherly in his wanderings; knew his every movement. When he heard that Wycherly had attended vespers and had been seen kneeling in prayer in the cathedral on three successive days, Mirot said to himself:

"'That fool has got religion. He'll find his conscience and think it his duty to tell all he knows. Now, then, for his quietus.'

"He hurried down to Brighton and to Josephine Singleton, to whom he told all the facts as I've given them to you. The maid, Cécile, was in the room and heard everything.

"'And now he's engaged passage to America,' Mirot concluded. 'You, Josephine, must sail on the same vessel. It will be your duty to see that he does not reach New York alive!'

"Josephine shuddered and shrank in terror from Mirot. 'No, Jules! You must select some other agent! Why send me?'

"Mirot at that flew into a rage. 'Why send you?' he snarled. 'Are you not of the order? Did I not compel you to join us that I might use you?

"'Look, here! I'm not sure of you. You must act! Do you hear? Be the same as the rest of us! Then I'll be sure of you.'

A Woman on the Trail.

"Here he paused and looked steadily at Josephine. He had long suspected that he had a hypnotic influence over her. Now he determined to make a test. As he looked fixedly into her eyes, Josephine turned to him, saying:

"'Why do you look at me like that, Jules? I am frightened.'

"'You will go to Liverpool now—today,' Mirot answered, with great solemnity. 'You will sail on the steamer with Wycherly. And you will act before the vessel reaches America.'

"And that's how Wycherly and Josephine Singleton and her maid (who was also a member of the order) came to be on the same Atlantic liner—where I left the characters at the beginning.

"It is now the night following that of the storm, the night after that on which Josephine paused near Wycherly. About midnight she entered his stateroom with a dagger in her hand. She looked at the sleeping man—then suddenly turned and flung her dagger out of an open port.

"She returned to her own stateroom and went to sleep. Presently she awoke, got out of her berth, dressed, took a small revolver from her hand-bag, left her room and glided down the deck—each separate act performed as by one moving in her sleep.

"For the second time that night she entered Wycherly's stateroom. He was still sleeping. She leveled the pistol directly at him, but just then she seemed to awaken. She rubbed her eyes and looked at the pistol.

When the Bond Snapped.

"'What am I doing?' she asked herself. 'I know. It was Jules's power over me. He was projecting his will upon me, even across the sea. But now—somehow, I feel happy—as though I were once and for all released from his awful influence.'

"With that she awoke Wycherly and told him to dress quickly and come on deck. As the two sat there in the dark she told him all about Mirot and herself —which accounts for Wycherly's own knowledge of the details of this tragedy.

"They loved each other, Wycherly and Josephine Singleton. And they resolved to marry when they reached New York and forget the past. But before Josephine had been in New York two days, she disappeared utterly, and Wycherly was sure that the relentless 'agents' of the nihilists were responsible. Why they did not also make away with him was a mystery.

"Meantime, Wycherly, overwhelmed by this new grief, lay at death's door in a New York hospital for weeks. Then he went on to Molokai to carry out his original intention of devoting his life to the lepers.

"After some years at Molokai he was seized by an irresistible desire to have vengeance on Mirot for Josephine's sake, and upon Lang, the thug, for his own sake, for he had read in the papers that Lang, after serving a term in prison, had been liberated. The account also said that his face was hideously scarred as the result of the wound inflicted by Prince Dolgorouki on the night of the murder.

"Wycherly worked his way to London, only to find that on the very night that Josephine had come to his stateroom on the liner to shoot him, Mirot had been struck dead by lightning. Through inquiry Wycherly learned also that Mirot's death had occurred at about the time Josephine leveled the pistol at him (Wycherly), her failure to shoot apparently being accounted for by the fact that just at that moment Mirot's influence over her ceased forever.

"Mirot undoubtedly was willing Josephine, hypnotist fashion, to kill Wycherly at the moment the lightning-bolt hit him.

"But Lang was still to be found. Wycherly at last discovered that he had gone to America. Returning to America himself, Wycherly learned that a man named Lang, having a face terribly scarred, was living a beach-comber's life on one of the Florida keys. Wycherly managed to get down to the keys, meaning to find Lang and to kill him.

"ABOUT MIDNIGHT SHE ENTERED HIS STATEROOM WITH A DAGGER IN HER HAND."

Found Too Late.

"Lang, however, as Wycherly heard, had one day discovered a trunk on the beach containing eight thousand dollars in gold and silver, washed up, of course, from some wreck. While squandering that money at Fort Pierce Lang was robbed and murdered by two toughs. Now Wycherly had nothing more to live for.

"There," added Dr. Blank, "ended the

story of the 'Gentleman Boss.' A day later the railroad paymaster at our camp wrote against the name of Foreman Richerly, this memorandum: 'Five days' pay while in hospital, at two dollars and seventy-five cents a day, thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Unclaimed.'

"All I said to the paymaster was this: 'You remember that Richerly, the "Gentleman Boss," we buried the other day? Well, he was an English doctor. His real name was Wycherly.

"'There's many a tragic life-story in these railroad camps on the keys—if only we could X-ray a life as we do a body. We've got a lot of educated men here, and when you see an educated man on such a job in such a place you can bank on it that he's trying to lose himself.'

"'Why do you say that so earnestly?' asked the paymaster. 'Know anything about that Richerly, or Wycherly, as you call him?'

"'Oh, nothing special. He was a nihilist, that's all. And once a nihilist always a nihilist, you know. I guess he was making use of this railroad building of ours on these remote Florida keys to keep out of reach of his brotherhood.'"

"Maje" Plant's Reminiscences.

In Jacksonville at the Union Depot I met one of the most interesting "old-timers" in the railroad world of the South—"Maje" Plant. He was a superannuated station-agent and telegraph operator, over eighty years of age, whose last years were provided for by the late Henry B. Plant, "Maje" having been a long-service employee of the Plant System.

I had been told that Maje could dole out more personal anecdotes about down South railroading than any other man on the Plant System. On being properly approached, Maje said:

"I reckon you can't take time to hear half my experiences—so I'm just going to tell you about old Hen Plant, king of west Florida, same as Hen Flagler is king of the east coast. I'm of the same name as my old friend, Hen Plant, suh, but I'm no blood relation and I never had the head for making money that Hen had.

"This here State, in a railroad sense, suh, could be represented by two letters of the alphabet—a capital F and a capital P. The F you'll find omnipresent on the east coast. It stands for Hen Flagler. The P you'll find on the west coast. It stands for Hen Plant, suh, founder of the Plant System.

"Hen is dead, of co'se, and his son Morton now runs this here railroad. But Mort can't be counted in my vocabulary. I'm a Hen Plant man, and I wouldn't be anything else for all the twenty millions Mort got from his father.

"I knew Hen Plant well, and I'm going to hand you over an anecdote or two about him that will be new to the public.

"Back fifty year ago I was in charge of a station on the South Carolina Railroad, the first great railroad in the South. It was a hundred miles long—the longest road south of the Potomac.

"My station was just a shack. The most marvelous thing about the South Carolina Railroad was that it ran trains at *night*, suh. Mighty few roads down here did that then.

"Well, suh, one night a train pulled up to my station with a hissing of escaping steam by way of whistle. The engineer, you see, just pushed up the valve on the dome with his hand and the steam escaped, and that was the way all signaling was done.

"The engine had no headlight, of co'se, but as some sort of light was needed on our night trains, a flat car was pushed ahead of the engine, and on that a fire of pine-knots was kept burning on a pile of sand.

When H. B. Plant Was Broke.

"Another queer thing about that train of ours was what we-all called a barrier-car. That was a flat car hitched in between the engine and the passenger-cars. On it was piled a lot of bales of cotton. The object of that, suh, was to protect the passengers in case the engine blew up and to give them a nice, soft place to land on in case of collision.

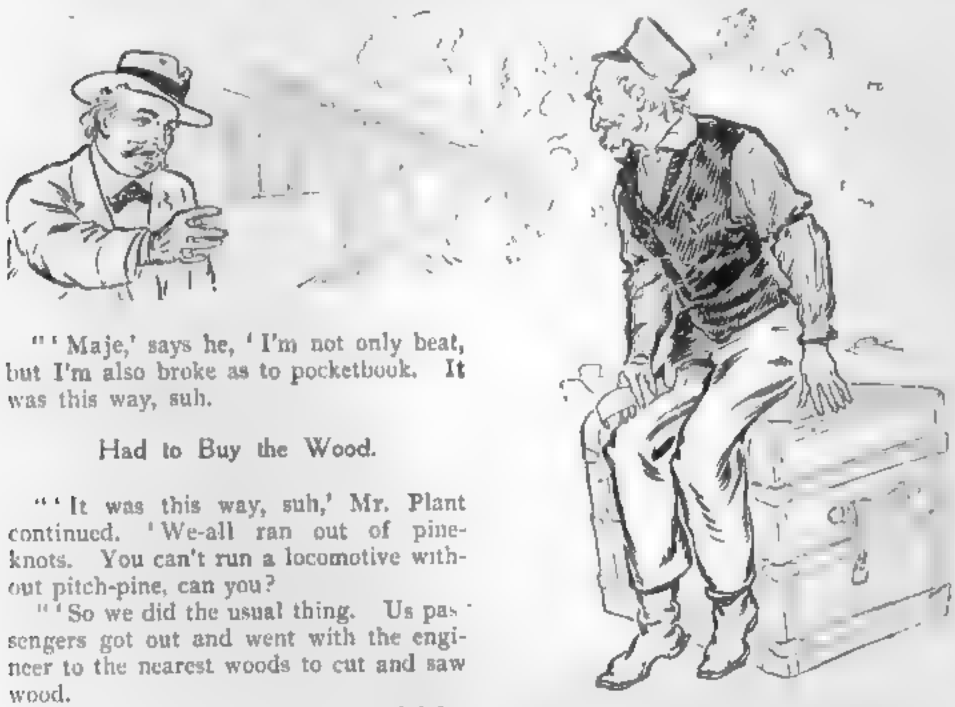
"Now, suh, when that train of ours drew up at my station that night, a lot of slaves ran out, as usual, and seized hold of the cars, any old place, and pulled back for dear life, while I ran out and

blocked one of the driving-wheels with a pine log. In that way, suh, we helped stop the train.

"Then out of one of the passenger-cars stepped a young man with a scraggly mustache and a squinting left eye. He wasn't much to look at, and a stranger wouldn't have taken much stock in him.

"That young man was Henry B. Plant. His nose was bleeding, he had an awful cut on his head, his hands were lacerated and his clothes torn.

"'Why, Hen,' I said—you see I had met him often before. 'How'd you get beat up that way?'



"'Maje,' says he, 'I'm not only beat, but I'm also broke as to pocketbook. It was this way, suh.

Had to Buy the Wood.

"'It was this way, suh,' Mr. Plant continued. 'We-all ran out of pine-knots. You can't run a locomotive without pitch-pine, can you?

"'So we did the usual thing. Us passengers got out and went with the engineer to the nearest woods to cut and saw wood.

"'We'd cut and sawed a powerful lot of wood, when a horde of crackers swooped down upon us from ambush. They'd been waiting for us, you see, and so the suddenness of their attack took us by surprise.

"'After the scrap was over and we had surrendered to overpowering numbers, the leader of the enemy asked us how we dared cut down his trees and steal his wood. Our engineer replied that we had run out of wood and that railroad trains couldn't be run without wood. All we was doin' was to help ourselves, according to established custom.

"'Well, then, the chief cracker informed us that we could not take one stick of his wood without paying for it in cash. The engineer answered that the South Carolina Railroad didn't furnish him with money to buy wood along the line, and went on to say that all the provision the railroad company made for such an emergency was to supply each engineer with an ax, a saw, and a sawbuck, and permission to go ahead.

"'Whereupon that cracker declared us under arrest for trespassing and stealing. He said he'd take us to the calaboose and make an example of us, and once and for all stop foraging on the part of the thieving railroad.

"'Mr. Plant, I read in the newspapers that you ain't broke like you was that night forty year ago.'"

"'Us passengers put our heads together and voted that we didn't reckon to spend the night in a calaboose. Whereat we asked the cracker how much money he'd want for the wood we had cut, and he said he'd take ten dollars.

"'It was a preposterous price, but we passed the hat and raised the ten, and here we are—and the passing of the hat

broke me, Maje. I ain't got two bits left to my name.

"'But now, Maje, I tell you I see the day coming when trains'll run through here and through all the South burning *coal,* suh. And, somehow, I feel I'm going to be in the new order of railroading, and I won't be broke, nuther.'

"The train pulled on," concluded Maje, "with half the tall smokestack on the engine laying back on a hinge arrangement to let the train pass over, or through, a covered bridge nigh my station

Couldn't Help Making Money.

"Forty years passed," Maje went on, "and let me show you how Hen Plant's prognostication as to being 'in the new order of things' came true. The west coast of Florida was covered with capital P's, all standing for Hen Plant.

"His prophecy of running engines with *coal* had come true, and he himself was master of a great system employing thirteen thousand men, of whom I was one. Hen Plant's tracks reached from Charleston and Montgomery clear down to Tampa.

"I myself was agent-operator for Hen Plant at a little station on the Florida west coast. The aforesaid capital P was on every durned thing in the western part of the State—every car and locomotive and station, every bench and book and ticket, every sheet and pillow-case and napkin, every knife, and fork, and spoon in every big hotel that Plant had built. That big P was like Napoleon's N—it hit you in the eye everywhere.

"One day a train drew up at my station. She had in trail private car No. 100. It was Hen Plant's car. You must have heard of No. 100. It's known all over the South to this day, for Hen's son, Mort, now uses it for himself.

"Well, Hen lit from No. 100, came up to my shack, and shook hands. I said to him:

"'Mr. Plant, I read in the newspapers that you ain't broke like you was that night forty year ago on the South Carolina Railroad when you arrived at my station after the scrap over the wood for the engine.'

"'Maje,' he replied, 'I simply can't stop making money, now that I don't need fear going broke. Tourists won't let me stop piling up the millions. Why, I've just made two bits this very day, right out of the sky, suh.

"'It was this-a-way, Maje. I stopped at a station up the road and in a short time, by wire, I knew everything about the day's work on my entire system.

"'One item that came to me over the wire said something about twenty-five cents coming in to account of the conscience fund. I ordered the operator to ask for particulars. And what do you think?

"'I found I was two bits richer because a man in Memphis who once stopped at my Tampa Bay Hotel had inadvertently put one of my towels in his grip. When he got home he found the towel, but thought nothing of it.

"'The other day, however, after a lapse of four years, he came across that towel. It was marked with a capital P, and he told himself it could belong to but one man in the whole world, namely myself. So he sat down and wrote a letter to my general manager saying that his conscience pricked him when he found that towel, and as he'd like to keep it as a souvenir, he enclosed two bits, which he reckoned was about what the towel cost.

"'So, you perceive, Maje, people simply won't let me die poor.'"

Garrett—Laboring Man.

The principal eating-house on the Seaboard Air Line in Florida, between Jacksonville and Tallahassee, is at Lloyd. On my way from New Orleans to Jacksonville, I, with many other passengers, hailed Lloyd with delight, when we reached there, for we were all famished.

I was among the first to finish an excellent dinner of chicken cooked four different ways, and to put in the remainder of the half-hour stop, I threw myself into a big rocker on the wide, shady gallery of the eating-house and lighted my pipe. I was soon joined by the train conductor.

"Ever see Garrett—W. A. Garrett?" he asked.

"President of the Seaboard?" I replied. "No. What about him?"

"Well, sir, you can talk about your shirt-sleeve railroad presidents up North, but I reckon Garrett's got 'em all skinned to death in the line of work. He eats while he works and he works while he eats.

"He actually wrote to all heads on the line from Norfolk to Tallahassee, telling them that he invariably carries his lunch with him to his office, and munches it at his desk while he dictates letters. I know it's true, for I've seen him at work in the Jacksonville offices.

"He'd show up as early as seven o'clock in the morning, and if his stenographers and clerks weren't already on hand he'd look hurt and write letters with a pen till his stenographer arrived.

"When he travels in his private car in summer, he gets his stenographer out of his berth every morning at five o'clock, and dictates to him for three mortal hours before he gives either the poor man or himself a chance to eat breakfast.

"The result is that Mr. Garrett simply can't keep a stenographer more than one month. They love him, so I hear, but they can't keep the pace the president sets.

"So Mr. Garrett will have twelve or thirteen stenographers in the course of a year, and there's a score of young men in the South who write on their cards, 'Formerly stenographer to President Garrett of the Seaboard Air Line.'

"One day, at just this time, my train pulled in here at Lloyd, with Garrett's car attached. Everybody from engineer to news-butch made a bee-line for this eating-house. Food was the one thought possessing all and sundry—with the single exception of the president.

"'I WOULDN'T BE A RAILROAD MAN AT ALL, BUT JUST THE PRESIDENT OF A RAILROAD AND A PROFESSIONAL DYSPEPTIC.

Not a Railroad Man.

"Think he took the half-hour to eat? No, sir! With a sandwich and a glass of milk on the table in his car for himself, and another sandwich and milk for his stenographer, he went right on dictating letters.

"All of a sudden, while everybody was still eating, he got the idea he wanted to ask our engineer, Johnny Sawford, something about our road-bed hereabouts, and he sent the porter to fetch the man of the throttle.

"The porter didn't find Sawford at the throttle, but at the table in the eating-house tucking away large quantities of chicken. Sawford was still chewing vigorously when he appeared, hat in hand, in Mr. Garrett's car.

"'You were at dinner?' asked Mr.

Garrett, in his kind, gentle drawl. 'Don't you know that's a bad habit—eating dinner at midday? You lose a lot of time from work. I myself lose no time from my work, because I eat while I work and work while I eat. I really do think it would be an excellent thing for all railroad men to do the same.

"'But, Mr. Garrett,' replied Sawford, who, entrenched behind bank-savings of twenty years, isn't afraid to speak his mind to those higher up, 'if I were to eat and work as you suggest, Mr. Garrett, I wouldn't be a railroad man at all, but just the president of a railroad and a professional dyspeptic.'

"At that Mr. Garrett lay back in his chair and chuckled softly. 'So you don't call a president of a railroad a railroad man?' he said

"'Not I,' answered Engineer Sawford. 'There ain't no real railroad men in private cars or private offices. All genuine railroad men are in cabs or cabooses.

"'But what do you call the men employed by railroads who do their work in private cars and offices?"

"'Well, Mr. Garrett, I call them transportation men.'

"And thereat, so Engineer Sawford says, Mr. Garrett chuckled again and asked his stenographer to make a note of the engineer's remarks that he (Garrett) might repeat them in a speech he was scheduled to make at a banquet to be given to transportation men in Baltimore."

CAME FORTH ARRAYED IN A BLACK SILK BATHING-SUIT AND WEARING A BLACK MASK SECURELY FASTENED TO HER HEAD.

Here's a drama of more or less mystery that might be titled: "The Railroad House Party." In February and March of each year more private-car parties are to be seen in the South than can be found at one time in any other part of the Union at any season. During March, 1906, for example, over twenty such parties from New York alone passed through St. Augustine over the East Coast Railway, bound for Palm Beach.

Railroad House Parties.

For a party of ten, the cost of a railroad house party to Florida is about ten thousand dollars; so I was told by a man who has taken down more parties of the kind than any other one man in the country. The tourist agency calls him a "personal conductor."

But the members of his parties, usually people who have traveled abroad, call him "courier." He calls himself a "railroad man," "because," he says, "I can do anything on a railroad, from running and firing the engine to cooling a hot box."

He is the "highest class" courier in the country. With the old rich as well as the new rich he knows how to mix. A man of the world, he speaks seven languages, receives fees as large as those of a consulting surgeon, and dresses as carefully and properly as any member of any of his parties.

In February, 1908, this courier—his name is Lord—came into St. Augustine on a private car, in charge of a railroad house party, and I had the good fortune to be invited by him to visit the car.

Tale of the Veiled Lady.

"Oh, how bored they get, my guests!" he exclaimed. "There's nothing that tests the temper of man or woman so severely as to be cooped up for several days at a time in a private car. They suffer from ennui, and often they say to me, on the quiet:

"'I'd give a hundred dollars to ride awhile in a common Pullman where I could be by myself.'

"I've seen members of my parties get so bad a case of nerves that whenever a trainman would come through the car trailing a blast of cold air, they'd look bloody murder at him and sulk for an hour.

"But now you want a story confined strictly to a railroad house party," he went on. "I've one for you that's too subtle for me to tell with any regard for what you call construction or proportion. So I'll give you the facts just as they come to me, in any old order, and you can do the rest."

Then he gave me a potpourri of "situations" which, placed in their proper sequence for a story's sake, work out as follows:

In March, 1907, a private car, containing a party in charge of Courier Lord, was sidetracked just behind Mr. Flagler's own car at Palm Beach. The members of the party at once proceeded to the Royal Poinciana Hotel—all save one young woman who, with her maid, declared she would live in the car while the party remained at the beach.

At noon, on the day of arrival at the resort, that young woman emerged from the car so heavily veiled in black that none could gain any knowledge of the features thus hidden. She went directly to the bath-house, and presently came forth arrayed in a black silk bathing-suit and wearing a black mask securely fastened to her head.

As she walked across the beach to the ocean, all bystanders could see that she was of superb figure and that she had black hair, but none could guess at her reason for appearing masked in public. Into the breakers she dove, and with long, strong strokes swam out to smooth water.

On the beach two life-guards, or patrolmen, got their heads together in the belief that something should be done. Was the masked woman breaking any rule?

"No, Bill," said one, "for the life of me I can't see how we can molest a woman for concealing her face."

Just then Courier Lord, who had overheard this conversation, stepped up to the patrolmen and said:

"Boys, as you value your jobs, forget the lady in the mask. She has a perfect right to conceal her face. Besides, she's known to Mr. Flagler, and you'll admit that's all that's necessary to protect any person on this coast."

After the masked woman had finished her swim, she emerged from the water, walked proudly past the fashionable crowd on the beach, and vanished in the bath-house — to reappear again heavily veiled, and make her way back to the private car.

Every day for four days she repeated her performance at the beach—each time veiled in black as far as the bath-house, each time wearing a black mask in the surf.

"But now," said Courier Lord, "I'll let you into the secret that was known to none at Palm Beach excepting the members of our party, including myself. We had come down over the Louisville and Nashville from Cincinnati.

"On the first day out, the lady wore her thick veils all the morning till lunch-

eon time. When luncheon was announced, however, she lifted the veils. She then sat in such a position that I could see only her right profile, and I swear I never looked upon a more exquisitely beautiful face.

Marriage *Versus* Suicide.

"Just then I went to the kitchen to see that everything was all right. When I returned the lady, still unveiled of course, had changed her position so that I now saw only her left profile—and, to my intense surprise and horror, I looked upon a face utterly hideous, fearfully repulsive.

"From her chin to her temple, her face bore a blood red birthmark, and that side of her face was so misshapen that it seemed incredible that it could be a part of the same face that, on its right side, revealed such complete loveliness, such perfection of features and complexion."

Now one evening, while Mr. Lord's party were still at Palm Beach, all the party, except the lady of the veil, attended a ball at the Royal Poinciana. She was left alone in the car with her maid. Presently, a man in evening dress—the handsomest man in the party—hurried in.

At that moment, Courier Lord was in his own stateroom dressing for the ball, and before he could make a noise to give information of his presence, he heard the woman say:

"No, I shall never marry—for the reason that you know. I shall go into a convent. I can't bear this burden any longer."

Then Mr. Lord heard the man say: "I repeat, then, that I shall kill myself, for it has come to a point where I cannot live without you."

Hearing these words plainly, through the partition, Courier Lord coughed, and the conversation outside was continued in whispers.

In due time the party began the return journey to Cincinnati. All the way up the lady, excepting at meal-times, wore her black veils. And all the way up the handsome man, watching her with the eyes of a hopeless lover, anticipated her every want.

When they arrived at their destination the party broke up, and Lord decided to rest in Cincinnati a day or two before going to New York for his next assignment. On his second night in the city he went to the Louisville and Nashville Station on business. As he was known to all those connected with the place, he was accosted by one of the railroad detectives, who said:

"Mr. Lord, there's been queer doings in this town to-night. I've just heard of the matter from a detective from police headquarters. Just at dusk an automobile pulled up at the office of Dr. Earl Oakley, a surgeon on Seventh Street.

"A woman with black hair and veiled like she was some oriental favorite, entered the doctor's office and offered him a fabulous fee if he would accompany her at once to a certain house and save a man's life.

In the Nick of Time.

"'It is a surgical case. Bring your instruments,' the lady said, and added that she would double the fee if the surgeon would consent to go blindfolded and would promise not to reveal to anybody the identity of the parties in the case.

"'The matter is urgent in the extreme,' the lady went on. 'You must come at once. My chauffeur has orders even to risk breaking speed laws.'

"Well, Mr. Lord, Dr. Oakley regarded the proposition as a legitimate professional transaction and he consented to all the conditions, even to that of going blindfolded.

"Off they whirled in the closed motor-car, the veiled lady and the blindfolded doctor hidden from view behind the drawn curtains. After about ten minutes of rapid running, the car stopped, and the blindfolded doctor was led up a flight of stone steps into a house. Then up-stairs he was guided and into a room, where the handkerchief was removed from his eyes.

"He found himself in a luxurious bedroom, a man's sleeping den. On the bed, attired in evening clothes, lay a young and handsome man with a gash across his throat!

"The wound, the doctor perceived,

was not mortal, and deftly and quickly he took the necessary stitches. A trained nurse then appeared mysteriously, and the man was put to bed.

"Having saved the man's life, the doctor was once more blindfolded and led down to the automobile, in which he was carried back to his office.

"That's all, Mr. Lord. The doctor told the circumstances, but would not or could not disclose the identity of the parties. All that I've told you is public record. But there'll be an investigation, sure

"How do we know but what it was an attempt at murder? What proof is there that the man gave himself the wound? How do we know but what the veiled lady tried to kill the man and then changed her mind with the job half done?"

"Did the lady lift her veil?" asked Courier Lord, his voice fairly quivering with the intensity of his interest in the answer.

"Oh, yes. I forgot to tell you, that while the doctor took the stitches the lady knelt by the bed and, as if in some frenzy of anxiety, lifted her veil. And the doctor saw that the left side of her face bore a frightful red scar, a birthmark."

"Then," blurted Lord, "you detectives will find that the man gave himself that wound and when he gets well there'll be a quiet wedding somewhere!

"And," Lord added, as he and I sat in his private car at St. Augustine (his party having gone over to the Ponce De Leon), "when I blurted out that remark, that railroad detective looked at me in dumb amazement. He wondered how I could know so much about the inside facts of his own personally conducted mystery."

Next month will see the end of the journey which we have been making with Mr. Willets for the last year. The trip ends in Washington, from which point we shall take a bird's-eye view of the railroads of the South.

TROLLEY-CAR EVOLUTION.

Still Unfinished Progress That Began Another Epoch with the Invention of Pay-As-You-Enter Cars.

PAY-AS-YOU-ENTER trolley-cars have now become a familiar type to the public, either through actual experience of them, or through reading about them. The closed vestibules of capacious size and the generally neat and comfortable appearance of the cars have made a quick impression.

No sooner are they comfortably on the market, however, than there comes along the inevitable improvement. A new type, designed primarily for suburban service, has been placed on the tracks of the Montreal Park and Island division of the Montreal Street Railway Company.

The *Electric Railway Journal* says of this new car:

"The platform for entrance and exit, instead of being located at the ends of the car, is located between the trucks, about two-thirds of the distance from the front. The compartment at the rear is set aside for smoking. A car of this type obviates some of the difficulties which have been experienced in caring for smokers under the pay-as-you-enter system.

"The practise has been to confine smoking to the front platform; and as the principle of the idea involves the departure of the bulk of the passengers by the front end, lady passengers have experienced some annoyance from the unpleasant features at this point. In the same way, the new car provides accommodations for workmen with shovels, etc., without their having to traverse the entire length of the car"

The car was built at the company's own shops at a cost of eleven thousand dollars. It is fifty feet long and weighs eighty five thousand pounds.

It may be significant of the ability and enterprise of Montreal street-car managers that the same town should have given birth to the pay-as-you-enter car and to this latest improvement upon it.

THE CYPRESS BLUFFS HOLD-UP.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

Honk and Horace Rise Nobly to the Emergency and Then Wonder How They Will Get Down.

CYPRESS BLUFFS was named by some tree-expert, who had noted the fringe of stunted pines splattered over the hills along the Little Tumbling River. The fact that there wasn't a cypress within five hundred miles didn't matter. A name is a name; you can call a toad a bird of paradise if you like, but he'll still be warty.

Cypress Bluffs wasn't a town; it was a locality, like Lookout Mountain or Muldraugh's Hill or the Tyrone Bottoms. The nearest station on the P. and P. was Rivervale, across the creek in the valley—a town which consisted of one street cut short at both ends, and a few houses, outlying and uncharted, reached by paths.

The country was untamed and rough. The Little Tumbling came clear and cold from the mountains in the Northwest, and rainbow beauties of unbelievable size and ferocity lurked in its pools, according to tradition. Blacktail, a few cinnamon, and many bobcats also held sway in the thickets along the upper reaches.

"Flower beds and box-hedges in a place like this," I commented as we descended on Rivervale one afternoon, "seem like gilding gold or retouching autumn-leaves, as the poet says. We'll just spoil the thing, as nature has already gone to the trouble to fix it."

In proof of which I cited the mossy boulders on the creek-bank, the little red depot set picturesquely in its grove of trees, and the flecks of wild-flower color, tinting the hills under an amethyst sky.

"Right!" said Honk. "Right as the original ten statutes as coded by Moses, and shows you're awakening to the fact that man is but a punk imitator of nature when it comes to spreading the floss. But the big-eyed and gaping tourists who buy coupon tickets over the P. and P. are beginning to take kodak pictures of our handiwork and make postals to send to their friends who will come out next year, according to the general passenger-agent, so we'd better add a little frieze to this pastoral here to show our willingness.

"For instance, a honeysuckle on the corner of that shanty would improve it, and steel-gray doesn't irritate me like this barn-red color they've got the depot painted"

"We might also pipe a stream of the brook around and build a goldfish-pond there on the west," I said; "there's plenty of fall."

"Plenty!" said Honk. "Enough to operate a turbine and furnish light, heat, and power for the town, with a two hundred candle-power search-light on the bluff opposite! When will these railroad magnates who frolic back and forth across this Western country wake up and begin to build power-houses where all this energy is going to waste?

"Power! Power! Every mountain torrent roaring with it. Hully Gee! Haven't I told 'em, haven't I? I have!"

"Tell 'em again," I said. "Write 'em a letter."

At this juncture the station-agent came out and looked at us casually. We didn't awe him a great deal at first sight, so he came on over.

"What's your average rainfall here?" asked Honk.

"Well," drawled our new acquaintance, "I've seen the Tumbling lapping around the stringers of the bridge there after a shower, and again I've seen the sun shine consecutive for two hundred and eighty days hand-running. Divide that by two and you have the average."

"Horace," said Honk to me, "take this man's name and address; he's a weather-shark."

The station-agent wasn't abashed by any means, and went right on getting acquainted. He was as sociable as a country cousin, too, and we took a liking to him at once. His name was Willard something or other, and one or two things about him were worthy of note.

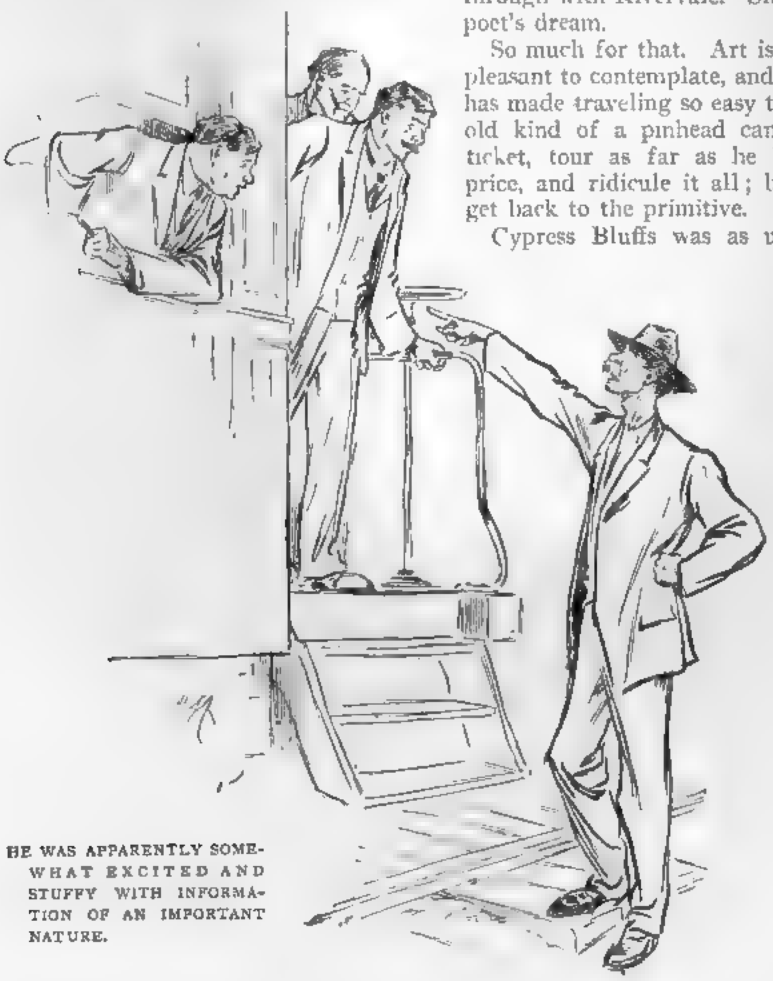
He had invented a system of delivering orders to the night-trains which was simplicity itself. He tied the tissue on a barrel hoop and hung it out on a wire hook, where the engineer could poke his arm through it. On the return trip they dropped off the hoop.

It saved time, worry, and wear and tear on brake shoes; besides, Willard didn't have to stay awake for them. He could put a car-seal on the rail and go out and tell at a glance whether they'd gone through or not, if the despatcher insisted.

We made Rivervale a symphony of artistics. It had the natural setting, the background of green bluffs against the purple and amber sunsets; in the middle distance the stream shredding itself into lace over the gray-and-brown boulders—oh, we had 'em hanging out the coach-windows before we got through with Rivervale. She was a poet's dream.

So much for that. Art is a heap pleasant to contemplate, and science has made traveling so easy that any old kind of a pinhead can buy a ticket, tour as far as he has the price, and ridicule it all; but let's get back to the primitive.

Cypress Bluffs was as untamed



HE WAS APPARENTLY SOMEWHAT EXCITED AND STUFFY WITH INFORMATION OF AN IMPORTANT NATURE.

as any ten-mile stretch the P. and P. traversed. To the north lay rugged wastes of bad lands little known; to the east and south the free range where unnumbered cattle roamed, protected only by the cattle-rustler. More than mere rumor had it that a well-organized company of brand-retouchers flourished in the not clearly defined environs of Cypress Bluffs, and at least once, as a matter

WAS SURPRISED TO FIND HOW MANY MEN WERE WILLING AND ANXIOUS TO CHASE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AFTER TRAIN-ROBBERS.

flimsy mark of the iron on their flanks; to the west broken plains and bunch-grass as far as the foot-hills and the blue uplift of the Rockies.

Cypress Bluffs marked the verge of the wild West; the uncurried, untutored, and trackless country where the next man you met might be a prospector, a cow-puncher, a Comanche brave, or a of record, two gentlemen of horse-acquiring proclivities had taken the limb and lariat route across the Big Divide, within a mile of Rivervale.

It was a cunning place for a train loot. From the bridge spanning the Tumbling, westward twenty-two miles to Goodings — the next station — the scenery was all train-robbery. A brigand

might as well have been hiding behind any boulder on the stretch; the stage was set.

There was once a hold-up beyond Goodings. Four bandits cut the engine and express-car off and took them ahead a mile or two, stopped and blew the side out of the car; but after that stories conflicted.

Some said they got fifteen thousand dollars in gold, and another version was that they got five one-dollar bills. They were not caught, so their testimony was lacking.

Trains passed unmolested back and forth around the winding steel trail under Cypress Bluffs, and nothing had happened for so long that the possibilities ceased to make anybody nervous. It remained scenically fit, but in reality had, so far, failed to produce any thrills in the Diamond Dick line.

"There's one thing about this occupation we're engaged in," said Honk to Willard and me one night in the medicine-house as we smoked and told ghost stories, "and that is the loud and boisterous lack of excitement attached to it. Building flower-beds is as devoid of thrill as seeding cherries."

"How about the Crude Creek feud?" I asked.

"Oh! that was just a trivial incident," continued Honk; "what I mean is the tragic, the single dramatic instant, the vibrant tang of the sudden crisis, the ceryness—"

"Where's he gone to now?" questioned Willard. "He went right out through the roof."

I wound up the phonograph. "Listen here to Uncle Si Hoskins's adventures on the Midway," I said. "There's excitement for you."

"Wait a minute," said Willard, listening. "I think some wayfarer is craving entrance at my santum sanatorium over there."

Somebody was hammering on the depot-door, in truth, right viciously.

"Hey, there!" called Willard, "you're marring the paint. What, ho! and come over here."

The figure approached. It was Romance, plumed and panoplied, that stalked into our midst. The person was a native of the long grass which grows along the water-courses, the lean kind of gentry who live around sometimes in sod-houses and burrows; and how they live is some more of Honk's problems in economics. He was apparently somewhat excited and stuffy with information of an important nature.

"I want the man that sends telegraphs," he blurted. "Whereabouts is he?"

Willard pleaded guilty.

"Want to send a message?" he asked.

"I'd say!" said the man, with considerable tremble in his voice. "The train! There's robbers over by the big trussle. They're goin' to hold up the train. I want to send a telegraph to stop it."

"You're all worked up," said Honk. "Come on in and have a drink. Maybe somebody has steered you a bum steer. Who told you the train was going to be held up?"

"I seen 'em myself," continued the man; "I sneaked up on 'em, camped over in the bluffs; six of 'em with guns, knives, and six-shooters; bad lookers, they was. I got clost enough to hear part of their talk. 'Thank ye!"

"You live around here?" asked Willard.

"Yes, sir. I've got a claim over acrost the bluffs. I was out a huntin' a stray hoss when night overtook me, an' I see the camp-fire of these fellers, and come up to ast if they'd seen my hoss. They was drinkin' out of a bottle and cleanin' their rifles, and I suspicioned somethin', so I listened a little."

"What did they say?" asked Honk, getting interested. "What were their exact words?"

"I couldn't hear very well, but one said, 'We'll stick a torch in the ground and hang Dick's red shirt in front of it.' Then they drunk some more, and all talked at once, so I couldn't hear anything. One said, 'Me and Mart'll take the engine,' and another one said, 'Me for the sleeper.'"

"Maybe I had better report this business," said Willard. "D'you reckon old scout here has really spotted a gang of hold-ups?"

"Did they have any horses?" asked Honk.

"Didn't run acrost any," answered the man, helping himself to another

tumblerful of cheer-producer, "but they might 'a' had their hosses tied up acrost the draw somewhere. They was camped on the east side of the trussle, and there's where they said they was going to stop the train.

"They had some sacks to put the money in, too; I dunno what else they was for. They're mighty bad and tough lookin', and no mistake."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I worked around through the bresh and struck the railroad, and I made tracks for here. That's what I did," he answered.

"I believe I'd better wire the thing in to Clanahan and see what he says," said Willard. "Be back in a minute."

He returned in a little while and reported: "Clanahan says to get a posse and board Seventy-Six when she comes through, and kill, cripple, or catch the whole mess on Cypress Bluffs. Get 'em! That's the orders. 'Kill, cripple, or catch the works,' he said.

"Le's see! Seventy-Six left Jacquard at midnight. It's now twelve-thirty. We'll have to get busy."

"Let me have the wire," said Honk. "I know a lot of gun-fighters between here and Jacquard. You and Horace wake up Rivervale and get every man you can, and I'll stir up a young army along the line. Come on, Mr. What'd-you-say-your name-was? Have you got any chewing?"

"My name's Smith," said he of the scouting corps. "No, I hain't got any!"

Willard and I roused Rivervale, all right, and I for one was surprised to find how many men were ready and anxious to chase out in the middle of the night after train-robbers. They didn't stop to think that maybe they'd come back in a sling, ballasted with forty-five caliber bullets. They just said, when the situation was explained, "Sure, Mike, wait till I get my shootin'-irons," or inquired if they'd have time to go over and borrow Bill So-and-So's pump-gun.

We came back down to the depot in about an hour and a half, sixteen strong, armed with rifles, big black forty-four revolvers, and shotguns crammed with buckshot, and we looked wicked. There

SHE SAID SHE'D MAKE A SHORT AND SUMMARY FINISH OF ANY TRAIN-ROBBER THAT ENTERED HER COACH.

SLAPPED ONE ANOTHER ON THE BACK LIKE COLLEGE FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS AFTER A SUCCESSFUL YELL.

were also three or four others that had to rustle guns or ammunition or something, who were yet to come.

Honk was jubilant.

"Seventy-Six has just left Buffalo Junction with ten men already, and there's two more at Meadows, four at Holy City, and—"

"What do you think we're up against?" I asked. "A race war? Sending out thirty-five or forty men like us after a little paltry six train-robbers You're not a sportsman, you're a pot-hunter."

But Honk was loading one of our pump-guns and strapping on a beltful of shells, so he didn't answer.

Seventy-Six pulled into Rivervale on time at two-thirty or thereabouts, and there was certainly a warlike-looking bunch of armed men waiting for her. We bristled with weapons, and the passengers, all of whom were awake and some pretty badly excited, stared at us as if they were not wholly satisfied that we weren't the hold-ups ourselves.

Sam Gantz was conductor, and he made a speech to the passengers, saying that there wasn't a particle of danger, as there probably wouldn't be a shot fired; and if there was, there'd only be six or seven at most, and there would lay six dead train-robbers, perfectly harmless. However, in deference to the women and children, and those traveling for the benefit of their nerves, as many as wanted to—whether they had stop-over tickets or not—could get off and make themselves at home in Rivervale until we steamed over to the big trestle and reduced the criminal population by six, when we'd back down—I mean back back—and get 'em.

The entire traveling public showed its appreciation of this favor by loud bustle and the unloading of its luggage, boxes, bags, baskets, and bottles on the platform, and the little depot was filled to apoplexy with women, with their hair-pins slipping, and sleepy kids blinking at the strange scene.

When there couldn't any more get in without straining the friendly relations, Honk and I tendered the services of the medicine-house, and told them not to handle anything that looked curious, as it might be the trigger to a liquid air-machine which would get in motion and

freeze up the whole works, or the button which might start up a galvanic battery and electrocute the company.

One objected that you couldn't electrocute anything with a galvanic battery, but we didn't have time to argue on technicalities. We got all unloaded but a deaf man, who refused to wake up, and a strong, stern-faced woman of uncertain age who insisted on going right along because we wouldn't unload her trunk. She said she'd make a short and summary finish of any train robber that entered her coach, and got her umbrella and hatpin ready in proof.

Our old friend Fuzz was pulling the train, so Honk and I and four others got aboard the engine.

"Twelve or fourteen of ye can get up in my side of the cab," said the fireman, as he threw in a fire, "and the rest can have seats in the tank on the coal."

"Do you like this kind of work better than farming?" asked Fuzz of Honk as we scrambled up.

"Fine," said Honk; "this is my real forte. If you want to, you can go back and cover up with the coal. I'll run this old rattle-trap of an engine."

"You be careful that you don't shoot yourself in the face with that gun you've got," said Fuzz. "Any time I can't sit up in my cab when you're hiding under the boiler-head of this engine, you wire my folks that Fuzz has been stricken, will you?"

"Board!" said Sam, and we trundled out across the Tumbling bridge, with the empty coaches riding high and the fighting force keeping out of sight, six in the engine, twelve in the express-car, eight or ten in the smoker, and the rest—a dozen or so — scattered through mail-cars, day-coaches, and sleepers.

The man who had brought the news—our horse-hunting friend Smith — was with us on the engine, armed with a borrowed rifle and two six-shooters. There wasn't much conversation when we got into the Bluffs.

The three of us back in the tank sat and listened to the click of the rail-joints, and watched the swaying cab weaving back and forth ahead of us. There were some pretty stiff grades in and around Cypress Bluffs, and we had to squeeze to one side every time the fireman coaled her, which was a good part of the time.

The man nearest to me kept twirling the cylinder of his revolver, and when the fireman would open the fire-box door and the light would flare out he'd blink and gnaw at the fringe of his mustache.

It seemed to me like it took about a week to make that quarter of an hour run over to the big trestle, but Fuzz finally shut off and commenced to apply the grips. Honk and Smith on the fireman's box craned their necks, and the rest of us scrambled up to see over their and Fuzz's shoulders.

The red signal was there, all right, as bright as you could ask, and they were right; no engineer would dare to run by a danger alarm like that. Then, mingled with the grind of the clutching brakes, if the gods had been listening, they could have heard the simultaneous click of twenty-five rifles, twelve or fifteen big, black revolvers, and a few shotguns for good measure, brought to a full cock.

"Don't stop!" said Honk, climbing around behind Fuzz. "Pretend you can't hold her and roll by, just a little. Maybe we can get 'em as we go by."

"Don't hide behind me," said Fuzz. "All right, we'll ride through 'em."

We could see two or three shadowy figures along the track, and their campfire, still burning brightly, came into view as we bore down on them.

"One, two, three, four," counted Honk. "I only see four. Stop her, Fuzz; choke her. We'll have 'em tied before they can find out what's happened to 'em."

Fuzz anchored the train right there, and then the bees swarmed. Honk let out his voice as we piled off and on top of the four robbers beside the track.

"Catch 'em alive!" he bellowed, and out of the train poured our reserves, burry with guns; and the way they lit on the outlaws was so swift, summary, and combined as to deceive the eye. The other two, making out Smith's count of six, were half-way from the camp-fire to the track when the hurricane struck, and before they could even say "King's Ex," we had them, too.

There wasn't a shot fired except by one nervous party from Holy City, who

shot a hole through the coach-roof in his hurry to get his gun out the door. It was a coup!

The deaf passenger, who had slept throughout the preliminaries, awoke and raised his window for a look outside, and seeing the wooded bluffs and the desert-

lence. The whole band was backed up into the end of the car, with a guard four deep between them and the available exits, and Honk swaggered out in front.

"Neat work, eh?" he chuckled. "Know the penalty for train-robbery in

"DON'T DO IT, SAID HONK; "OUR STOCK OF RECORDS HASN'T ANYTHING TO COVER THIS SITUATION.

ed train, came forth to find out what had happened. He plucked Honk by the coat, and, with his hand cupped around his ear, said:

"Hey! What's all this?"

"Scat!" said Honk. "We're posing for moving pictures."

The old man didn't hear a word he said, but he nodded his head wisely and returned to the coach where the woman with the hatpin lurked

"The bridge is out," he said to her; "they have a large force of workmen outside," and went back to sleep.

We hustled our prisoners into the baggage-car after disarming them, and we didn't handle them any too gently, either. One man with a black beard, who had an air of respectability about him for a train-robber—even in the dim light outside—made several attempts to say something, but was jerked into si-

this State, don't you?" to the prisoners.

"Train-robbery!" the black-bearded man spoke up. "What's the joke?"

"You're the joke," said Honk. "The joke which is cracked, the spent pun, the farewell, the last of the Mohicans. The stuff's off, gentlemen; you were kotched in the act."

"Do you know who we are?" said he of the gloom-dyed whiskers, beginning to see a great light.

"Can't call your name," said Honk cheerfully, "but even that don't keep me awake ordinarily. However, the P. and P. will look all six of you up later. Flagging passenger-trains at three o'clock at night on Cypress Bluffs, with six armed men lined up in the weeds, is apt to interest the officials momentarily."

The man laughed a long, loud, clamoring laugh, in which his five compan-

ions joined and slapped one another on the back like college football enthusiasts after a successful yell.

"They've seen the joke," said Honk to the rest of us. "It's soaked through."

Then one younger guy stepped out, and, grinning good-humoredly, said:

"My name is Carlson—Jack Carlson! My guv'nor's president of the P. and P., if you'll take the trouble to look him up. This gentleman," indicating the man with the beard, "is J. R. Richards, second vice of the Midland Trunk lines; this is Mr. Monaghan of our traffic department, and these other two gentlemen are Mr. Serviss and Mr. Landis, Harvard friends of mine.

"We have been on a hunting-trip, following the hills down from the Blacksage country, and we intended catching Seventy-Six to-night to make a new start farther west this coming afternoon. If you'll look in some sacks we have outside there, you'll find a few bob-cat skins and our camp kit, which will partly bear me out in my statements."

"Where's that man Smith?" said Honk.

There was a commotion near the door, and then a voice said: "He's gone! Just left!"

Very meek and mild, considering the array of weapons we carried, we loaded the bob-cat skins on board and backed down—that's the word—backed down to Rivervale, where the surprise of the affair really awaited us.

In the depot and the medicine house were huddled the panic-stricken women and children, while the few men among the passengers who had stopped off tried to appear calm and only acted hysterical.

"We've been cleaned out," they said. "Two masked men rode up soon after you left and went through us systematically. The station-agent was the only one who resisted, and they shot him through the shoulder."

It was the truth. They had pinked old Willard a pretty stiff little flesh wound for his pains, stuck up the unprotected passengers and relieved them of their money and other valuables, cleared out, and were probably by that time far away in the hills.

The party we had gone to so much trouble to capture smiled quiet, irritating smiles. They kept on smiling them until Seventy-Six dragged out across the Tumbling, three hours and forty minutes late, with Fuzz as mad as a hornet.

Honk and I turned our steps wearily to the medicine-house, where we'd had Willard put in a bunk and bandaged up, and I cast my eyes toward the phonograph.

"Don't do it," said Honk; "our stock of records hasn't anything to cover this situation."

ELECTRIFYING GERMAN RAILROADS.

Large Scheme Planned Which, if Carried Out, Will Take Lead in Electric Mileage from This Country.

IF the present schemes of the German government are carried out as outlined in a report from Consul Talbot J. Albert, United States consul at Brunswick, electrical railroading in Germany will probably soon be in a more advanced state, as far as distance covered is concerned, than in any other country

The first attempts will be made with electrical power in connection with the centrals at present existing in the administrative district of Magdeburg. The two principal lengths of line to be electrified first will be the Leipsic-Magdeburg line, about eighty miles, and the Leipsic-Hallé line, twenty two and a half miles, a total of one hundred and two and a half miles

In addition to these, however, several short sections will be put under electrical operation, including the sections between Gutsen and Stassfurt, and the Gusten-Bernburg-Kothen section. It is calculated that the change will take about two years to complete.

Turning the Clock Back on the Great Northern.

BY EMIL ELVERSON.

Seventy Old Employees and an Old Locomotive Wish the Builder of the Road Many Happy Returns on His Seventieth Birthday.

AT four o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th of September, 1908, some two thousand persons gathered at the Union Depot, St. Paul, around the queerest looking iron horse that had been seen for many a day by the citizens of the capital of Minnesota. It had a flaring funnel as big as its boiler; it had brass bands that shone like mirrors; its whistle was more that of a peanut-roaster than a locomotive; its bell suggested a boarding-house rather than a railroad; its tender was piled high with cord-wood instead of coal, and on the sides of the cab were lettered the name "William Crooks."

Presently a squad of policemen hewed an aisle through the crowd on one side of the antique engine. Down that aisle came a little old man, with an elderly lady holding his arm, while a smile of deep pleasure lurked on his lips. The old man walked up to the old locomotive and examined it as he would, perhaps, some family horse that had long been a pet of his

He squinted at the eccentrics, he felt of the boxes, he glanced at the rod brasses, he looked to see if there was grease in the oil cups — and then he turned to the engineer who was to run the "tin machine," and said:

"How much steam, Al?"

"Hundred and twenty, sir"

"Can we get to Minnetonka?"

"Sure thing. By taking water three times on the way."

Coupled to that antiquated machine was a single old-fashioned day-coach, which was now filling up with seventy men, not one of whom had worked for the road that owned the old engine less than twenty-eight years. They represented the fifty thousand employees of the Great Northern Railway, and were gathering to celebrate the seventieth birthday of the builder of the road.

The old engine and the old-fashioned coach formed a "Birthday Special," in which they were to ride to Lake Minnetonka, where, in the Lafayette Club, they were to be the hosts at a banquet given in honor of the chairman of the board of directors of their road.

The Old Boys on the Job.

After the colloquy with the engineer, Al Smith — oldest engineer in active service on the Great Northern—the little old gentleman turned to another man in brand-new overalls and said:

"So you're brakeman to-day, are you, Tony? Well, I want to see you run just as you used to when you were special conductor and I was general manager."

This man was Tony Manley, oldest living conductor of the Great Northern.

"Bo ard!" called Conductor Eastman, in charge of the Special—a man who has been with the Great Northern since 1871. Thereupon, Jack Lynch, an engineer of the Great Northern since 1868—but now playing fireman—began tossing wood into the fire-box.

Then the "Birthday Special" pulled out for Lake Minnetonka. Of course, you know that the little old gentleman with the iron gray beard and the general look of a Scotch Presbyterian was James J. Hill, "the man who created the Northwest." This was his seventieth

That was way back in 1862, when the "William Crooks" was brought up to St Paul from Keokuk, Iowa, on the deck of a Mississippi freighter. She was put to work on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, of which James J. Hill was general manager.

THE PIPER "SKIRLING" A WELCOME TO JAMES J. HILL ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

birthday, and his old-time employees were giving him what he afterward called the "day of his life."

There was present just one long-service employee for each year of Mr. Hill's life—not counting Mr. Hill's son, Louis Hill, president of the road, and the lady who had passed through the crowd on the arm of the little old gentleman, who was Mrs. James J. Hill, the only lady present that day when master and men set the clock back more than forty years.

The First in the Northwest.

The wheezing engine that pulled the "Birthday Special" down to the lake shore, where the banquet was spread, was the first locomotive to run on any road in the Northwest, and Al Smith, the engineer in charge, was the first man to handle its throttle.

As the Special rolled on, Mr. Hill stood on the rear platform of the coach, waving his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the railroad men who lined the tracks. "God bless them all," was his thought, put into words over and over again.

When they reached Lake Minnetonka the party was met by a Scotch bagpiper in full Highland costume—a compliment, probably, to Mr. Hill's Scotch ancestry. At any rate, as soon as he spied the bagpiper the magnate cried out: "Hoot, mon! Play 'Johnny Cope.'" And so, to his favorite bagpipe tune, Mr. Hill, with his wife and son, and followed by the seventy veterans, marched to the banquet-hall.

One who was present during the feasting and speechmaking said:

"I noticed that Mr. Hill, many times during that dinner, found it no easy task to control the emotion that kept

rising in his breast, and his eyes were a long way from dry more than once."

One after another the veterans who were acting as hosts to their old employer rose and paid their congratulations to the "builder of the Northwest" on attaining his seventieth birthday, and paid him tribute also as an employer.

One old engineer, in a neat speech, presented Mrs. Hill with a huge floral locomotive complete in every detail, even to the signal lights. Another asked Mr. Hill how it felt to be seventy years old. He replied: "I feel just the same as I did yesterday."

Finally Mr. Hill himself was on his feet to reply to all the congratulations and compliments. And this was the way he did it:

"I will call you 'boys,' because I feel that I am a father to you, although there is one boy here who is older than myself. You boys are giving me to-night more pleasure than I have had for many birthdays. It is giving me the greatest pleasure to see the men with whom I have been associated for so many years joining in an invitation to me to be present with you this evening.

"All during the years in which I had some hard tasks and many problems to confront, the absolute support of my employees has given me more courage than anything else. I have had always the great desire to have a loyal and intelligent set of men working for me, and I am glad to have heard men say here to-night that if a man worked well and did not shirk, he had assurance of a steady job on the Great Northern.

"All you boys here remember that I told you to save your money. The Great Northern Employees' Investment Company shows you how to save money. Every man who invests in it not only gets his seven per cent, but also lays the foundation of a nice little fortune.

"Nothing has given me more pleasure than to start some of the boys saving money, so that they will have a roof for their heads and plenty to eat in their old age. I told the men to save a third of their pay and they would own part of the Great Northern road in twenty-five years.

"I have not always worked to make money for myself, for were that the only object I would have retired long ago. I am like the boy who held on to the wild deer's tail, because it was easier to hold on than to let go."

And that was his curt, characteristic word of thanks and kindly admonition to his boys of the Great Northern.

GAPS IN THE PAN-AMERICAN.

Two Hundred Mile Break in the Rails from New York to Panama, and Twenty-Six from Guatemala.

AMID the confusing mass of railroad statistics, it is sometimes difficult to sort out and place one's finger on a definite bit of information that conveys an idea without first provoking a brain-storm. Especially is this so when foreign localities are involved, and elaborate foreign routes are traced by the zealous statistician.

Here is a bit of information about the long-hoped for Pan-American Railroad.

Only two hundred miles of new track are necessary to form a trunk line system between New York and Panama. When that is completed, only twenty-six miles of rails will be needed for an all-rail route between New York City and Guatemala City.

This will be effected when the Guatemala system joins with the Mexican system, as is at present planned and under way. When this is accomplished, it will reduce the time from New York to Guatemala one-half.

The rest of the Pan-American is as yet merely a series of foundations formed by the railways of the various South American countries in more or less low stages of development. Some are comparatively near to each other's terminals, and negotiations are proceeding favorably, while others will demand many years of hard work, the highest engineering skill and boldness, millions of dollars, and a very diplomatic propagation of plans to overcome the natural difficulties and reconcile bitter international differences and prejudices.

THE PRETENDERS.

BY ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS.

A Villain Thinly Masks His Evil Intent and the Thunders of War Burst Forth

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

WHILE in New York, after several years of railroad building in South America, James Fabian is called on the telephone by a Helen Rivers, who claims to be an old friend. She begs him to come to her at a certain address. He meets an utter stranger, evidently South American, who calls him "Jim." She wants him to go with her to Meridiana, South America, traveling as her brother, and will not tell the reason. He decides to go. On the way down they meet Bob Pettit, an old schoolmate of Jim's with more money than discretion. Bob hints mysteriously at a secret mission. Arrived at Meridiana Jim is taken into the home of Don Ramona. He then learns that the scheme is that he is to act as the representative of "Murchisons, of London," to build a railroad in which Señorita "Rivers" is interested, but which President Fajardo opposes. Fabian sees a fight in a café between a crowd of peons and an American whom he recognizes.

The man is his old foreman of construction. He pleads with Fabian to send for the old gang, and Fabian consents. Fabian sees the president, who is unfriendly. As soon as the engineer goes, the executive plans with his niece to invite Fabian to a ball and there arrest him on a charge of treason. This is done. The gang is just planning an assault on the prison when the jail takes fire. They dash there, and as they break in the roof collapses.

Fabian is rescued, although the president believes he has been killed. After recovering from his ill treatment he starts in search of Elena. He finds that the convent where she has been imprisoned by Fajardo has been sacked by revolutionists under Bob Pettit. He sees Pettit and is compelled to leave Elena under his protection, though Pettit confesses his love for her. He returns to find the railroad dismantled, but by superhuman energy he soon repairs the damage and seeks the president to demand protection. In a mass meeting at the palace he makes a fiery speech in favor of law and order, and promises to fight for it. There he is accosted by a stranger, whom, recognizing, he leads away.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Stranger and the Threat.

"NOW, my dear sir," remarked the delighted Fabian, as the two at last settled down comfortably in his quarters at the club and the engineer pushed a siphon of soda over to his guest, "make yourself entirely at home. It seems an amazingly long time since we met last.

"You're looking rather fagged. Have you been working too hard? But wait—we can talk things over while we have dinner."

"Really, my dear fellow, I have no story to tell. It is simply that my doctor declared I was quite run down from overwork, and needed a sea change, so I decided to come over here. He told me I must have complete relaxation, a long ocean trip.

"Your wire convinced me that this was the one spot I wanted most to see. I'm traveling absolutely incog. Don't want anybody to bother me about business."

"'Traveling incog?' laughed Fabian. "What are you, and what is your name here?"

"They call me Ffrench here," said the newcomer confidentially. "Good joke for a man like me to be masquerading, eh?"

Jim smiled. He had never had much to do with this rotund old gentleman; but the kindly, inquisitive spirit that lurked behind the ruddy face and iron-gray bushy hair and mutton-chop whiskers had little of the snob about it, for all its apparent affectation and mannerisms. Appearances were deceptive, the engineer thought, as he drew the veteran out of his shell of reserve.

No man with so much native geniality and such an expansive waistcoat could possibly be so hard-hearted and domineering as the world believed him, and Fabian was more than glad to penetrate his carefully maintained pretense of taciturnity and coldness, to enjoy fellowship with the man of high caliber and kindred spirit beneath.

Calling for the steward, Fabian ordered dinner, and warned the good provider in a single quick sentence that his friend was an epicure. "Do your very best. Give us a dinner fit for the president."

"Fit for the king of epicures, *señor*," responded the steward fervently.

"What was it he said?" inquired Ffrench, whose limited knowledge of Spanish consisted of the words for "where," "how much," "too much," "please," and one or two scrappy guide-book expressions, all pronounced with a supreme disregard for the rules of Spanish orthoepy.

"Oh, I told him we were particular about our dinner, and he said he would give us a meal fit for the king of epicures."

The old gentleman's lips worked in pleasant anticipation. "Do you really have decent food down here?"

"We get the same kind of meat you have in civilization. It all comes from Argentina. It's the best in the world. As for the rest of it, we can't have the variety there is at home, because all the things won't grow here, and we're too far away to get them by sea; but you'll see in a few minutes just what the club can do when it is put on its mettle."

His boast was no idle one, and the dinner, from an epicure's standpoint, was eminently satisfactory, with its delicious little *pajaritos*, its dainty guava jelly, its rich brown sauces and gravies for the meats and fowls, and the delicate *dulces* and pastries with which it finally closed.

After dinner they retired to Fabian's room, where they lolled at peace with the world, as Fabian told his story, carefully omitting all reference to his interest in Elena. He touched lightly on the revolution and Pettit, treating the whole affair as a Gilbert and Sullivan performance, very annoying at the moment, but of absolutely no consequence, and bound to blow over in a few days, leaving not a ripple behind.

"And now, sir," he concluded, finishing story and cigar together as the late moon peeped above the Ayuntamiento gables over the way, "may I ask if you brought me some money? I could use a little just now. My men have not been paid a penny, and I'm in rather heavily for food and supplies for them.

"There's a little matter of some necessary 'protection,' too," he added, thinking of the rifles and ammunition he had ordered bought, but still not wishing his guest to think he meant anything except bribes.

"Yes, I'll deposit it in your name to-morrow—*mañana*, as they say here." He chuckled.

"That's a bad word, Mr. Ffrench. *Mañana* usually means never. But I'll pilot you around to the bank myself in the morning. That should keep me comfortable for some time," rejoined Fabian heartily, much relieved at the prospect of being able to meet all his obligations promptly. "The sum you name is probably a good deal more than I shall need, but I am very glad to feel on the safe side."

"U-m-m-m-m," yawned the older man, struggling heavily to get out of the reclining chair and reaching for his hat. "You may need more. Never does to sail too close t' the wind in an affair of this kind.

"I've had a bully dinner, thank ye, Mr. Fabian. Come and dine with me to-morrow evening at the hotel. And in the morning I'd like to go out and see this wonderful railroad of yours—eh?"

"Sure, delighted," the engineer answered, wishing him good night. Glancing at the clock ticking on his table, he turned to open the door when a knock upon it bade him call out: "Come in!"

Two strangers entered — short, little men, dark and bristly and nervous, with hats in their hands and hands upon their hearts, as they bowed to the bewildered engineer, courteously including his guest in the salutation. Fabian recognized them as leading merchants—Dalmacchio, an Italian wine-dealer and exporter, and Flores, the greatest sugar planter in all the Americas.

"Be seated, gentlemen," he motioned as he indicated a chair, crossing the room to shut the door and hold his friend back. "I don't know what they want," he remarked in English; "but if you don't mind, I'd like you to stay. They won't be long, I'm sure.

"Gentlemen," he went on in Spanish, "permit me to present my friend, the Señor Ffrench, who has come to your beautiful city in search of health and rest."

The three bowed, the two merchants exchanging a look of amusement. Then Flores spoke rapidly, addressing himself to Ffrench in a turgid flow of Spanish so swift and clipped that even Fabian had to listen intently to make sure of every word.

"They were merely paying you their respects, and hoping you would enjoy your stay."

"How ex-tr'ord'n'ry!" ejaculated his friend in astonishment. "It sounded like a declaration of war, or a 'charge bayonets!'"

Fabian, accustomed to the fervid Latin manner, made no reply, but turned to his visitors with a little gesture of apology.

"The Señor Ffrench does not understand Spanish, *señors*, but I have translated for you. Now, gentlemen, how can I serve you?"

"No, *señor;* it is we who would serve you. You have already served Meridiana by beginning to build your railroad. We appreciate it, we who have interests outside of politics. It means more than you realize to us.

"We heard your fiery speech to-day in the Ayuntamiento. Sir, we salute you!"

They bowed again, ceremoniously, unheeding the astonished stranger getting his first glimpse at the tangled social and political life of South America under somewhat unusual and unexpected circumstances.

"This afternoon, after the session was over in the palace, we called a meeting of the Meridiana Chamber of Commerce, of which the Señor Dalmacchio and I have the honor to be members, and adopted unanimously a resolution of thanks to you, stating further that we shall compel President Fajardo to dedicate and officially sanction your railroad as soon as it is ready. It means a saving of hundreds of thousands of pesos every year to Señor Dalmacchio and myself alone, and the entire business community is back of us solidly."

"Yes, it is so, indeed," interjected Dalmacchio with sweeping gestures. "You have opened the eyes of the people; you have won the entire community to your side. We shall compel him!"

Completely bewildered by this unexpected show of confidence and approval, Fabian turned to translate. A few jerky sentences told it all, and his complacent friend remarked as he listened to the carefully abbreviated and modified statement:

"That's mighty square of them. I say, Fabian, tell them it will serve their rascally president right. I think he's a cold-blooded thief, m'self!"

"The Señor Ffrench is deeply interested, gentlemen. He says that though he knows almost nothing of the political conditions in Meridiana, and not a thing about the needs of the country agriculturally, he believes, on general principles, that it is invaluable to have a railroad to afford further opportunity for development, exchange of thought among the people, and all the advantages that come with rapid, easy transit. He thinks it should be the means of interesting foreign capital also, and quickly bringing Meridiana to the level of the larger and more powerful powers."

The Meridianans nodded sagely, but it was without regret that Fabian saw them and "Ffrench" march down-stairs together, while he closed the door of his room, to spend an uneasy night dreaming. With the really powerful backing of the *Cámara de Comercio*, his problem would be greatly simplified; and if the gentlemen really meant what they had threatened, he knew Fajardo could be

greatly influenced by their mere statement that he must pay up their enormous bills before they furnished his private residence palace with another peseta's worth of supplies, or permitted any exports to be made, thus entirely canceling the main portion of the customs receipts.

Elena would be rejoiced to know of this unexpected help; and as soon as he had breakfasted, he cantered out to Calle Arzobispo to find her, for he was certain Pettit must, for some reason not yet clear, have sent her back to town and her friends. Gaily he rode up to the latticed iron gate and jerked the bell-pull vigorously.

No response came, and the yellow face of no *muchacho* peered from the stable at the far end of the big yard. "Queer," he muttered, and rang again. The house was undoubtedly closed, and no sign of its occupants could he perceive. Again he rang, and again, until the people next door sent out a boy to inform him that Don Jacinto had gone into the country with his family for a few days. Here was fresh mystery. What did it mean?

Slowly he turned away and rode back, wondering as he trotted through the hot morning to his friend's hotel where Elena was, and whether she might be in danger. But Ffrench's appearance drove all thoughts of her temporarily from his head, and together the two men set out for El Nido and the line, the visitor expressing his surprise and pleasure at everything he saw.

The lorcha of supplies on which they were poled up the shallow Rio Azul, after their visit to the Banco de Meridiana, seemed to the stranger the very antithesis of American ways, and he was openly amused to find Fabian apparently content with such medieval means of transportation.

But there was nothing medieval or slow about the way the line was being built. Astonishment covered the broad, ruddy face like a cowl as he gazed along the shining metals, squinted at the embankment, observed the mathematical precision of the gang in everything they did, their cheerful swing and ease as they worked, and the amazing rapidity with which the line grew under his very eyes.

"How extr'ord'n'ry; very!" he observed, eying Fabian as if he himself were a part of the exhibit. "They seem workers! I supposed it would take you about a year to get the first section alone built."

The engineer grinned. "So it would, with native workmen; but quite by accident I stumbled across the American gang I had brought over to build the Chilean road—the big Trans-Andean, you remember. They had nothing on, so, of course, they came right to me.

"I was mighty glad to see them, for they can do about ten times as much work as any natives I could get; they build it so it will stay put, and I can trust every man of them, especially the big foreman yonder, Lanahan. He's by all odds the best man I ever saw for this kind of work. His assistant foremen, 'Red' O'Brien and 'Tusky' Ryan, are only a shade less valuable, so, altogether, I congratulate myself upon such an unexpected find."

Ffrench nodded. It was slowly dawning upon him that Fabian, besides being an engineer of unusual caliber, was also a man who had the most extraordinary good luck in everything he touched. He had built the Trans-Andean in the face of denials by the most celebrated consulting engineers that the line could ever be constructed at any cost; and had done it, at that, for less than the specifications provided, performing herculean labors like ordinary tasks, fixing the line to the mountainsides securely and safely where it seemed only a fly or a lizard could get a foothold.

This impression was strengthened as they walked over part and took a hand-car over the rest of the line, for some five or six miles were in trim, and Mike had, that very morning, ordered Ryan to set up and get on the rails one of the two light switch-engines which were waiting to help the work along. As the engineer and his guest passed the switch at Pajaro Verde, the little locomotive was just being put upon the rails, her diminutive boiler already hissing, for the indefatigable "Tusky" had gone so far as to fire up before he shifted his pet onto the track.

Fabian laughed at the display of enthusiasm, and remarked in an undertone: "See that? He's so crazy to get ahead that as soon as the engine touches

the rails, he will have her running up and down, shrieking out a warning that Meridiana at last has a railroad in working order."

"How extr'ord'n'ry! It seems a country of constant surprises. I never would have dreamed it."

"It is," assented his companion. "But when you have spent as much time here as I have, you will be surprised at nothing. Anything *can* happen here, and nearly everything *does*."

"No—I really am amazed! When do you expect to finish?"

"I mean to be through and have the line open in about two months more, if driving my gang can do it."

"Eh? What? Two months more?"

"Certainly. I—I have a wager, you know," stumbled the engineer, suddenly feeling himself on dangerous ground. "A wager that I can finish this road in record time. I mean to do it, too. If no more disasters occur like that last one, we shall be through.

"With this gang I can grade, surface, and lay a mile a day right straight along, I think, without any great trouble. We should be through by the first of the year."

Back at the club, deeply interested by what he had seen, Ffrench repeated again and again his wonderment at such a country, and the string of surprises that followed each other in such rapid succession.

"It is astonishing to a newcomer," Fabian replied, rising to open the door to a knock. "This is probably another one, right now."

An official-looking *muchacho* in rough khaki uniform handed in a long envelope silently. It bore the hybrid Meridianian coat of arms, and Fabian looked from it to the boy, who shook his head in answer to the query as to a reply and withdrew. With a murmur of apology, the engineer hastily ripped open the envelope, fearing it might be something concerning Elena again, read the message with a frown, and then, laughing silently, handed it to his companion.

Pompously the old gentleman took the message, held it at arm's length, studied it close to his nose, pondered the matter on his chubby knee, and with a sigh tossed it back to Fabian.

"Translate it for me, please. I can't make it out at all."

Choosing his words with care, Jim translated slowly:

Executive Offices,

PALACE OF THE AYUNTAMIENTO.

SEÑOR DON JAIME FABIAN,
Club Internacional.

SEÑOR

You are advised, for your own protection, to leave Meridiana by the next steamer, which sails one week from tomorrow. If you are found within the country after that time, you must take your chances.

The government is far too much occupied with more important matters at present to pay any attention to a renegade North American, but it cannot overlook your dastardly, murderous assault upon our president, nor your sublime impudence in volunteering, which will be suitably dealt with later unless you depart at the first opportunity.

You may congratulate yourself upon our preoccupation and extreme leniency, considering that you are under sentence of death at this very moment.

We have the honor to be, sir, your servant who kisses your hands,

MIÉRCOLES. MOISÉS FAJARDO,
President and Lieutenant-General.

"Sentence of death! Who passed sentence of death on you? This is an outrage!"

"Nobody did, that I know of," retorted Fabian, smiling amiably, though he felt by no means so sure of his ground as he pretended. "I am in no danger whatever. I told you this is a comic-opera country.

"This is just one of the little annoyances that make the work interesting. I shall be able to dance at Fajardo's funeral yet."

"Why—why—this calls for a cruiser at once!"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't bother. I'm all right. This is just 'a good stiff bluff.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

Mike Has His Suspicions.

"MIKE," Fabian warmly remarked, a few days afterward, "you certainly are a wonder. Where did you

ever learn to work a transit and hit off the angles this way?"

"'Tis nawthin', sor," replied the abashed foreman, dodging the question. "A big dhrove av sheep come along t'rough noight befure lasht, thramped out arl th' stakes beyant, an' Oi just run th' line over agin. Oi'm glad ye foind it thrue, sor."

The engineer stared at him, amazed. He was all but a full engineer, this ignorant, swashbuckling, greaser-hating Irishman, who had never had the slightest opportunity to get an education or improve his naturally bright mind; and when he got his tongue swinging again, Fabian was unstinted in his praise.

For answer, Mike scowled heavily in embarrassment, and, turning gruffly on the gang, roared: "Come, now; jump, ye terriers! Didn't ye hear Misther Fabian say he wants moore shpeed an' liss chin? Worruk!"

Americans all, they understood perfectly the reason for his seeming brutality, and went about their tasks grinning, almost as much pleased as though the praise had been for themselves.

"Don't push a good gang too hard, Mike," was the engineer's only comment. "Remember, I don't want this line built for toy locomotives. It's for real engines and trains.

"I'm having a hard fight in the city to keep things going smoothly and myself out of trouble; but, just the same, I don't want any scamped work. This is no Italian penny-whistle and Christmas-horn outfit, but a real live American road."

"That's arl roight, sor, an' 't is th' way we'll build it. But ye hov no doubt yerself thot 't was th' gov'm'nt throops thot did th' damage? We must be afther hustlin' t' git th' loine complate befure they take another notion t' smash things."

The thought warmed his fighting blood again, and, drawing Fabian into the shanty, he unlocked a carefully closed closet which stretched clear across one end of the big room. Stacked neatly within were the rifles whose purchase Fabian had advised, gleaming, business-like carbines, and hanging from each one a full cartridge belt with the faded letters CR in monogram.

"You seem ready for trouble if any more comes."

"We arre thot, sor. Oi got a fri'nd av moine t' git these from th' gov'm'nt sthores at Limon. They come down noight befure lasht—wan hundhred an' elivin av thim. 'T is a good fri'nd he is, bedad!"

"You don't mean to say your friend got all these rifles and belts from the government stores?"

"Sure, sor," grinned the foreman. "Ivery wan av thim. He hov a pull wit' th' la-ads at th' Costa Rican arr-s'nal, an' f'rbye his name's McCarrt'y, he kin blarney a bit. He just sez t' th' la-ad, 'Oi nade a matther av wan hundhred an' elivin rifles, wit' belts an' a hundhred rounds aich.' An' av coorse, he gits thim. Hov ye th' ca-ash t' pay this wake, sor?"

Somewhat dazed, for such wholesale "borrowing" from a friendly republic might involve trouble later, though Mike scoffed at such a ridiculous idea, Fabian reassured him as to the money; and the Irishman, all anxiety relieved on that difficult point, locked the door again, remarking:

"Is ut warr th' gov'm'nt is wantin'? Begorra, then, 'tis the bist shots in all 'S. A.' they'll foind roight here. Wan hundhred an' elivin av thim, dhrilled t' th' minit, an' just lukkin fer th' chanst.

"These carrbines won't shoot as far as the Mausers, but, sor, they'll kill a whole lot farrder away 'n anny greaser'll care t' come up fer th' chanst av a shot at us!"

"I'm not so sure about that. But what do you mean by saying the men are drilled?"

"They arre, sor. We git out ivery mornin' at sunup, an' I dhrill thim fer a full hour. D'ye fergit Oi was wanst firrst sergeant av 'L' company in th' ould Thirteenth reg'lars?

"'Tis no greaser'll catch us now, sor. Oi'm th' cornel; 'Red,' he's th' liftinint-cornel, an' 'Tusky' Ryan's th' major. Oh, fer a chanst at thim again!"

Partly amused by Mike's bloodthirstiness, and partly annoyed by the unexpected consequences of his order, Fabian cantered away in the direction of Sigsig. On one important point his mind was at rest—Elena was safe. On her return

to town, Don Jacinto hurried Doña Ramona and Elena out to his *hacienda* at Sigsig, a pretty little residence suburb, where they could remain unnoticed.

Writing Jim the news immediately, Elena had given her note to Don Jacinto to post—and it came a day late. Fabian smiled when it arrived; he had occasionally discovered in his own pockets letters which should have been posted long before.

She had been singing when he came into the big second-floor sala, sitting at the piano, where her fingers idled over the keys to a soft melody of her own composing as, with half-shut eyes, she hummed:

"Cartitas bonitas,
Os pido por Dios
Que buenas noticias
Me déis de mi amor—

"Huy!" he heard her exclaim under her breath. "Alas!" The rosy color flamed out under the olive of her cheek as he entered with a smile at the last words of her song. For a moment the silence was awkward. Instinct told him to speak; this was the psychological moment to settle all doubt, and his heart leaped.

But fear crept in and drove his assurance out. From whom should she be looking for "good news of love" if not from the distant Pettit, risking his neck in this silly revolution?

When he spoke, it was with constraint, and Elena, not understanding the cause of his embarrassment, flushed into almost hectic merriment to conceal her own growing nervousness, inquiring anxiously if all was not well with the railroad.

"Well enough. Now, tell me what you have been doing, and how you got back to the city. Why did Pettit release you so unexpectedly?"

"Because, because—" She stopped, and her head bent low as she hesitated. "Because I asked him to for—your—sake."

"Ah!" His tone was courteously noncommittal, though he scarcely believed her. He felt she was concealing something, but he would not press her just then. "Didn't I see you in the mass meeting at the Ayuntamiento?"

"Yes; I know it was foolish. But I was just coming back to town when I saw the crowd going in. I couldn't resist the temptation to see what it meant—something new might have happened! I was up in the gallery.

"Oh, but that was a brave thing you did! I never would have thought of doing such an apparently foolhardy thing—and winning the whole city to my side at one stroke. Why, everybody in Meridiana is talking about you!

"And did you know"—she leaned toward him, the incarnate spirit of mischievous wisdom—"the chamber of commerce has voted you its thanks, and will compel Fajardo to dedicate the railroad for us as soon as it is ready? Don't you call that working wonders, when everybody thought a week ago that you were a murderous assassin and a scoundrel?"

He made no reply, absorbed with thought of her beauty. She could have known this only from her spy. What a wonderful woman she was; a mere girl in years and looks, but a very sibyl in wisdom and experience. His brief word, as he rose to leave, however, told her more than would another man's most earnest protestations:

"You are superb! Good night, little sister!"

"Buenas noches, hermanito. Vaya con Dios!" she responded in a low tone, giving him the beautiful old Spanish farewell as he vaulted to his saddle and vanished in the shadows of the banana-fringed driveway.

"Don Jaime! Don Jaime!" she called suddenly as he reached the road, scarcely hearing her call for the beat of his pony's hoofs upon the hard earth.

At the gateway she met him again. "Señor Pettit told me to tell you that you must be more careful. You are too reckless of consequences to yourself."

He looked down at her sternly from his saddle, suspecting something he could not understand, and not guessing her reason for calling him back.

"Was that what you recalled me to say?"

Pouting, she inquired plaintively: "Why not? But I will say it, too. Be more careful. Do. For—for—"

"For what?" he inquired, his voice more gentle.

"For my sake, *hermanito!*"

She was gone, speeding up the drive to the house like a startled fawn, before Fabian could gather his muddled wits. He saw her pass the door, heard a furious roulade begin upon the piano, a wild Hungarian rhapsody, that set his heart beating in tune with it as his restive animal cantered off down the road toward the city.

One thing, however, persisted in intruding upon his reverie. It seemed unreasonable to him that Elena should go calmly on allowing him to fight out the troubles of the line, getting the money to pay for its construction from she knew not where, and never taking the trouble to inquire how he managed to make both ends meet and conduct the affair with such celerity and smoothness.

It annoyed him to find her so thoughtless; but for once his doubts were mistaken, for an evening or two later, on his return to his rooms, he found a message from her asking him to come out to Calle Arzobispo, ready for a small dance to which she had been bidden.

Rather unwillingly he went, for there was work which must be done, and new specifications for material sent out without delay. The mail steamer would probably drop into port on her usual bimonthly call in the morning, and if he was to get his cars equipped with certain devices he had found useful on the Trans-Andean, he must catch that ship.

But he could finish his work when he got back; besides, the note said she had something of importance to tell him, and wanted him to dine with the family.

Somewhat uneasy, he listened in silence to her perfunctory greeting, for she was full of something else, and could scarcely wait until Don Jacinto and his unwieldy wife had left them alone in the *sala* before she began her questioning.

"Have you been able to pay all the bills connected with the railroad so far?"

"Yes," he replied shortly. "But I was compelled to advance some money needed myself. Why?"

"I knew it! Here," and she forced a thin packet into his hands, "this ought to be enough for the moment. There are one hundred thousand pesetas—twenty thousand dollars, I suppose, you would call it."

Fabian smiled as he saw through her attempt to make him say whether any of the money used thus far had been obtained from the Fajardo government, and how. Shrewd as she was, Elena's ideas of the cost of building and equipping the line were vague and far below the truth, and his answer to her question was noncommittal.

Truthfully, he added: "It is very pleasant to feel that I can count upon you for funds. I always like to know that I can meet my obligations right on the dot. Worrying about money is bad business."

Abruptly he changed the subject, and in a moment they were talking of the little ball, as she called it. Elena was ready, and calling placid Doña Ramona, they stepped into the waiting victoria.

At the dance, which proved a most elaborate affair, given in the usual Castilian fashion, with a great display and much ostentation, he soon found that he could not monopolize his partner, and spying Doña Inez waving her fan at him, he strolled hardily over to her, wondering what new adventure was forthcoming, and eager, if possible, to learn what he could from one so close to the dictator.

"The Cat" was at her best, her yellow eyes and lusterless hair gleaming above the low-cut Paris gown of Pompeian red satin. She welcomed him effusively, and professing to be too tired to dance, sat out the number with him on the upper balcony, arranged with potted palms and miniature fir-trees as a conservatory.

"Tell me, Señor Fabian," she murmured after the dance was half gone and they had chattered nothing but the usual commonplaces of small talk, "did you really mean to enlist in Uncle Moïsés's army and fight for us?"

She had seen Elena and Doña Ramona standing in the doorway, and purposely leaned toward him so that they could see her caressing attitude. "Did you think my uncle would allow a gentleman like yourself to go into the ranks?"

"Why not?" he fenced, wary of danger.

She bent still closer, and instinctively

knowing that she was going to whisper, he stooped toward her, willing to risk a good deal to get deeper into the fathomless tangle.

"I—we—that is, every one supposes you know a good deal about this Señor Pettit and Don Pascal. If my uncle had this information, it might mean a good deal to the country—and Don Moïsés is not forgetful."

"So he has reminded me," responded Fabian grimly, thinking he saw her game.

"No, you mistake me. He would not harm you for the world. But I can assure you, quite confidentially, my dear Don Jaime, that I can offer you a generalship if you will be frank with me and—and—"

He stared at her, amazed. What was it the cold and forbidding niece of the president wanted?

Surely the fire that smoldered so dully in her topaz eyes would not glow like that merely for the sake of getting him into the employ of the government. There was another trap here. A slight exclamation of amusement from Inez, instantly repressed, made him look quickly toward the door, where she was looking, but it was empty, and he saw nothing.

"Well?" he asked at last.

"Ah, you cold North Americans!" she exploded with a fiery gesture. "You rule because you are so calculating, so precise, so sure of yourselves before you do anything. Yet, I could adore a man of your stamp, a man with so much real fire underneath!—Don Jaime!"

There could be no mistake, and his heart sank. She was descending to vulgar intrigue of the kitchen-stairs sort to gain her end, whatever that might be. It behooved him to be cautious.

What if Elena should see him thus? The thought loosed his big voice as Inez had never heard it, and his answer boomed out clear and heavy in her ear, startling her until she shrank back into her chair, frightened at such a noise.

Disappointed that he had not taken the bait thus alluringly cast before him, and angry at what was either obtuseness or sheer perversity, Doña Inez glanced at her dance card and jumped to her feet with a petulant sigh.

"It is a shame! I have this next dance with Colonel Suero de Quiñones, and I must go in. I had much rather sit with you, Don Jaime, but he is a jealous man."

She smiled at him archly, and he thought of the purring of a cat over a still breathing and faintly quivering mouse. She tapped him lightly on the arm with her fan as they entered the ballroom, and she spied the colonel coming forward.

"Remember, *amigo mio*, my uncle is not narrow nor bigoted. You can have a good friend at court, if you will. When you realize your need, come to me. Will you remember? I adore cool men like you, Don Jaime!"

"Thank you a thousand times," he murmured, taking formal leave with a cold kiss on her outstretched finger-tips. "I kiss your feet, *señorita*."

"One thing more—one word. The colonel must not hear."

She changed instantly into French. "Do no more work for about six months. It will save you trouble. And now you are in my debt," she laughed gaily in Spanish once more as the frowning officer strode up to claim her.

"The deuce! Isn't this a lovely mess?" muttered Fabian, as he turned away to encounter Elena's cold and haughty glance. "It's that female fiend's work, I'll bet a hat!" he fumed angrily as he joined the frigidly courteous ladies.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Great Occasion.

THE plethoric Ffrench, in his brief stay of a few weeks in Meridiana, found much to wonder at. But most of all was Fabian a surprise to him. Night after night they sat together at the hotel or club, discussing the revolution and the progress it was making, and the curious political conditions under which they were living.

The large soul hidden in the puffy mass of fat that only by courtesy could be said to resemble what a human being should be, found the evenings when Fabian was absent with Elena, or out at El Nido with the men, long and slow.

But his spirits quickly returned when the indefatigable engineer presented himself again and brimmed over with life and interest.

"I'm very weary of this job, Mr. Ffrench," Jim remarked late one evening after a very trying day, as they sat sociably over a cooling nightcap—"sicker of it than I ever was of anything before in my whole life.

"The constant sense of having to hold myself in perpetual check, and be ready for anything that may happen, has proved a great strain. I'm an engineer, not an ambassador or a politician. Even excitement palls after a while. Too much of a good thing is as bad as too much of the other kind."

His visitor merely blinked sleepily and smiled over the top of his glass.

"Oh, it's all very well for you to laugh, sir. I suppose, to you, it seems like a pleasant game to be fighting these infernal grafters all the time to get anything done, but I can assure you that the next time I build a line in the tropics for anybody, I'll demand double salary.

"And I'll get it, too, by Jove, before I stir a foot! I'm sick of playing these crooked politicians and political thugs off against one another, keeping them busy at one another's throats so that I'll have a fair chance to get my road built!"

"You are overstrained, Fabian. You mustn't work so hard."

"Work hard? Where do you suppose the line would be if I didn't?"

"Quite so! Quite so! But you must take care of yourself. You mustn't break down now, right on the eve of the dedication of the main part of the line."

"I won't break down; but, just the same, I shall be mighty glad to see the job done and myself free again!"

"Don't distress yourself to get done at such lightning speed. You have accomplished more in the past four months than I dreamed you or anybody could in a year. Lay off. Let that excellent foreman of yours work ahead slowly for the next two or three months.

"Take a rest, and wait until things here have settled down and cooled off. There'll be plenty of time to do the work after the revolution is over and you know where you really are."

Into Fabian's troubled head flashed a dim belief in telepathy. Was not this precisely what Doña Inez had urged the week before, at the dance, when he had apparently hurt Elena so? Twice, now, she had refused to see him, and Doña Ramona's coolness had so upset him that for a single moment he contemplated taking this twice-told advice and going off to rest.

But his will came to his aid, and, shutting his teeth, he answered firmly: "No, sir! The work needs to be done, and done now. We are more than half through, and I shall finish strong, even if it is sometimes disheartening work. Shall you come out to El Nido for the dedication to-morrow afternoon?"

"Oh, certainly. By all means. I had intended staying only a fortnight when I first arrived, but I have been so interested in watching you work wonders, with everything dead against you, that I have stayed and stayed until I have quite recovered my old form. I'm at least twenty pounds thinner, you know, and I feel like a fighting-cock!"

He patted his wrinkled waistcoat complacently, though, for all his boast, Fabian could see no marked shrinkage in his vast bulk.

"I'll be on hand, my interest being, of course, that of a tourist looking for a chance at a spec. or some investments, now that the country is to be opened up.

"Nobody knows me, you know, and you can translate everything that goes on without fear of my being suspected. Then I'll catch the next mail-boat to New York."

Four o'clock came, a broiling afternoon temperature, making even the cool glade chosen for the dedication ceremonies shimmer with listless waves of heat, under whose malign influence collars wilted, trim white gowns and linen suits drooped and withered, and the faces of men and women alike turned the color of boiled lobster shells. Half the city was out, and the *bosque* along the line was filled with carriages, saddle horses, and the white tents of two full regiments of the soldiery.

The president and his ministers in their brilliant uniforms, the ladies in their cool looking gowns of filmy white and the lemon-colored *piña* fabrics, the

workmen composing Fabian's trusty gang, and the crews of the four new trains, contrasted sharply with the perennially green tropical foliage, whose abundance and rich hues stirred Ffrench to something like enthusiasm.

"Why," he vociferated as he strode through the brush along the right of way beside Fabian, talking briskly, "it's quite like a big affair at home. Only the trees are different. We don't have such luxuriance."

"We'll have luxuriance in a few moments," the engineer laughed, glancing toward the president's awning-covered platform. "I don't know, yet, just how the chamber of commerce made good its threat, but it seems to have done so, all right. I'm interested to hear what Fajardo will say. Two to one he's up to some new mischief."

"Done!" exclaimed Ffrench, lugging out a betting book. "I'll lay you a hundred duros to fifty. Give you a box at the opera, too, next time you're in town, if I lose."

Fabian hesitated. He knew he would have to pay if he lost, and he could not afford it; but seeing Elena regarding him with a peculiar glint in her eye so elated him that, in sheer excess of spirits, he took the bet. "I'll go you!" he ejaculated.

It was growing late, several minor orators having exceeded their time limit, when the engineer ascended the steps to the speaker's tribune platform, and was greeted with cheers and a generous round of applause, which he tried in vain to stay. He had been shaking with nervous dread of his audience as he stepped forward, but the very clamor they raised, and his almost unconscious effort to stay it, restored him to poise, and as silence fell he spoke in a firm, clear voice.

"I have very little to say. Sent here to build this railroad for the purpose of opening your rich and beautiful country and giving it the advantages of modern means of transportation, I have tried to infuse into my men and into my work something of the modern spirit of accuracy and speed

"To-day marks the opening of two sections of the line. One section remains to be completed. It will be, in a very short time. It is my earnest hope that the country of Meridiana may benefit in every way because of my simple efforts.

"You have honored me with your confidence. I shall endeavor to pay to the last real, by giving you a line so built and equipped that it shall be second to none anywhere on the continent of South America. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your friendliness and your appreciation."

He had spoken in Spanish, clearly, swiftly, and so well that the people, turning to each other, inquired: "Is he a Spaniard? Surely no North American or Englishman ever spoke so!"

One after another, brief addresses followed in quick succession, the people manifesting only the polite, bored interest that a crowd at a prize-fight shows in the preliminary bouts; everybody was waiting to hear Fajardo, and presently he arose.

"*Señoras y Señors,*" his rasping voice rang through the woods, "this is the greatest occasion but one for Meridiana. Once a year we celebrate our political freedom—but to-day we celebrate the beginning of our freedom from the medieval conditions that have harassed and bound our industries from the beginning. We celebrate a railroad, the spinal column, the very life center of all modern countries

"How long will it be, I ask, before we extend our line to reach into Costa Rica, to connect with the Costa Rican railways? How long will it be before we can step into one of these palatial cars in Meridiana, and step out of it either in Limon, or San José, or even—it is not impossible, in time—in Bogota?

"It is appropriate to this occasion that I should say a word as to the purpose of this railroad, and of the man who has built it so far with unerring skill and a swiftness of hand that is little short of marvelous. It is a state road. We have opened it by bringing out here to El Nido two regiments of our gallant soldiers, who, to-morrow, will march on farther to meet and to destroy forever the rebels who have attempted to blight our fair land."

A thunder of applause interrupted the speaker, and when it quieted down he went on in still more fiery tones:

"They have dedicated this railway as

we never could. They, gallant sons of the country, go to spill their dear blood for us. This ride they have just taken shows part of the purpose of the line: to serve the state as a quick means of transporting troops and arms in case of war.

"It will also prove the very strongest of all our most cherished plans for the development and betterment of the country. Its rich mines and plantations, its ranches and asphalt lakes, will be in touch with the seaports, and so with the whole world and its markets.

"My only regret is that it has been necessary for foreigners to have anything to do with this colossal enterprise, to share the glory with us—nay, to take it from us. But they have done their work well. In the engineer of the construction, we have a brave man and a skilled constructor.

"Whatever his political faults and crimes—of which the government has been compelled to take cognizance, and which will be suitably rewarded later—he has done for Meridiana what no man before has done. He has raised us to the level of his own great republic and the other nations of the north and west. For this we thank him.

"I am about to drive this native silver spike into the last cross-tie of this section of the railway," he concluded, holding up the glistening great nail as he spoke, "and I declare this railroad open for this much of its length. But do not rejoice too soon. We are in the throes of a menacing revolution.

"I shall use my best efforts to crush it out, root and branch. No mercy will be shown where our political tranquillity is endangered. Right shall win, as it has always won; but before it triumphs over the rebels, who at this very moment wait to give us battle, we may see this magnificent railroad destroyed. I pray it may not be so, but I warn you of the fortune of war.

"Once already have the insurgent rabble destroyed it, daring to perform their dastardly task in the night under the guise of our noble regular army, throwing the responsibility on my shoulders. I can bear the load of even so cruel an aspersion—but I can also punish the rebels who cast it upon me.

"People of Meridiana: I drive the silver spike! I proclaim the railway opened!"

He stepped down and stooped to place the big nail and swing the silver-plated sledge. Fabian's smile was scornful as he translated the speech sentence by sentence to the amazed Ffrench, who listened ruefully, seeing the chances of having to pay the hundred duros looming larger every minute.

"Don't worry, sir," the engineer assured him as the party broke up in the gathering gloom and climbed aboard the trains and into their carriages for the dash homeward; "they won't catch our fellows napping this time. I don't believe the natives can do much when we are watching for them and ready for trouble. They are cowards at heart, you know."

The big man looked very dubious, and Fabian continued:

"As I just said, we won't suffer any now, or very little, that I can see. And Mike tells me that he has the third section practically all graded and roughly surfaced. He finished it this afternoon, just before he came to the show. You see, that will let us run the track through without a single hitch.

"We have the rails and ties and fish-plates laid along the line now, so a gang like mine could run the track through so fast it would take a good walker to keep up with them. It'll beat anything you ever saw, if we have to do it. And we may need it in an emergency."

CHAPTER XIX.

Calm Before Storm.

SIGNALED at dawn next morning, the mail-boat crawled slowly around Cape Valiente and made her way carefully to the one fairly deep spot in Meridiana's harbor, the submarine gully before the arsenal wharf, and thither Fabian and his friend hurried after a hasty breakfast. Removing his perspiration-soaked hat, the traveler wiped his red brow with a sigh of relief, placed one fat foot on the gangplank, and, extending a vigorous hand, said:

"Well, good-by, Fabian. Wish you luck, m' boy!"

"Oh, you're not sailing yet," laughed the engineer, turning to one of the ship's quartermasters who chanced to pass, with a question as to the hour of sailing.

"In about an hour, sir," answered the seaman. "Tide'll be serving then. No water in this beastly mudhole."

"There—we've had all our hurry for nothing, after all. Now – Well, friend, what is it?" he broke off as he saw his postman approaching with an extended packet.

"The *señor* was not in his rooms, so I brought the mail down here. Would the *señor* care to examine it?" asked the fellow, humbly sure of his reward later.

Fabian took the package of letters and shuffled them hastily. Several official envelopes attracted his attention; and while Ffrench laughed at such a queer proceeding, and at such a postman, he chose one which bore his name, tore it open, and read the contents with a show of interest.

"I told you this was a comic-opera government," he remarked as the postman ambled slowly off the dock. "Here the president has done me, and several other men I know to be as honest as the day is long, the honor to condemn us to death. It would be funny, if it were not so absolutely silly

"He says that Pettit, commanding the rebels, and I, in charge of the railway work, both in league to upset the government, are under death sentence. Browne and Williamson, of Las Gracia's coffee *hacienda;* Frenet, of the Compañía General de Asfalto y Betún, and several others, are warned to leave at once, or, at least, to stop work immediately, under threat of imprisonment and the 'pains of the law.'

"Isn't that a pretty sequel to the way he spouted yesterday, out at El Nido? I can't understand why he doesn't do something, instead of wasting so much paper and ink. If he had really been in earnest, he could have had us all shot a month ago, and out of the way. But he and all the rest of them love to talk and threaten things they have not the slightest intention of ever doing."

"I think you're wrong this time," responded Ffrench anxiously. "This calls for a cruiser, if I'm a judge. I'll demand one the instant I get back. The navy is always eager to protect our interests and citizens.

"By Jove, I'll send a cable for a ship, right now! It won't do any harm to have one here. Good object lesson to these fellows, too."

"Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea. Our armored cruiser Greenville is on her way around the Horn to the Philippines now, and she ought to be in here in a couple of days to coal. I think, however, that you are alarming yourself unnecessarily."

"Possibly, possibly, my dear fellow. But it's better to be safe and wrong than right and anxious. Come across the street to the cable office with me."

"The president will know what you have sent by to-night," remonstrated Fabian, thinking of the detestable Third Division police.

"Quite so; and I shall be a hundred miles at sea," chuckled the old man gleefully.

Composing the message in a private code, a copy of which was always in his pocket, was a slow matter, for the despatch was lengthy, touching briefly on the situation, and ordering the junior partner of his firm to make such representations as would bestir the phlegmatic government to instant action. The cipher would puzzle the spies and police to translate, Fabian reflected with some amusement, as they walked rapidly back to the whistling steamer, sounding the warning of her departure.

As they stood on deck, Elena came out of the saloon, where she had been standing with another young woman, evidently a departing passenger, and beckoned to Jim. Excusing himself, he hurried over and, instinctively knowing what troubled her usually bright face, without a word showed her the notification he had just received.

"It's all right, little sister. This is only another annoyance. It really means nothing," he assured her smilingly, with a confident tone and air he was far from feeling. "Now come along over here and let me present my friend to you."

She gave him a curious, questioning look from under half-closed eyelids, but came willingly; and Fabian, with a flourish that not even a small Niagara of steam-spray from the bellowing

whistle could hide, presented Ffrench. Before they had time to exchange more than the usual formalities, deck-hands swept them over the side and down the creaking gangplank to the dock, while the dingy little mail-steamer cast off her stern-fasts and a government tug fussed importantly about her nose to push her out into the fairway.

In spite of his brave words and bluster, Elena was perilously close to tears as she stood with him watching the steamer get under way. Her eyes were fixed on the receding vessel, but her thoughts turned upon herself and the strong man beside her.

What a tremendous difference four months had made! How they had changed her, even. To-day she could not face without dread the whimsical changes and upheavals to which she had been born. And much as she desired the railroad finished, it must not be at the cost of this brave man's life.

President Fajardo was in earnest this time; she knew it. Her spy had brought her a copy of the notice; and from what he had been able to learn, Fabian was to be arrested and shot the moment the railroad was finished—neither sooner nor later—thus the decree had gone forth.

The reasons were clear. Fabian had so aroused public opinion that to touch him before the line was done would be the height of folly. But the people were fickle. The railroad completed, their interest in Fabian personally being finished with it, Fajardo could execute him before any one knew what had happened, and explain afterward, alleging his grave political crimes as ample cause for summary justice.

The engineer was doomed, yet he refused to believe it. She glanced up at him, her eyes misty, and he, catching the look before she could lower her telltale face, tried to cheer her by good-natured chaffing.

"Why, there is nothing to be frightened about, *hermanita*. This is just like all the rest of the things he has promised to do and hasn't done. His proclamation is all moonshine. He wouldn't dare carry it out.

"Besides, we shall have a cruiser or two here directly. Our Greenville ought to be in within a day or so."

"What good are cruisers if you are dead?" she burst out passionately, surprising him. "The ships may come and destroy the city, but you—you—"

"Ah!" he exclaimed sharply, almost letting her slip as he placed her in the waiting *carromatta*. "You know something more than the letter tells!"

"Merely unimportant details," she evaded truthfully. "Nothing beyond what the letters tell. That is, nothing worse. But, oh, do be careful!"

She pressed his hand. Her agitation was so evident that even the engineer began to feel the infection of her alarm, and, leaning a little closer to her, his foot on the hub of the wheel, he asked:

"Would it make any difference to you if anything should happen to me?"

She looked about helplessly. It was such a public place!

"Of course it would. This is the second time you have asked me that question. It would be a great grief to me to think for a moment that I had brought you to your death so far from home, and on an errand you not only did not choose yourself, but found distasteful. Of course I should suffer."

"Elena," he whispered softly, "is that all? Would you feel nothing more? Would regret be all that would move you?"

A touch upon his arm turned him in a white fury to deal with the interloper who thus dared break in upon such a conversation. Beside him stood a small and very ragged *muchacho*, dripping with sweat, holding by the bridle a pony whose lather-covered flanks and foam-flecked head testified plainly to the speed and distance he had traveled. Not a word did the boy speak, but thrust a bit of dirty paper into the engineer's hand. Mechanically the latter read it, starting from the wheel as he did so.

Elena saw his face change color and the lines about his firm mouth grow harder as he nodded to the boy and jerked the riding-whip from his boot-top.

"What is it?" she demanded, as he made no effort to speak again.

He tried to appear careless.

"Oh, just one of those annoying sprees the men go off on periodically. The foreman gets worried, the men are

too much for him, and the first thing he does is to throw up his hands and call for the boss," he equivocated. "I've got to go right to El Nido, I'm afraid."

"And I pray God you get no harm," she ejaculated.

He stared dumbly at her, leaped upon his pony, who for the first time since Fabian had owned him felt the cruel rowels of the Spanish spurs, and started off at a full gallop, leaving the almost hysterical girl sitting huddled in her carriage, her hands tightly clasped.

"At last!" muttered the flying horseman.

CHAPTER XX.

The Storm Breaks.

"WAR. Come. Mike."

The bit of dirty, scrawled paper, evidently peeled from inside the ditty-box of one of the gang, was laconic as a military order, and Fabian thought grimly of Sheridan galloping to save Winchester, as he, too, galloped over the soft roads toward El Nido, sparing his speedy pony but little, and letting the gallant beast stretch his wiry legs over the miles as he plunged steadily on.

Wondering if he, like the great commander years before, could stem the tide of almost certain defeat, he pulled up cautiously on nearing the white post marking the beginning of subsection G. From a distance came the patter of Mauser-firing, punctuated occasionally by slightly heavier reports.

There could be no doubt; the regular troops must have attacked the gang, and a battle royal was in progress; but Mike, like the good general he was, was saving his ammunition. Hobbling his gasping pony, Fabian drew his revolver and crept slowly around the curve in the embankment to where subsection H ended.

Southwest, in a broken-backed curve, ran the railway embankment, the salt marshes and Lake Chiriqui on its north, and a fertile, rolling country, abounding in big swales and hillocks, to the south. Three-quarters of a mile ahead of him, south of the line, lay a large grove of bamboo and banyan and buyo palms, in which the insurgent troops evidently lay.

Opposite the shanty and tool-house of the gang, which lay north of the tracks, was the hastily abandoned baggage of the government troops, whose commander had arrayed them on a high swale to shoot frantically into the grove. His gang was plainly visible from where he stood, a group of black figures, all armed, waiting to the north on the rails, halfway between the two armies.

Running back, Fabian unhobbled his pony and dashed along the edge of the marshes, with the embankment between him and the firing. Springing from his saddle as he reached the spot where the gang had gathered, he found them drawn up in two companies of fifty, and Mike saluted gravely as he scrambled breathlessly up the steep bank.

"Prisint—*arrms!*" he yelled to the soldier-workmen.

With a snap and precision that would have done credit to any troops, the rifles flashed into position; but Fabian was in no humor for foolery, and, at the word, the men stood at ease again.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded sharply.

Mike looked aggrieved. "'Tis glad Oi am ye've come, sor. 'Tis a shame, thot's what ut is! Here's a foine foight goin' on ferninst us, an' Oi cuddent let th' byes git in. 'Tis th' deuce of a job Oi've had a holdin' thim back till ye'd come."

"Yes, yes, I understand," he answered; "but how did the fight start? Who started it?"

"Thim greaser throops stharted t' go aff into th' country a little afther dawn, an' they hadn't got more th'n phwere ye see thim now, whin pop! out o' the woods comes Misther Pettit's insurrectos.

"They're at ut hammer an' tongs iver since, an' all th' byes achin' t' git in. Which soide'll we take, sor?"

Fabian laughed, in spite of himself. To see a hundred neutral workmen anxious to interfere in open warfare between loyal troops and rebels was too ridiculous for belief, yet here it was before his eyes. But the shooting was growing heavier, and as he turned to look again, both "armies" sprang forward on the charge.

The two loyal regiments were formed in four battalions, heading southwest, west, north for a possible flank move-

ment, and diagonally west by south, while through the matted tangle of the brush Pettit's men could be seen advancing in double skirmish line, bending forward in a huge crescent, and evidently outnumbering their opponents by at least two to one. Beside the contestants flowed the shingly ripples of the little Arroyo Guijoso, a little thread of water in a deep gully with treacherous sides.

"This'll settle ut, sor," spoke Mike's voice above the sharp crackle of the firing as the battle swept into array in buzzing confusion. "They'll be toired out. Ut comminced at about sivin o'clock, an' 'tis now afther elivin."

"Who has the advantage so far?" asked Fabian, watching every move narrowly.

"Oi cudden't say, sor. Both arrmies is afeard av aich other. But Oi t'ink mebbe th' insurrectos hov a little th' bist av ut so farr. Oi'm t'inkin' they'll win."

"They mustn't!" exploded the engineer as the two forces came together with a volley at close range and a deafening shout of anger and pain and fear. "What will happen to this line if they do?"

"We cud take thim on th' flank, sor," craftily suggested the veteran, unable to smooth the eagerness from his rough voice. "'Red!' 'Tusky!' Come here, both av ye!"

They came up on the run. Fabian paid no attention to them, but scanned the writhing line of the battle serpent to see where it would burst apart first—which party would find wings on its heels the soonest.

"Misther Fabian says we kin not affoord be no manes t' hov th' insurrectos win. He says we kin take thim an th' flank an' dhrive thim back along the Arroyo ontel th' reg'lars gits ther breat' agin. Thin wan grand charrge, an'—"

"Lanahan, shut up! What do you want to lie like that for? I never said anything of the sort!" angrily burst out Fabian, who never used his foreman's last name except in rare emergencies of temper. "We may have to fight yet, but don't go laying plans for it."

Abashed and hurt, Mike drew back silently, and the other two Irishmen stole softly to their places in the lines, unwillingly inactive spectators of what was going on in the rolling plain below and before them.

The cloud of Pettit's well-directed skirmishers had buzzed their leaden song into the reddening ears of the regulars with deadly effect, and had driven them back, step by step, along the Arroyo's steep banks, completely flanking and surrounding the desperate band that struggled with the fury of despair, knowing no quarter was to be expected from such adversaries.

Fabian had seen Don Robertson, charging recklessly to and fro through the thickest of the mêlée, shoot down Don Pascal with his own hand because the old man seemed for a moment to flinch in the face of such a furious struggle. Bit by bit the insurgents gained ground, until at last the cornered loyalists, penned by the Arroyo to the north, by high swales they were too exhausted to climb on the east and south, and by the rebels to the west, drew together in a compact square to fight it out to the death.

There could be no question of the result. It was merely a matter of time and fatigue. And all about them hung the stinging rebel gnats whose small-caliber, steel-jacketed missiles hummed the dance of death so viciously. The field was dotted with single writhing forms; little piles of distorted bodies, grown cold in the uncouth positions of the death agony or trampled into grotesque, appalling postures.

Wounded men staggered about, fell, rose, staggered on again, and fell once more; horses neighed shrilly, or screamed with the horrible, tortured accent of animals in distress unable to voice their suffering. But still the exterminating struggle went on, Pettit leading his men against the bristling square of bayonets again and again, absolutely regardless of danger, his white uniform and black horse making him a shining mark.

It made the engineer's blood boil to see such useless slaughter. Bob especially he loathed at that moment, and suddenly, without realizing the interpretation the gang would place upon his act, he called for a rifle.

A dozen were thrust at him instantly. Taking the first one to touch his out-

stretched hand, he dropped on one knee, adjusted his sights, drew a fine bead, waited until the big black horse was well in front of the yelling body of the rebels, and fired.

At the crack of the rifle no one spoke, but every neck stretched forward to see the insurgent leader fall. The range was long, but Fabian's aim was true, and the black horse suddenly drew his splendid forelegs convulsively under him, tossed his head high, and crashed down full length, throwing Pettit heavily beneath him. With a yell the insurgents swept on, but the loyal troops had seen the disaster, and, inspired by the lucky stroke, rushed forward.

About the fallen charger they met, and Mike, unable any longer to restrain himself, yelled: "Foight! Curse ye, foight! Rush thim; rush thim! Git in—"

Misunderstanding his enthusiasm for the orders they had so long expected, the railroad gang loosed a wild cry that startled both combatants, and swept down the slope into the fray with the spirit of a thousand. Bowled off his feet by the unexpected charge, Fabian picked himself up just in time to see them hurl themselves upon the insurrecto rear and flank like stones from a catapult

Beside him stood Mike, and the two men stared at one another in blank amazement. Fabian was slow to realize what had happened. He saw only how he might lose his gang, his railroad, possibly his own head, and he advanced a step toward Mike before he understood that it had been a mistake.

The Irishman saw him coming, noted his rage, his hesitation, and with the shout, "Come on, sor!" drew a heavy saber he had bought for show and rushed after the men.

Never doubting that their leader was close behind them, the gang yelled and swore, driving home every blow with a telling oath, shouting and romping, playing at war with the savage enjoyment of wild beasts in a demoniacal frolic.

Almost before Fabian could come up with them, they had broken through Pettit's ranks, their wild whoop and wilder blows striking terror to the hearts of the exhausted insurrectos. The circling line around the handful of regulars still able to fight was pierced by this fresh attack, and with a cheer that sounded faint compared with the lusty bellowing of the railroad workers, the regulars came on once more, nerved to fresh exertions.

Midday was long past, and it had begun to grow dark, the heavens lowering and blackening with the menace of an electric storm. The fighting men could scarcely see one another's faces as they shot and thrust and struck. Flashes of lightning lighted the field instantaneously and vanished in the lurid glare of the rifle fire that kept up intermittently all over the scene of action.

Even Fabian's men fell back a little for a breathing space, exhausted with their own fury, and the heavens opened with a downpour and a terrible, blinding crash and flash that found its response in a ground-shaking concussion and glare when the rebels' last ammunition caisson blew up with a splendid report as the lightning flew to its vitals.

It was not defeat; it was rout. Something struck Fabian on the shoulder, knocking him backward, and though he felt as if a house had fallen upon him, he was on his feet again instantly, pressing forward.

After the beaten fugitives streamed such of the regulars as were able to run, but the engineer, seeing the rout was complete, called back his men from their orgy of slaughter. As the storm passed and twilight began to gather, he crawled slowly to the embankment where Mike sat in the flickering light of a bonfire.

"By Jupiter, but I'm tired!" he ejaculated, sitting down in the firelight. "How's your leg, Mike?"

"Arrah, don't be afther worritin' yerself about me leg, Misther Fabian, whin 'twas such a bully foight! An' arl Oi'm sorry fer is thot 'twas over so— Howly Mother, luk at yer neck, mon! Begorra, 'tis covered wit' blood y' arre! Byes! Byes!"

Putting his hand unsteadily to his neck, Fabian felt something sticky and warm

"I—guess—I'm about—all in," he murmured faintly, trying to rise, and falling over on his side between the rails.

(To be concluded.)

Recent Railroad Patents.

BY FORREST G. SMITH.

Headlight which Throws Its Beams to Either Side or Overhead Cars Made To Fit Either Sheep or Cattle—"Safety-Valve" for Grain-Car Doors Car Frames That Counteract Rough Roads A Jack which Works as the Car Moves Ahead—Locating Cars on Street Railways Switch Points Pushed Apart or Pulled Together.

A SWINGING HEADLIGHT.

The Motorman Can Throw Its Rays to Either Side of the Track or Straight Overhead.

QUITE a number of automatic hea lights have been patented and several have been tested, but the chief difficulty experienced in their use lies in the fact that the connections between the light and the car truck are constantly under a considerable strain. As these connections must necessarily be light in weight, they soon become unfit for use and frequent repairs are necessary

A hand-controlled headlight is illustrated in a patent (No. 900,198, October 6, 1908) issued to Henry R. Parker, Reading, Pennsylvania, the light being designed chiefly for use on interurban electric-cars. The light shown in the patent mentioned is supported in front of the dash of the car upon a vertical rock shaft.

This shaft has connection, beneath the dash, with a similar shaft projecting vertically through the platform of the car to the rear of the dash. The latter lever has at its upper end another lever by means of which it may be rocked from side to side to swing the headlight to any position which may be desired.

One of the chief advantages claimed for the light is in the fact that it may be manipulated so as to illuminate not only the track-way, but also the ground at either side, so that the motorman of the car can examine any portion of the right of way. In addition to being arranged to swing from side to side, the headlight is so mounted that by working a smaller lever, carried upon the lever first mentioned, it may be swung in a vertical direction.

This construction permits the motorman, on approaching a curve, to send a shaft of light high in the air to indicate his presence to the motorman of another car approaching the curve from the other end. The light may be held in any position to which it is adjusted, and it is alleged that the time occupied in the various manipulations will not amount to more than two or three seconds in any one instance.

CATTLE OR SHEEP CARS.

Simple Means for Changing Their Floors To Accommodate Long or Short-Legged Stock.

IN a patent (No. 900,170, October 6, 1908) issued to Hardy B. Hauser, Cleveland, Ohio, there is shown a cattle car which is designed to be converted readily into one for carrying smaller stock, such as sheep. Ordinarily, separate cars are provided for carrying stock of each of the classes mentioned above, but with the adoption of Mr. Hauser's invention it is claimed that it will be necessary to provide only one type of car which may be quickly adapted to the needs of the particular time and occasion.

The car embodied in the invention is of the ordinary construction, except that it is provided with a secondary floor made up of foldable sections which may be raised and lowered, by rotating a winding shaft, to occupy a position directly beneath the roof of the car or about midway of the roof and

floor. When the secondary floor is in the first-mentioned position, the car is capable of carrying cattle and larger stock, but when the floor is lowered to the second position, smaller stock may be carried upon it, as well as upon the main floor of the car, thus doubling the capacity.

When the secondary floor is in this last-mentioned position, it is supported by substantial means which do away with all danger of its breaking down.

GRAIN-CAR DOORS.

To Discharge the Contents Without Completely Clearing the Doorway at the Beginning of the Process.

WHAT appears to be a decidedly novel improvement in the construction of grain cars is illustrated in a patent (No. 900,491, October 6, 1908) issued to Abner J. Denton, Nebraska City, Nebraska. It is a well-known fact that in all constructions of grain cars, it is desirable and necessary that means be provided for relieving the pressure upon the car doors prior to opening them to the full extent.

This end is usually gained by a small door at the bottom of the main door, which is first opened to allow a portion of the load of grain to flow from the car, after which the main door is gradually opened. The formation of a door opening in the main door is best avoided, however, as the main door is in this manner more or less weakened.

The door patented by Mr. Denton is composed of a pair of sections which may slide one upon the other; the upper edge of the doorway and the corresponding edge of the upper one of the door sections are provided with cooperating means for hingedly supporting the entire door when the upper section is raised. When both of the sections are lowered, the doorway is completely closed.

A chain is connected with the lower section of the door and is connected to a winding shaft arranged beneath the roof of the car. As stated above, the sections of the door are so constructed and connected that they may have a sliding movement one upon the other, so that when it is desired to unload the car the shaft is rotated to wind the chain and slide the lower section vertically.

This raising of the lower section may be done gradually to attain the desired speed of discharge. After enough of the grain has run out, the shaft is further rotated to swing the entire door up to position beneath the roof of the car, completely clearing the doorway.

ROUGH ROADS SMOOTHED.

A Construction of Underframe for Cars That Is Said To Counteract the Effect of Uneven Track.

THE roughest and most uneven of roads should become as smooth and as comfortable to travel upon as a paved street if a construction of underframe for railway cars invented by William H. Miller, Cleveland, Ohio, does all that is claimed for it. The object of the invention is to counteract the side swing of a car body traveling over an uneven track or over a road having a number of curves.

Each truck of the car devised by Mr. Miller has upon its frame rollers which extend in a direction lengthwise of the car. Upon these rests a top bolster having a rocker-shaped bottom, the car body being supported by these top bolsters so that it may have a slight swinging movement from side to side. This swinging movement of the car, however, is arrested to the proper degree by means of spring buffers arranged one at each end of each of the top bolsters, and others arranged one beneath each end thereof.

While at a standstill, the tendency of the car body is, of course, to maintain a position perpendicular to the trucks, but when the car is traveling over a rough stretch of track, the car body rocks from side to side, naturally in a direction opposite to that in which the rocking of the trucks would tend to rock it, but to such a slight degree that the effect is said to be the same as if the car were traveling over a perfectly level track. A patent (No. 899,674, September 29, 1908) has issued for the invention.

MAKE A CAR LIFT ITSELF.

A Jack That Operates by Merely Pulling the Car To Be Raised a Foot or Two Ahead.

AT the present time, when it is necessary to lift a car truck for repairs, it is customary to either employ a manually operated jack or a steam jack supplied with steam from the engine hauling the car; these jacks are complicated and liable to get out of order.

In a patent (No. 900,720, October 13,

1908) there is disclosed what appears to be an extremely simple form of jack which may be used either for the purpose of lifting the wheels of the truck clear of the rails, or, if the car has become derailed, upon the rails. The patent is issued to George H. Gilman and Henry M. Robertson, St. Paul, Minnesota, and the device illustrated therein is in the form of a segmental block having an eccentric tread portion which is to rest upon the ties, and a seat for the underside of that journal box which is located nearest the wheel to be raised.

After the block has been placed in position, the car is drawn forward by the engine, a foot or a little more than a foot, and the wheel is automatically lifted by the eccentric or cam formation of the block clear of the rails or upon them. After the necessary repairs have been made, if any are necessary, the car is backed until the wheel rests upon the rail, and the block may then be lifted out of place.

This jack, consisting of but a single integral block, is so much more simple than are the present forms of jacks that it is expected to meet with ready approval.

KEEPING TRACK OF CARS.

How a Street-Car Company May Know Where All Its Cars Are All the Time.

AS is well known, it is customary to run street-cars on regular schedule. It is also not an unknown practise for employees to run their cars slowly during the busy part of the day in order to collect a maximum number of passengers and so delay the cars in their rear and reduce the number of their pasengers to a minimum.

After collecting the desired number of passengers, they will, of course, speed their cars to the limit in order to complete the trip on time. In a patent (No. 899,588, September 29, 1908) issued to William C. Carr, Buffalo, New York, there is shown a system which is said to indicate automatically the approximate location of each car on a system and the time at which it arrives at certain points.

The apparatus is controlled by electrical circuits, of which one of the track-rails forms one conductor and a wire the other, there being a number of contacts interposed at intervals in the circuit, so that as each car passes them the indicating mechanism at the central station will show the fact and the time of passing.

The one in charge can ascertain in this manner whether or not the cars are being run at a uniform rate of speed and with proper headway. It is claimed for the system that it is by no means expensive to install, and where there is a laxity on the part of the employees it will enable those managing the road to locate the responsibility and maintain a better service.

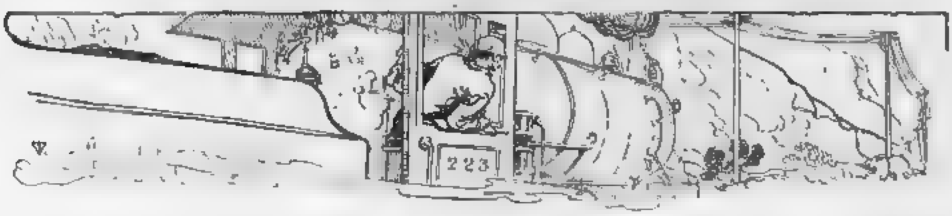
FOR THE SWITCH POINTS.

Pennsylvanian Has Device for Adjusting Distance Between Them So As To Prevent Derailments.

JAMES E. LEWIS, Steelton, Pennsylvania, contemplates substituting for the ordinary rigid switch point connecting rods now in use another form of rod which may be adjusted in length so as to bring the switch points nearer together or push them farther apart. His device has been reduced to concrete form and he has secured a patent (No. 900,750, October 13, 1908). In carrying out the invention, a socket plate is secured upon each of the switch points near their ends.

These plates carry each a nut which receives one end of a flat connecting rod. The nuts are secured in the socket plates, and by rotating the rod the switch points will be spread apart or drawn together, according to the direction of rotation.

After the points have been properly adjusted, jamb or locking nuts, which are also engaged upon the end portions of the rod, are turned to bear against the socket plates so as to maintain the adjustment. Such a device permits the switch points to be adjusted so as to take up the wear incident to constant use, and so prevent a number of derailments which would otherwise occur.



Close Calls at Crossings.

BY T. S. DAYTON.

THERE are many ways of beating the railroad, and each particular method has its adherents. One way, however, that would not seem likely to find much favor is to race the trains to the crossings where railroad and highway intersect.

It is so clearly the part of common sense to give the locomotive the right-of way, that one is surprised to learn of the foolhardy performances of pedestrians and drivers, apparently for no other reason than the empty triumph of being first over the tracks. Probably our readers will be able to duplicate, from their own observations, many of the incidents described in this article.

Queer Quirk in the Human Brain That Leads Men and Women To Compete with the Locomotive for the Right of Way.

WHAT makes a man or a woman try to beat a mile-a-minute train across the track? Instances abound that they do it. They will take more interest in dashing across the rails just ahead of a train running from sixty to a hundred miles an hour than they will in beating a local at half that speed. It is not a question of their being in a hurry, for on reaching the opposite side of the track, they will usually pause and watch the train whiz by. Sometimes it is the engineer's anxious face that peers back to assure himself of their safety; sometimes it is the fireman's.

Some engineers of long experience, men who are noted as "fast runners," advance the theory that it is the spirit of competition, the instinct of rivalry. Others think that the great mass, gliding down the tracks at terrific speed, has an irresistible lure, an attraction like that of a greater body for a smaller, that makes it next to impossible for the average human being to resist taking the chance.

The people who do these things do not know themselves why they run such risks. Crossing-gates are no impediment, for there are frequent instances where persons have crawled under them and dashed across the tracks regardless of the watchman's cries.

But the engineer in the cab—what of him? He it is who has to bear the brunt of these close calls, and of many others like them, due to the heedlessness of humanity. It is not the people who are run over, strange to say, but those who are just missed, that make the engineer's heart jump in unison with the person who is leaping across the rails just ahead of the pilot of the big engine. It is memories of these narrow escapes, too, that haunt his sleep and make him spring up gasping now and then.

Of all the engineers that the writer talked with, only one, "Big Arthur" Allen, who drives No. 3811, hauling the Empire State Express between New York and Albany, said that a close call did not make his heart jump a beat faster. But "Big Arthur" acknowledges that he has no nerves.

The rest of them say that their hearts

miss a beat or two when they just escape hitting some one, and then fall to pumping harder than ever to make up for the lost time. A few of them liken the sensation to the "goneness" that one feels in dropping from the tenth floor to the first in a fast elevator.

But no matter how much or how little excitement an engineer feels when he sees some one on, or attempting to cross, the track ahead of him, it is the emergency brakes and the whistle that shriek out almost simultaneously if there is time. If there isn't, there is nothing to do but look back and see the outcome.

Regular Morning Excitement.

Once in a while these close calls are funny. Engineer Hudler, on the Grand Trunk, used to miss the same man regularly on his run between Battle Creek and Port Huron. This man, in going to market with his produce every morning, was accustomed to approach the track with his one-horse wagon at the same time as Hudler's train came along.

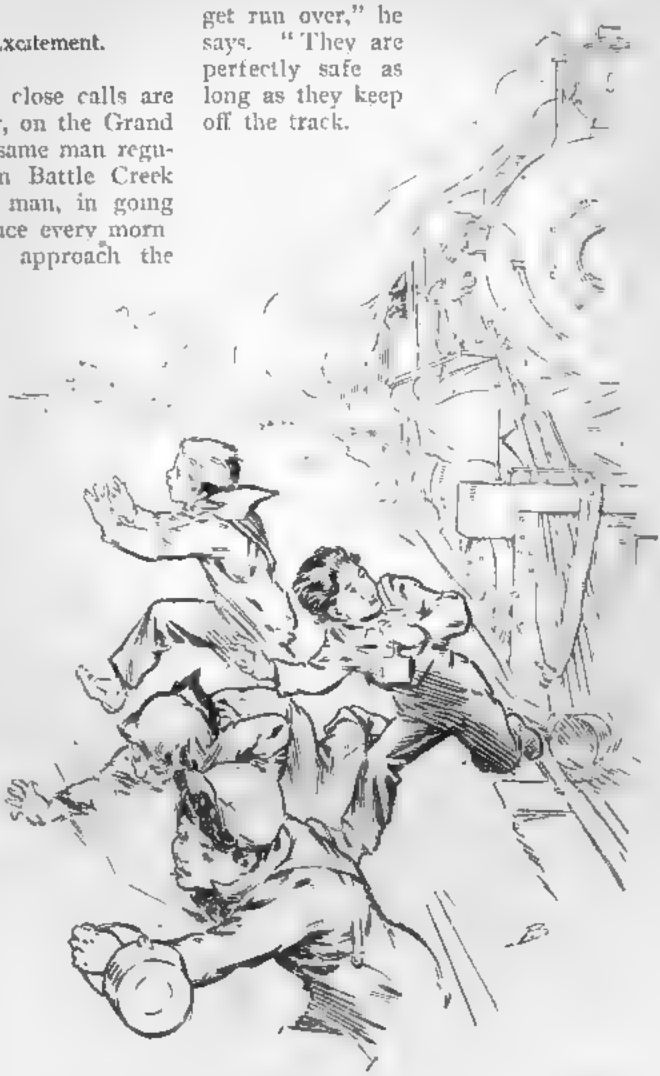
The engineer's crossing whistle would blow, the farmer would whip up his horse and dash across, generally by a fairly safe margin. Occasionally he would be a little late, and then the margin would be scant indeed.

He would always stop on the farther side and wave his hand, as if risking his neck was his morning's amusement. This sort of thing kept up for several weeks, and the engineer got madder and madder at the man's foolhardiness.

At last Hudler could stand it no longer, and on his day off made a special journey to hunt out this man. He gave him such a talking to that the man changed his schedule thereafter, and watched the train go by from the right side of the track.

There is one thing, however, that no engineer can endure, and that is to see a child on the track in front of his rapidly approaching train, almost within reach of his engine. This is not altogether as much a matter of sentiment as might be thought.

The engineer who is a "fast runner" is a highly skilled, logical type of man, who is much given to reasoning things out. "A man or a woman has got to come to a train to get run over," he says. "They are perfectly safe as long as they keep off the track.



"I PUT ON THE EMERGENCY AND WHISTLED, BUT IT SEEMED AS THOUGH I WAS INTO THE BUNCH IN A SECOND."

"But with a child it is different. Any child, through the merest accident, might get on the track when a mile-a-minute train is coming along. It probably isn't the child's fault, as it is a grown person's."

"Big Arthur" and the Children.

"One of the closest calls I ever had in the way of missing children on the track in all the forty-three years I've been running an engine," said "Big Arthur," of the Empire State, "was a while ago. I was coming along down the river, one afternoon, at a pretty good jog—she was doing about eighty—and I saw a swarm of little shavers crossing the track ahead.

"Some orphan asylum, I guess it was, that had been down to the water's edge for a picnic. I put on the emergency and whistled, but it seemed as though I was into the bunch in a second.

"I tell you, though, I was a pretty thankful man when I looked back and saw that I missed the last one by the margin of a hair. He wasn't a bit scared, either, for I saw him go back to pick up his little pail that he'd dropped between the rails when he stumbled across and rolled into safety.

"The most curious close call I think I ever had," went on "Big Arthur," "was a good many years ago. There's a place up the line where the river makes a big shallow bay on the eastern shore, and the tracks cross it on trestles.

"It was a pretty dark night, and just a little foggy, but not enough to interfere with seeing, the signals all right; and as I was late out of Albany, I was shoving her along at a pretty good clip. All of a sudden I saw something ahead of me on the trestle, something that looked as big as a house. I thought at first that it was a freight piled up, but there was no time to stop, so we slid on through.

"I stopped the train and went back to see what it was. The whole story was that a doctor had been called to see a patient down across the tracks by the river. He had left his horse up on the hill above the railroad, unhitched, the way a good many country doctors do.

"The horse got tired of waiting and jogged down to the track, and then, dragging the top buggy after him, had gone about four hundred feet out along the trestle without slipping down between the ties. It was the fog that exaggerated the size of the buggy, with its top up, and made me think it was a train of cars piled on top of each other.

"What became of the rig? Well, you know, a heavy train going through a thing like that don't leave much salvage."

"Horses have more sense than some of the men that drive them," says Hart Fackentall, one of the Pennsylvania's crack engineers. "Not long ago I was approaching a grade-crossing in the open country when I saw a man in a light farm wagon whip up his horse to try to beat the train across the track.

"The horse gave a jump forward and started to run. I was going at pretty high speed, and the distance was so short that I didn't have time to slow up. I thought we would surely hit them, but just at the last fraction of a second the horse seemed to decide that he couldn't make it, and threw himself back on his haunches and actually slid.

Saved by Horse's Instinct.

"We cleared the horse's nose by about two inches. The glimpse of the man that I caught as I looked back convinced me that he would not take such chances again. He had toppled over on his seat in a faint.

"Another time I saw a horse and wagon jogging down toward the track. I was some distance away from the crossing when I whistled, but the rig didn't move any faster or slower — just kept jogging along as though horse and man were half asleep.

"I thought that I would get past in time, but suddenly the horse seemed to wake up, and, just as we were within a few feet of the crossing, he gave a jump forward. We were going so fast that the engine hit the horse and cut him loose from the wagon as clean as if it had been done with a buzz-saw.

"I stopped the train and went back. The wagon's front wheels hadn't been swerved more than six inches out of their tracks, and it was uninjured.

"AT THE LAST FRACTION OF A SECOND THE HORSE SEEMED TO DECIDE THAT HE COULDN'T MAKE IT, AND THREW HIMSELF BACK ON HIS HAUNCHES."

"The man on the seat was fast asleep—he had been drinking—and he was the most surprised and the worst scared person you ever saw when I woke him up and told him what had happened.

The Eternal Auto Speeder.

"Nowadays, though, the automobiles have added considerably to the engineer's troubles at level crossings. Pedestrians and people driving are cautious when compared with the speeding autoists.

"The closest call I ever had with an auto—the closest I ever expect to have, in fact—was this summer. I was doing about sixty miles an hour when I saw ahead of me a big touring-car filled with women and children. A man was driving the car, and it was coming along the road that crossed the track at a very high speed.

"I whistled and put on the emergency brakes. The people in the motor car didn't seem to pay the slightest attention or make the least attempt to stop, which they could have done easily.

"They flew over the track just like a black streak, and the nose of the pilot missed them by not over two inches. If I hadn't begun to slow down, there would have been an awful accident.

"I felt especially thankful on account of the children, and I drew a pretty long breath as I let her out again."

People who are walking along the tracks are a frequent cause of trouble and annoyance to the engineer. Despite warning signs, innumerable persons use the railroad as they would the highway. They are of all sorts—tramps, people going to and from work, women, and children

They generally seem to appreciate the necessity for watchfulness, however, and step out of the way in plenty of time. Now and then, though, there is encountered the man who seems to hold the mile-a-minute train in contempt, as it were, and who only steps out from between the rails at the last moment, when the whistle has shrieked its loudest and the engine has begun to slow down.

A Pennsylvania engineer tells of a man whom he saw ahead of him on a long trestle. Repeated whistling did not cause him to turn his head or to quicken his steps. The train slowed down, and

only when the pilot nosed him in his legs did the man face about.

Apparently, he was not surprised. He could not plead deafness as an excuse, for when the engineer heatedly inquired if he had not heard the whistle, and what did he mean by walking on the trestle and stopping the train, the man answered that he always went that way to his work. On this particular morning he was half an hour early, he said, and did not have any reason for hurrying; further, he had just as much right on the trestle as the train had.

He had to ride to the next station, much against his will, however, and when he was through listening to what the magistrate had to say subsequently, he fervently promised to keep to the public highways for the rest of his life.

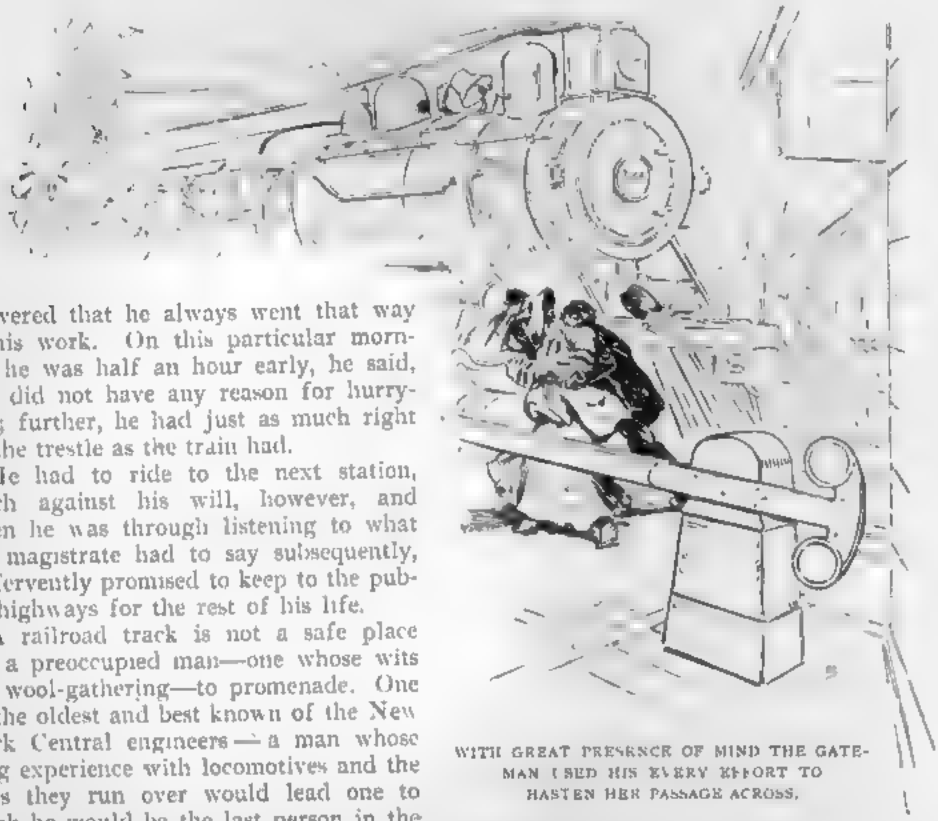
A railroad track is not a safe place for a preoccupied man—one whose wits are wool-gathering—to promenade. One of the oldest and best known of the New York Central engineers—a man whose long experience with locomotives and the rails they run over would lead one to think he would be the last person in the world to get caught on the tracks by a passing train—nearly lost his life in a peculiar manner on the tracks near the High Bridge shops not long ago.

An Old-Timer Caught Napping.

At that point eight or ten lines of track run parallel to each other. The main line tracks have the extra, or third rail, for handling the trains drawn by the great electric locomotives from that point to the Grand Central terminal. The engineer in question was crossing the tracks, going over to the master mechanic's office.

"I wasn't paying much attention to anything," he says, "but was thinking about something or other pretty hard, when, all of a sudden, I heard a whistle—two whistles, in fact—and looked up. To the right was a Limited swooping down on me.

"I must have looked both ways at once, for I saw, on my left hand, a local



WITH GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND THE GATEMAN USED HIS EVERY EFFORT TO HASTEN HER PASSAGE ACROSS.

hurrying along on the track at my back. I couldn't make any quick jump forward or backward for several reasons. I've got a stiff leg, and the trains were coming too fast, and would pass just where I stood.

"If I tried to get out of the way, one or the other of them would hit me. The space between the tracks was pretty narrow; but I thought quickly, and decided to chance it. So I just stood still as near the center of the space as I could, and they both whizzed by me at the same moment.

"There was about two inches clearance on each side of me, and when I did step out in safety, I felt like kicking my-

self for being so careless. I've never been in a wreck or been injured on my engine in over two-score years of service, and to think of my narrowly escaping being run down on the track near my own roundhouse, like a hobo—it pretty near made me sick."

Aside from children, women and cows on the track are dreaded especially by the engineers. Women are more persistent than men, they being peculiarly prone to crawl under the crossing-gates so as to get on the other side of the track before the train rushes by. An especially notable case is recorded in the annals of the trainmen of one Eastern road

Outside the yard limits of one large town the line crosses several important thoroughfares on the street level. These points are carefully guarded by watchmen and gates. At one of these places one morning, a few years ago, the gates were down and the watchman stood by the track, waving his flag to stop the traffic.

Everything halted to let the Limited go by — everything, except one woman. She was young, well dressed, and in a hurry. The rails were just beginning to vibrate with the onward rush of the train when she came up to the barrier across the sidewalk and, stooping, got under.

The gateman saw her, and rushed up, seized her by the arm, and endeavored to drag her back. She was angry in a moment.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed. "I'm in a hurry. Take your hands off me this instant."

By that time they were in the center of the track and the engine but a few hundred feet away, coming at full speed. With great presence of mind, the gateman ceased restraining her, and used his every effort to hasten her passage across.

It was lucky he did, for the train missed them by less than a handbreadth. She made a complaint to the company of the way she had been treated, and demanded that the gateman be discharged forthwith. The same watchman is still on duty at the same crossing, however.

A Cow's Second Thought.

Another of the fast runners on the Pennsylvania between New York and Philadelphia had one of his closest calls last year, when he met a cow on the track. He was cleaning up about sixty miles an hour, he says, when he noticed that a young cow had jumped out of her pasture and was standing on his track, head and tail up, apparently waiting to hook the engine.

He blew his whistle, but the cow didn't pay the least attention, further than to paw the ground and threaten with her horns. Whistling seemed to have no effect, so the engineer thought he would try a little live steam.

Still sweeping forward, he turned loose a cloud of superheated vapor that seemed to almost strike the animal in her face. She gave a frightened snort, and with a jump cleared the track. Another leap, and she was over the fence in her pasture again, and the last he saw of her, she was still running.

CAR-CLEANING BY MAGIC.

AN extensive system has been installed on the Reading by which the car-cleaning work of the company at the new shops in Philadelphia is being done with marvelous thoroughness and almost instantaneously. A report says that "germ-proof and dustless cars will be turned out at the rate of a dozen a minute." It is a vacuum process, by which fifty cars can be cleaned at once.

In other words, half a dozen ordinary passenger-trains can steam into the yards at the same time, be cleaned at the same time, depart at the same time, and none of them need be in the yards more than ten minutes, notwithstanding the fact that they have been thoroughly cleansed of every particle of dust or stale air.

Under the big new yards at Huntingdon Street is a fan-like arrangement of pipes which spread out until they reach every track in the yard. They are connected with the power-house, which contains an enormous suction-pump and reservoir, and into the waiting, capacious maw of the latter every suggestion of dust or disease is drawn from every nook and corner of the cars.

MR. DUFFY'S DILEMMA.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

How a Husband and Father Made the Truth Seem Falser than the Blackest Lie.

MR. ALPHONSO DUFFY got up impatiently from his desk to answer the telephone. He was busy posting his books and did not like to be disturbed at that solemn function.

"Hallo!" he shouted in a tone that plainly indicated irritation.

"That you, papa?" inquired a musical voice. "Well, I just wanted to tell you that I intend to marry Jack. If you have any objections you will have to submit them before ten o'clock or —"

"What?" broke in Mr. Duffy. "You intend to marry that Jack Bemis? Never! I tell you—"

But his daughter hung up the receiver and left him to his bitter thoughts

Mr. Duffy did nourish an objection to his daughter's marrying Jack Bemis—a strenuous objection of long standing. Mr Bemis was a nice young man so far as character and ancestry were concerned, but as he was simply a reporter for the *Times*, Mr. Duffy did not think his financial prospects warranted his aspiring to the hand of his daughter.

A deep frown covered Mr. Duffy's broad brow and he glanced at his watch. It was nine thirty. He thought he had time to finish his posting, so he resumed his labors. He toiled feverishly.

Five minutes later the telephone sounded a second alarm, and Mr. Duffy hastened to answer it. The voice at the other end of the wire was that of a child. It quavered with excitement.

"Papa," it almost gasped, "come home quick! Mama fell down stairs and broke her arm!"

This soothing information precipitated Mr. Duffy into a state of grave anxiety. He could feel the cold sweat oozing from his forehead. He shouted that he would be home at once, then hastened to put away his books.

But he had scarcely placed them in the safe and closed the door, when, for the third time he was summoned to the telephone. The voice was that of a woman, and it evidenced great and growing agitation.

"Mr. Duffy?" it asked. "This is Mrs. Purcell, your next-door neighbor, you know. I thought I'd better telephone you to hurry home."

"Why?" gasped Mr. Duffy, his excitement increasing by leaps and bounds and the perspiration pouring from every pore.

"Because," the woman paused as though endeavoring to control her emotion, "your house is on fire."

The message had the natural effect upon Mr. Duffy. It was the final contribution to his accumulating misfortunes which banished all traces of calmness from his bearing and loosed wild-eyed excitement through his portly person.

He waited to hear no more, but hung up the receiver with a bang, hurriedly picked up an orange which lay on his desk, slipped it into his pocket, grabbed his hat, and bolted for the door.

Now, Mrs. Purcell was a very estimable woman. She had no wish to deceive or exaggerate, but in this instance she had let her alarm get the better of her. The Duffy baby had dropped a lighted match among some old papers. There had been a flash, a curtain had become ignited, and the flames had leaped to the ceiling.

Mrs. Purcell had seen them from her side window, and the doleful news was borne to Mr. Duffy at the very instant that Mrs. Duffy, still groaning with the pain in her sprained, but not broken arm, was extinguishing the last flickering spark.

Mr. Duffy could scarcely remember when he weighed less than two hundred. Just now his avoirdupois was over rather than under two hundred and fifty. His legs were as short as his body was thick. It was a very warm night. From all of which it may be imagined that even his high speed was not likely to endanger other traffic.

But he strode onward with all his energy, his hat in one hand, his handkerchief in the other, his gait similar to that of a young elephant, thin streams of perspiration induced by exertion and excitement oozing from every pore, his eyes searching the heavens for the bright glare that would assure him his home was in the greedy grasp of the fiery flames.

When at last he reached the railroad yards his full-moon face, edged with a million glistening drops, was not unlike a mammoth ruby set in a circle of glittering diamonds. He paused a moment and gazed uncertainly through the yards.

By following the tracks he would save himself a walk of several blocks, but he never had been through the yards even in daylight, and he was not sure he could find his way in safety.

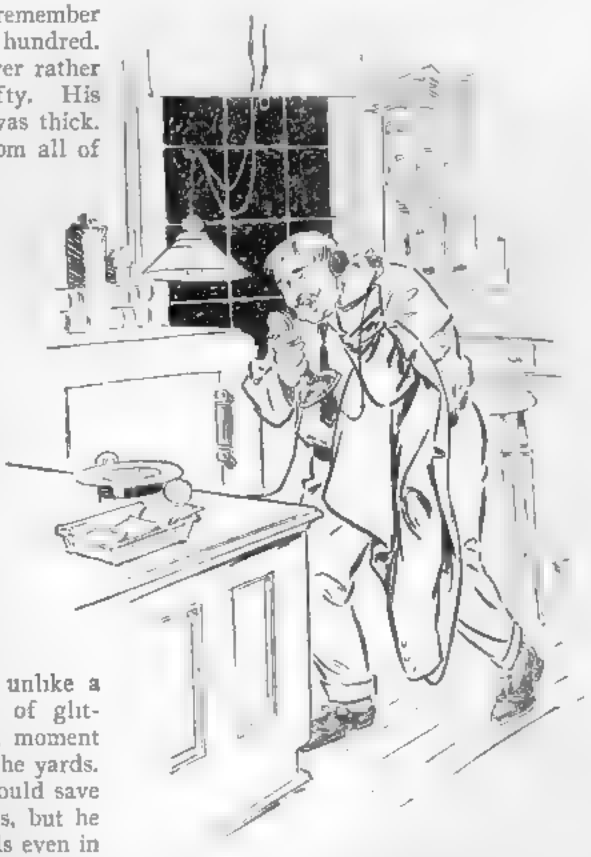
He mopped his face, cast one frightened glance at the impenetrable darkness that shrouded the yards, and trudged determinedly forward along the labyrinth of tracks.

He proceeded with anxious haste, and soon found himself between two long strings of box cars which kept even the feeble rays of the switch lights from falling upon him, and rendering it so dark that he could not see his fat hand in front of his fat face.

A stillness as deep as of death itself surrounded him. Everywhere was silence, broken only by the crunching of the gravel under his feet and the spasmodic and guttural gasps of his heavy breathing.

But presently to Mr. Duffy's straining ears there came the unmistakable sound of articulate speech, almost at his elbow!

"Get a move on, there, Shorty," a



THE VOICE WAS THAT OF A WOMAN, AND IT EVIDENCED GREAT AND GROWING AGITATION.

gruff voice whispered, "or the flies will get yer!"

Mr. Duffy paused indignantly. He did not recognize the voice, and, failing to recognize it, he resented the familiarity of the words. What right had any one, and most of all a stranger, to address him as "Shorty," and what right had any one to assert that the flies would get him if he didn't move faster?

He drew himself haughtily to his full height and glared angrily about him, but he could see nothing but high box cars and deep shadows.

Then he heard another sound—a sudden, sharp report like a board being ripped from a box—and the voice said: "Here, hold the sack, quick!"

The truth flashed upon Mr. Duffy and all but overwhelmed him. He had stumbled upon thieves in the very act of robbing a car—the very car beside which he was standing! The discovery was a distinct shock, but Mr. Duffy recovered valiantly and shook himself together.

Above all things, Mr. Duffy was honest and patriotic. He believed in the laws of his country and in their enforcement. For the moment he entirely forgot his family troubles, and with the laudable intention of informing the police of his discovery he hurried away.

He walked as rapidly as possible for several steps, and then his enthusiasm forced him into a run. But he had scarcely covered ten yards before he ran squarely into the arms of a man with a dark lantern in one hand and a savage looking revolver in the other. The man was Dannie O'Keefe, special policeman for the Metropolis and Western Railroad!

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Mr. O'Keefe exultantly. "So Oi have yez at last, have Oi? Sure, 'twas a foine getaway yez was afther attemptin', but yez can't

"GET A MOVE ON, THERE, SHORTY," A GRUFF VOICE WHISPERED, "OR THE FLIES WILL GET YER!"

cut her whin Dannie O'Keefe is watchin'. Nary a bit!"

"What?" gasped Mr. Alphonso Duffy, panting with astonishment. "I don't know what you mean by 'attempting a getaway,' but I'll thank you to lower that gun. It might go off."

"An' sure if it goes off," grinned the officer significantly, "'twould be the last of yez, Oi'm thinkin'. Sure, there

wouldn't be enough left of yez for a dacent wake. But lower it Oi will not till Oi gets yez safe at the station."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Duffy again. "Do you mean to say you are going to take me to the station? That you are going to lock me up? Why, this is an outrage, sir; an outrage!"

He threw back his shoulders and glared defiantly at Mr. O'Keefe. O'Keefe took him gently but firmly by the arm.

"Sure, now," he said, "don't yez go for to be sayin' somethin' that may be used ag'inst yez in courrt. Just come along paceful loike an' don't cause anny throuble or disturbance."

Mr. Duffy swelled with righteous indignation. He tried to speak, but his tongue refused to move. He could only puff and puff and mop his forehead with his handkerchief.

"But—but," he burst forth finally, "you don't know to whom you are talking. Why, confound you, sir, you don't know who I am!"

"'Tis that same Oi don't," admitted O'Keefe, not the least discouraged, "and niver a bit do Oi care who yez are or what yez are. 'Tis what ye've been doin' Oi know."

"What?" gasped Mr. Duffy for the third time. "What have I been doing?"

"Oh, ho!" snorted the little officer indignantly. "Do yez mane to say that Dannie O'Keefe doesn't know his business? What?" He released his hold upon Mr. Duffy's arm and danced around his portly person in keen resentment.

"Sure, 'tis robbin' the carrs yez was afther doin'. Oi caught yez at it. Oi caught yez in the very act of it, bad cess to yez!"

He came close to Mr. Duffy and stuck his thin face so close to Mr. Duffy's agitated one that they almost touched noses.

"Oi've been layin' for yez for days an' wakes, but Oi've got yez at last. Glory be!"

"Nonsense!" declared Mr. Duffy angrily. "Stuff and nonsense! I tell you, sir, you've got the wrong man."

"Stop now!" cried O'Keefe vehemently. "Stop now!" He stopped and directed the rays of his lantern under the car. "Look there at thim oranges ye and yer pal dhropped in yer hurry to git away."

"But I didn't," began Mr. Duffy.

"Ye didn't?" O'Keefe regarded him contemptuously. "Thin tell me wan thing. Why was ye runnin' away? Didn't? Huh!"

Mr. Duffy's amazement increased rather than diminished, and he became so confused he could not think clearly.

"Running away?" he asked abstractedly. "Why, so I was, wasn't I?" Suddenly the reason of his running flashed upon him and he smiled confidently.

"I'll tell you why," he said confidentially. "I heard them robbing the car and I was running to tell you."

Mr. Dannie O'Keefe threw back his wizened head and laughed uproariously. "Oh, ho!" he exclaimed in high glee, "but 'tis a bully good thinker up of stories ye are. Runnin' to tell me! Huh!"

With the deftness and quickness of one accustomed to searching crooks, he ran his right hand over Mr. Duffy's ample person, then slipped his hand into the right pocket of Mr. Duffy's coat and drew forth an orange.

"Oh, ho!" he repeated triumphantly. "Perhaps ye was bringin' me this for to show me ye wasn't lyin'? What? Didn't do it! Huh!"

Mr. Duffy gasped. The circumstantial evidence piling up against him made him weak and trembling. O'Keefe again grasped him firmly by the arm, and, as one in a daze, he suffered himself to be dragged along. Suddenly the deep reverberations of the town clock came to him. Ten times it struck.

"Heavens!" he cried, stopping short and mopping his anxious face. "Heavens! I must go home. I must go home at once! My daughter is going to be married."

"Well, here's wishin' good luck to 'er," remarked O'Keefe ironically, "and may she live long and prosper."

"But you don't understand," insisted Mr. Duffy in a trembling voice. "I don't want her to get married. I sha'n't let her get married. I shall positively refuse to give my consent."

The realization that if Margaret had meant what she said, it was now too late for him to enforce any objection caused his last words to merge into a groan.

"Well, well," replied the policeman

"'TWAS A FOINE GETAWAY YEZ WAS AFTHER ATTEMPTIN', BUT YEZ CAN'T OUT HER WHIN DANNIE O'KEEFE IS WATCHIN'.

impatiently. "'tis married she may be, or 'tis marrie, she may not be. 'Tis not m that's carin'. But there's wan thing Oi do know: 'tis goin' along wid me, ye are. So, come on!"

Mr. Duffy objected strenuously, but in vain. Eloquence, entreaty, and defiance were alike impotent to change the little Irishman's determination. Mr. Duffy expostulated and mopped his brow by turns, and almost wept with vexation.

"But I tell you," he broke forth at last, "I must go home. My wife was injured. She was badly injured. She may be dead by this time."

"Hurt was she?" asked O'Keefe sympathetically. "Sure now, that's too bad."

"Yes," moaned Duffy, encouraged by the thought that his captor was relenting. "It was an awful accident—the worst I ever heard of."

"Oh, dear, dear!" replied the night watchman, looking condolingly at Mr. Duffy. "Isn't that too bad, now? Sure, 'twill spoil the weddin', it will."

Mr. Duffy glared at him suspiciously. He had detected the sarcasm in the watchman's words, and he resented it.

"Laugh at me, why don't you?" he roared. "Arrest me for nothing and then laugh at me!" His indignation choked him and he lapsed into injured silence.

"Sure now, 'tisn't me as would laugh at a man wid throubles of his own," replied Dannie O'Keefe. "What wid yer daughter gittin' married and yer woif gittin' killed in a hollycost—"

"I didn't say she was killed in a holocaust," snapped Mr. Duffy. "I said she was injured in an accident. She fell down stairs and broke her arm."

"Oh, that way?" said Mr. O'Keefe. "Well, thin, have ye recalled the invitations. Oi don't know?"

Mr. Duffy choked with newly kindled wrath. He could think of no words suf-

nciently scathing to do justice to his feelings, so he found what solace he could in gazing dumbly at the other and mopping his feverish brow. But, suddenly, another disturbing thought came to him.

"See here," he cried desperately, "you must let me go home. I tell you I've got to go home. My house is on fire and—"

"What?" ejaculated O'Keefe, apparently nearly overcome by this new and dire calamity that had overtaken his prisoner.

"Yes," wailed Mr. Duffy. "It's on fire. It may be a heap of charred ruins this very minute. That's why I was coming through the yards—to save time. Yes, that's it. That's why I was running."

Dannie O'Keefe regarded him a moment in ominous silence. Then he held his left palm in front of him, precipitated his right fist into it, and glared into Mr. Duffy's flushed face.

"'Tis a foine lot of stories yer do be makin' up," he cried vehemently. "First, ye're comin' to tell me of thim robbin' the carrs; then 'tis yer daughter is goin' to be married was the rayson ye was runnin', then 'tis yer woif fell down and broke the arrum of her was the rayson ye was runnin'; and now 'tis the house of ye is burrnin' up was the rayson ye was runnin'.

"'Twill be an epidemic next, or a flood, maybe, or a famine, maybe, or a wild and ragin' tornado, maybe, or wan hundrid an' forthy-wan other things, maybe. How do Oi know whether 'tis so or not, but wan thing Oi do know. Listen to me, now!"

He pulled his sleeves up to his elbows, buried his right fist in his left palm, and glared at Mr. Duffy with a comical smirk.

"Yer cow may have the 'pendicitis, an' yer hoss may have the scarletina, an' yer pig may have the colway infantum, an' yer dog may have the spinal come-an'-get-us, an' yer cat may have the diabaytus, but 'tis to jail ye are goin'!"

"SO!" EXCLAIMED THE SERGEANT OF POLICE CRUSTILY. "YOUR DEPREDATIONS ARE AT AN END, EH? WHO'S YOUR PAL?"

"JACK, MY BOY," HE SAID TEARFULLY, "YOU CAN HAVE HER, AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!"

Mr. Duffy sighed heavily, but he did not reply. He knew the utter uselessness of making further protest or entreaty. He knew the danger of offering resistance to the strong arm of the law. So he cast one anxious glance skyward to discover, if possible, the scarlet glare of his burning home, and then followed the little officer with the air of a martyr being led to the stake.

At the station Dannie O'Keefe turned him over to the tender mercies of a sergeant of police.

The sergeant was a short, stout man with a red face. He listened patiently while the officer narrated his thrilling capture of the prisoner in the very act of stealing oranges from a car.

Then he turned his small, black eyes upon Mr. Duffy. That gentleman was nervously twirling his hat and mopping his flaming forehead.

"So!" exclaimed the sergeant of police crustily. "Your depredations are at an end, eh? Who's your pal?"

Mr. Duffy drew himself to his full height with an effort.

"Sergeant," he said with a desperate attempt at calmness. "He got the wrong man. I told him he had, but he wouldn't listen to me. I'm a respectable citizen of Metropolis, sir. I'm a man of a family. I have a wife and three children. I was in a great hurry to get home, and I came through the railroad yards—"

"Yes, I know," the sergeant interrupted heartlessly. "I believe you told O'Keefe you had a wife and that she had broken her arm, and that you had a daughter and she was going to get married. I believe you told him why you were going through the yards and why you happened to be running. If I remember correctly, you gave several reasons for your hurry, each of them very much more startling than the previous ones."

He paused and gazed coldly at Mr. Duffy. Mr. Duffy dried his face.

"Are you quite sure," he continued, "that you have related all your misfortunes; that you have not overlooked any in the excitement of the moment?"

"See here," exclaimed Mr. Duffy, feeling his indignation rising and valiantly struggling to master it, "my name is Duffy—Alphonso Duffy. I reside in Seventeenth Street, and I am head bookkeeper for the Metropolis Lumber Company."

He paused to note the effect of his words upon the sergeant of police, but the sergeant of police didn't seem to be affected. He was playing with a paperweight and was very calm indeed.

"I was at work on my books," continued Mr. Duffy desperately, "when my daughter telephoned me that she intended to marry a certain young man, who—who—well, whom I don't want her to marry, and that if I wished to object I must do so in person before ten o'clock, or it would be too late.

"A few minutes later my small son telephoned that Mrs. Duffy had fallen and broken an arm. As if this was not enough—" he paused to draw his handkerchief significantly across his eyes—"I was putting away my books when a neighbor telephoned and informed me that my house was on fire."

"I see," observed the sergeant dryly, "that you are an expert at making explanations. You are a regular genius at it. Now, Mr. Duffy," he raised his eyes to those of the perspiring prisoner, "since you are such an adept at explaining, perhaps you can explain how you came to have this orange in your pocket," and he tapped the offending fruit.

"Why," replied Mr. Duffy promptly, "I bought it at a fruit-stand. I was taking it home to the baby."

The sergeant regarded Mr. Duffy silently for a few seconds.

"As I understand it," he said presently, "you were in a hurry to get home in time to prevent an objectionable wedding, your wife had met with a severe accident and you wished to get home at once to take care of her, and you were intensely anxious to get home at the earliest possible moment to assist in removing the goods from your burning dwelling and making sure that your family was safe."

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Duffy hopefully; "that is it exactly, sir."

"And so, despite all these urgent demands for haste," continued the sergeant, "you stopped at a fruit-stand to buy an orange for the baby? O'Keefe, lock him up."

Mr. Duffy broke into a deluge of sweat. It stood in great drops on his forehead; it trickled down his neck and dropped off the end of his chin.

"But I don't want to be locked up," he screeched. "I was never in jail in my life. I'm a member of the church; I'm a deacon in the church. I want to go home; I must go home. There never was a man who was needed at home more than I am at this very minute. I really must go, now, at once."

The sergeant shook his head grimly. O'Keefe laid his hand on Mr. Duffy's arm. At that instant the door opened and a young man entered. The young man was Jack Bemis, reporter for the *Times*.

When Mr. Duffy saw the young man he drew in a long breath of relief. When the young man saw Mr. Duffy he became suddenly very much interested in the proceedings.

Mr. Duffy told his story to the young man, pausing at intervals to mop his brow. Dannie O'Keefe gave his version of the affair. The sergeant exhibited the orange.

The young man looked at Mr. Duffy, then at the others, then back at Mr. Duffy. Then he sank helplessly into a chair and laughed.

"Oh," he said finally, getting unsteadily to his feet. "You've made a mistake, O'Keefe. I've just come from Mr. Duffy's house. What he told you is true.

"Mrs. Duffy did fall, but she didn't break her arm as we feared; the house did catch fire, but it didn't burn; his daughter did telephone him about getting married, but she did it for a joke—to see what he would say."

Once outside the police station, Mr. Duffy turned and grasped the young man's hand.

"Jack, my boy, you can have her," he said tearfully. "You can have her, and good luck to you!"

Ten minutes later Mr. Duffy entered the presence of his wife and sank heavily into a chair.

"Oh, Lordy," he exclaimed fervently, mopping his still perspiring face. "Oh, Lordy, but I'm glad to get home!"

Peg-Leg Jimmy.

BY J. E. HUNGERFORD.

THE TRUE STORY SERIES. Not all the men to be found along the railroad tracks are railroad men. A highway for the iron wheels, the line is also a footpath for many pedestrians who "ride the rods" or "hit the cinders" as occasion offers or necessity compels. The tramp has been considered from almost every imaginable standpoint—sociological, criminological, literary, perhaps artistic, even political.

He is regarded as a pest or a boon, according as you are running a railroad or looking for "copy." A rôle in which he is not often considered is that of plain human being. In the story which follows one member of the great fraternity of the weary but unresting proves that human nature is not greatly different, whether it goes clothed in rags or in broadcloth.

TRUE STORY, NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

A Story of Trampdom, Including an Offhand Acquaintanceship, Two Days and a Night of Terror in the Desert, and a True Friend Waiting at the End.

HE was taking it easy under the water-tank at Gallup. I saw him early one morning from a box car, where I was picking up my bed—a week-old paper, probably flung from a car window. I wouldn't have been so dainty ordinarily, but the car I had selected the night before, one of two on a siding, had held lime recently.

Crawling out of my lodging-place, I went over and sat beside him.

"Howdy, bo," says I.

"Howdy," says he.

"Which way?" says I.

"West," says he.

"The same," says I.

That's all there was to it. It was enough. For the time being, we were friends, and that's how I met Peg-leg Jimmy, so named because his left means of navigation was wood.

As he blew lazy clouds of smoke he expounded socialism. He had been a miner, a printer, a sailor; he had been many things, but now he was a knight of the road and a socialist. He didn't want the "rich mugs" to divvy up with him, he said. He wanted them to quit stealing and go out of business.

"They had enough already to keep

EDITOR'S NOTE. All the stories published in this True Story Series have been carefully verified by application to officers or employees of the roads or companies concerned who are in a position to be acquainted with the facts. Contributors should give us the names of responsible persons to whom we may apply for such verification, in order that fruitless inquiries may be avoided. This condition does not imply any lack of confidence in the veracity of our contributors, but is imposed merely to give greater weight and authenticity to the stories.

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"COME ON, KID," HE SAID; "LET'S GET 'ER."

'em—too much." I wondered what difference it would have made to Jimmy if a few millionaires, more or less, had quit the game, but I didn't ask him, for a west-bound freight rolled into the yards, and further conversation was impossible.

"Come on, kid," he said; "let's get 'er."

We took the off-side of the train, because the trainmen all happened to be on the station side, but every car was sealed, and there were twenty-four of them.

"Well, I guess it's the rods," says Jimmy; and when the train pulled slowly out, we were clinging to the brake-beams.

I wondered how Jimmy managed it, with his wooden leg. It was hard for me, with all my limbs intact. But he did manage it, and better than I did, in the long run.

The train gathered speed, and the track beneath me became a gray blur. Cinders struck me in the face, and my arms grew numb. I shifted my position once, and nearly fell. Jimmy was on the car ahead, and twice he glanced back, his expression full of encouragement.

He knew that I was a "young un," and he knew it was hard. At the end of perhaps two hours, though it seemed like many more, I was staring at the gray blur dizzily, and wondering how it would feel to let go and drop. I have experienced the same sensation on looking down from high places.

Then the brakes screeched, and the rods under me vibrated with a convulsive tremor. I held on more tightly, forgetting the gray blur, and swore as the pain tore at my muscles, and the train came to a jarring, crashing halt. I looked out, and a few minutes later we were backing onto a siding.

Being a new hand, it was right then and there that I made my mistake. I crawled out to rest my aching limbs, and a shack spotted me from the deck. He

was a hard-looking specimen, and I have seen many, but the desert run don't make men gentle. It rouses the brute in their natures, for they have much to contend with—very much.

The Shack Appears.

"Hey there, bo!" he shouted. "What the —— are you doing down there?" I didn't answer, and he scrambled down the ladder, swearing as he came.

"Where you goin'?" he wanted to know, confronting me menacingly.

"West," I answered.

"No, yer not—not on this outfit, unless—" He hesitated. I knew what that pause meant, and was prepared for the rest of his sentence. "Unless you kin divvy up."

"I'm broke," I told him.

While we were talking the east-bound passenger swept by like a rocket.

"Well, then, you stay off," he swore, turning on his heel. "An' if I ketch you tryin' to beat it, there'll be one tramp shy, that's a cinch."

The freight ran off the siding onto the main line. Peg-leg waved at me and grinned.

"Don't git ditched, kid," he hollered. "It's the last freight that stops here for twenty-four hours."

The rest of his sentence was lost in the jolt and jar of the train. Presently it slowed down and stopped, and I roosted on the rods, six or eight cars back of Jimmy. Then appeared within my range of vision a pair of overalled legs. I have never seen overalls since without thinking of those legs. I'll never forget them.

"Hey, come out o' there, you—hobo; if you don't, I'll—"

I didn't wait to hear what he was going to do. I came, and as I issued forth, oozing defiance at every pore, the engine gave a snort and the train began to move forward.

I made a run for the car ahead. I was a good runner, and if I once made it, I was good for the next stop; but he was a good runner, too, better than I; so good that a minute later I sprawled

A MINUTE LATER I SPRAWLED ON THE GROUND, WHERE HE HAD LAID ME WITH HIS FIST.

out on the ground, where he had laid me with his fist.

"Ditched" in the Desert.

When I finally collected myself, the train was a great brown lizard, crawling through the sand-hills. I rubbed my eyes and looked around me. There was nothing but the rails glistening in the midday sun, from east to west—no habitation, no human being, no trace of anything betokening civilization anywhere, except those rails.

I RAN FOR A MILE, THEN I WALKED, AND STILL THAT HOUSE LOOMED BEFORE ME IN THE DISTANCE.

I looked to the east, and a barren sage-sprinkled flat rolled away to the horizon. I looked to the north and south, and it was the same. I looked to the west again, despair clutching at my heart. There was a barely perceptible dot among the sand-hills and a black smoke trail, that probably marked the whereabouts of the only human beings within a radius of miles.

I was "ditched," I was alone. It was hell; a burning, radiating, arid sand-hell. I sat down on the grade to think it over. My left eye was nearly closed, and I felt something warm trickling down my cheek. I took out my handkerchief and held it to my face; when I removed it, it was dyed red.

Right then and there I swore eternal vengeance on that shack, and although I never saw him again, I have never forgotten. I never will forget. His image is written in blood on my memory. He was one of the few of his calling I have ever met who was without compassion or heart, and I am hoping, as I write this, that long ere now his road has found him out.

I picked myself up. It was better to go on, I decided, than to hang around there for twenty-four hours. I got on the road-bed and started to walk the ties. I had laughed many times over the predicament of stranded actors, as cartooned in the comic papers. I had laughed at the forlorn aspect of "Weary Willy" and "Dusty Rhodes" as they plodded along, hitting the cinders; but I didn't laugh then, and I have never laughed since, and, furthermore, I will never laugh again.

I walked for miles in the focus of that blistering furnace, yet there were no signs of habitation or human beings; nothing but sage and chaparral-sprinkled plains and sand-hills, varicolored, deceptive, accursed. I began to count the ties mechanically.

My throat burned, my lips were

I WAS GULPING WATER LIKE A MADMAN, FILLING AND REFILLING THE CUP WITH TREMBLING, ANXIOUS HANDS.

parched, and my head ached dully. I took out my handkerchief, moistened it with saliva, and bandaged it over my eye, which by this time was closed. On and on I staggered for endless miles. I soon forgot to count the ties; they became again a gray blur.

Presently I saw ahead of me, as I rounded a curve, what looked to be a house. I began to run toward it; I stumbled and fell, and tore my hands on the sharp rocks and cinders of the roadbed. I got up and ran again. I ran for a mile, then I walked, and still that house loomed before me in the distance. It took on the semblance of a brownstone mansion.

Tricked by Visions.

Then I halted abruptly. Was I going insane? The idea of a brownstone mansion in the arid wastes of eastern Arizona was absurd; but there it was—there were the turrets plainly silhouetted against the sky—there were— I began to run again. My throat was as dry as a bone. I tried to call out, but my voice smote upon my ears hoarse and crackling.

At last I came within a hundred yards of it, and then I sat down on the grade and cursed bitterly. It was a sand cliff, and around it were sand dunes, and close beside it — I sat up and gasped —a creek. A creek! I got to my feet and ran toward it — ran with all my might, and, when I came within a dozen feet of it I stopped and cursed again.

I was mad—stark, raving mad, there could be no doubt of it. It was a dry gully, as seamed and fissured and parched as the glistening bones of dead animals that were strewn along its winding course.

I climbed wearily back to the road-bed, and on I went. At times I was blinded; again, I seemed to be walking in a dream —a mad, hideous dream. Again and again I sat down hopelessly, and as many times scrambled weakly to my feet and walked, walked, walked! Sometimes I caught myself laughing deliriously; once I felt tears coursing down my cheeks.

The illusion of the brownstone houses was repeated. The hallucination of the creek reappeared. My tongue was dry and swollen; my lips were parched and thick and cracked; the heat had long congealed the blood on my face, which burned like the sear of a red hot iron. On and on I stumbled, swearing, praying, mumbling

I seemed to be treading air, and looking down at them from a lofty height Finally I stopped, and would have screamed for joy, if I could have found my voice. There, not a half-mile distant, was an adobe shack. I saw it plainly, and I thought it was half a mile;

but a sand desert plays strange pranks with a man's fancy.

Long before I reached it, the sun had sunk behind the sky-line, and the rising moon illumined the world weirdly. The hills took on strange and haunting semblances. Every sage and chaparral clump seemed animate.

The sand glistened like silver, a gentle breeze sprang up from the south, a coyote yelped somewhere in the distance. A snake slid across the ties in front of me, and a hundred night sounds smote upon my ears, magnified in volume. I groped and stumbled along, tripping and falling every few steps.

The telegraph wires rattled and moaned dismally. The gaunt and somber poles seemed like sentinels. When I came upon my adobe in the moonlight, it was desolate and deserted. Its walls were crumbling, and the moonbeams, filtering through the holes in the roof, vaguely lighted the interior.

It hadn't been vacant long, for I found a pile of straw in one corner, and by it a huge can. In the can was a thick slimy something that had once been water—just a swallow or two—but I thanked God for it, and rolled over on the straw in a delirious sleep, peopled with ghostly fantoms, glistening and writhing rails, and sand, sand everywhere!

The next morning I was up before daybreak and on my way again, and Heaven alone knows how I suffered. At noon I came upon an adobe huddled under the abutting cliff of a sand-hill. I staggered to the door, and found a woman bent over a tub, a dried-up, faded bit of humanity, with a skin like parchment. A couple of nut-brown children stopped their play upon the hard-baked floor to stare at me.

"Water," I muttered. I didn't speak a word of Mexican, but somehow, peon as she was, she understood me, and a moment later I was gulping water like a madman, filling and refilling the cup with trembling, anxious hands. She spoke a few words of broken English, and from these, and an arrow drawn on the sand before the house, I learned that the first town was eight miles distant

Refreshed in body and spirit, I seized her claw-like hand and thanked her in a flood of incoherent words and sounds that no man, English or Spanish, could have understood; but I think she did—she must have, for she grinned, showing a row of yellow fangs, and stood watching me from her doorway.

Late in the afternoon I reached Los Cerrilos, for such it is named, though you won't find it on the map, for it is nothing more than a water-station, with a scattering of adobe huts, a frame store of rough pine boards set on end, a water-tank, and a pump-house.

In the shade of the latter I found Peg-leg Jimmy, fast asleep. I nudged him, for I knew he would be glad to see me, and he looked up, blinking.

"Howdy, kid," was all he said, but there was solicitous inquiry, deep pity, and a dozen questions in his eyes when he spoke.

I told him what I had undergone in few words, but he understood, for he had been there himself.

A deep-mouthed oath was his only response when I had finished, and a minute later he was leading the way toward the store. He had only four bits on earth, but he had saved it against my arrival. He didn't know until he had reached Los Cerrilos that I had been "ditched."

There he had waited to share his crust with me, and together we feasted on sardines and cheese and crackers, and I drank—drank long, deeply, bountifully, luxuriously—drank until I couldn't hold another drop, and I offered up thanks with every gulp.

Jimmy and I traveled together to Los Angeles, and there our ways divided. It was afternoon, and we stood in the shadow of a coal-bunker down in the Santa Fe yards, as a freight rolled slowly past us northward.

"So long, kid," he said, blinking.

"So long, bo," I muttered chokily. He made a run for an empty, flung the door open, and pulled himself in with remarkable agility, and that was the last time I ever saw him.

Here's luck to you, Peg-leg Jimmy, miner, printer, sailor, socialist, hobo, or whatever else you are or may have been. You are one of God's noblemen, and you stand out clearly defined among the many figures that people my memory.

HELP FOR MEN WHO HELP THEMSELVES—NUMBER 18.

IN THE RAILROAD COURT.

BY ROBERT H. ROGERS.

NEXT to knowing what he must do in his new profession, it is essential that a young railroader should have an inkling of what will happen to him in case he doesn't do it right. A railroad system is not unlike an army in many respects, and not least in its discipline and the manner of enforcing it.

The railroad court-martial may be called at any time, and there are few weeks, and some months not many days, when it is not in session. In every case it is the good of the service that is at stake.

How the necessary discipline is enforced, the nature of the more common offenses, and the character of the punishment meted out, are told in the article which follows.

What Happens to Railroaders When They Do the Things Which They Ought not Do or Leave Undone Those Things Which They Ought To Do.

IT may appear incongruous that the man who hauls the Limited at a tearing pace through night and storm should ever suffer from stage fright, no matter in what situation he might be placed, but a visit to the division superintendent's office while an investigation is on will quickly convince to the contrary. Not only engineers, but veteran conductors and men grown gray in other branches of the service, each of whom might fill a volume with tales of adventures in which they were the central figures, may be seen literally shaking in their shoes during a session of the railroad court.

Procedure in this court does not follow the perfunctory practise characteristic of other courts, but goes straight and ruthlessly to the heart of things. With a full realization of its powers of subtle analysis and cold logic, it is small wonder that the railroad man, who by chance has gone astray, is not elated over the prospect of an interview with the superintendent.

More than one record-book, were we allowed to examine it, would show the entry—"discharged for failure to attend

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investigation when ordered"; unfortunately for the victim in such cases, it is likely that if he had kept his nerve and faced the music, he would have been let off without very severe discipline, in many instances at least.

While it may be possible to fool an examining magistrate, or even a judge and jury, he must be a past master in deception who can successfully pull the wool over a superintendent's eyes when the latter is out for the facts. The railroad court knows no middle ground in its inquiry, because it is not only necessary to apply discipline for the broken rule, but to unearth, if possible, a weakness in the actual operating conditions which makes the breaking of the rule possible.

The message, brief and to the point, "report at my office 10 A.M. to-morrow for investigation," is generally fraught with much significance to the recipient. It implies on the face of it that some one must "dance on the carpet," and if he is not the offender, he is certainly destined for the rôle of witness, which, to a railroad man, is almost as distasteful.

At all events, a searching examination is in order, at the hands of men who, from long experience and familiarity with conditions, have become adepts in dragging the truth from unwilling minds, and this process always means a trying hour or two for somebody.

Although the procedure in the conduct of an investigation is simple and devoid of the red-tape routine of law courts, it does not lack a certain impressiveness. In the outer office are gathered the various witnesses, whose faint gleams of recollection may tend to enlighten the general situation, while behind the glazed door marked "Private" are seated the two judges, the superintendent, and the master mechanic, each flanked by his right-hand man, the trainmaster and the road foreman of engines, respectively.

A Friend in Need.

It should not be assumed, however, that the person under trial is at the mercy of all this authority, or that these officials desire to take unfair advantage of his position. If he is affiliated with a labor organization, either as engineer, fireman, or trainman, the accused has the right, as stated in the agreement between his order and the company, to have at his side a fellow employee of his own choosing.

This is a concession to fair play, in a certain sense, by the company, but mainly the presence of a supporter is desired by the offender, as the case might "go higher." There is always a possibility that the organization whose member has been adjudged in fault will appeal to the general manager, and this third party at the trial may help to substantiate the contention of the accused that he failed to secure a fair show.

As may be imagined, the cases handled by the superintendent in this court are tremendously varied. They run the entire gamut, from sounding the whistle at a prohibited point, to overlooked orders, or other causes leading up to more serious wrecks. It is a broad field to cover, and thoroughly illustrates how alert and intelligent an employee of the present day must be to keep out of trouble.

Not Like the Old Days.

If a railroad man works three hundred and sixty-four days without the slightest dereliction of duty, and gets in trouble on the three hundred and sixty-fifth, he must be investigated. That one day in the year will stand prominently in relief and practically overshadow the almost infinite exercise of good judgment and zeal for the company's welfare which he has exhibited in those gone before.

He will be bidden to court, to explain why he failed to report for his train, ran by a signal, or "burned" his engine, which, with a thousand other possibilities for error, are suggested by a perusal of the book of rules. Failure to make this explanation will be followed by discipline, varying according to the gravity of the offense.

In the old days when one-man power largely predominated, before official inquiry became invested with the dignity of court procedure, "thirty days" was the universal punishment meted out for all sorts of offenses, from back talk to an official to melting a soft plug, but this is all changed now. Snap judgment is a thing of the past, and there are no parallel

instances these days to that of the master mechanic down South, who happened to see two engines come together on the clinker pit with undue violence, and imposed a sentence of twenty days on the party in fault while the fragments of wood and iron were still in the air.

Now, a man has to be proved guilty before any one can penalize him, a condition which has been brought about largely through the efforts of the various labor organizations, each of which in its agreement stipulates that a member cannot be discharged or disciplined without an inquiry. The superintendents and master mechanics are instructed to use the greatest care in bringing out all the facts and in the avoidance of unduly severe punishment.

All Over a Footboard.

The majority of cases requiring investigation are those resulting from damage to equipment. No case of this character is considered too trivial for the most minute analysis, and the fact that the latter, when anything is broken, becomes such a harrowing process, is no small cause of the extraordinary care exhibited by the rank and file to keep the locomotives and cars intact.

A switch engineer in New England "turned in" his engine one night with the back footboard broken. He positively assured the roundhouse foreman that he had not been "too close" to anything on wheels; that his engine had not been "on the ground," but he could throw no affirmative light on the cause of the damage. The step was promptly repaired at a total cost of about fifty cents, labor and material, but an investigation was begun as soon as the incident reached the ear of the superintendent.

The fact that the footboard had been damaged was, in itself, an abnormal condition, and the inquiry proceeded with the same elaborate care as though a collision involving the loss of a hundred lives were under consideration. It was necessary for the master mechanic to be present to establish definitely the fact that the step was in its proper position, and adequately secured when the engine left the roundhouse to go to work.

The yardmaster was, of course, on hand, as the breakage, whatever the cause, happened in his territory; and, last, but not least, the division superintendent, who, as the ranking officer of the division, must preside over all court cases. When to this array is added the entire switching crew and any other yardmen who happened to be engaged where the engine was working during the night, it may be appreciated that the superintendent was in a good position to get at the facts

This may be an exceptional case, the taking of so many high-salaried men from more pressing duties, and the apparent loss of so much time by others who might have been occupied in handling cars, but it actually occurred, and with vastly more detail than is herein intimated. Furthermore, it served its purpose, and in the end was worth all the trouble, because it was shown conclusively that the broken footboard was due, not to carelessness, but to an unsuspected condition of the yards, and clearly pointed to the necessity for correction.

It had been the custom, or at least the tolerated procedure, for some of the switch-engines which were busy at night in that yard to clean their fires in the yard to save time of going to the ash-pit. In this case the damaged engine under investigation, while backing up in the dark, ran over a pile of clinkers, including an old grate bar, lying between the rails, from one of these fire cleanings, which splintered the footboard.

In consequence, no one was disciplined or received censure, but positive orders were issued that no more fires should be cleaned or ash-pans pulled in the yard. Thus, through the investigation, a flaw in the system was located and removed.

The Most Serious of Offenses.

Not long ago a freight-engine was delivered on the ash-pit by its crew with the crown sheet leaking badly, an unfailing index of low water somewhere on the trip just completed. After counting nearly two hundred dripping crown-bolts, the hostler reported the matter to the master mechanic, and the engineer was promptly haled into court, with the entire train crew as witnesses.

As a burned boiler is about the most

serious offense which an engineer can commit, it became necessary in this case to sift the matter with a more than usual thoroughness. Railroad men make very poor witnesses at the best. The old runners, especially, are taciturn and very nervous under cross-examination.

In addition to combating this condition, the examiners are confronted with the loyalty of the rank and file to each other, which commendable trait is particularly in evidence during a low-water case to an astonishing degree. A witness will scarcely open his mouth for fear of saying something which might implicate some one else.

A Master Mechanic Detective.

In this instance the fireman, conductor, head brakeman, and flagman testified to a man that each had been riding on the engine at different times during the run; that they all knew the difference in sound between steam and water when the engineer tried the gage-cocks, and corroborated the latter's statement that at no time had the water been below the third gage.

Still, it had been established beyond dispute that the engine was tight at the start of the run and leaking at the end. The foreman boilermaker from the shops was also a good witness for the company in proving that nothing but low water, in fact, the absence of it, over the crown sheet, could have resulted in such a condition.

The superintendent was nonplused by the attitude of the crew and his failure to secure a single witness to the evident carelessness of the engineer, and would probably have been obliged to drop the case had not the master mechanic taken the helm. This official had been an engineer in his time, and he began with an original line of questioning:

"Mr. Brown," to the engineer, "you had forty cars, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is this a heavy train?"

"Quite so; all she would haul."

"Did she steam good?"

"Not very good; the coal was bad."

"How did she steam on Nine Mile Hill?"

"We had a hundred and eighty-five when we started on the hill, and she was down to one-fifty on Butler's flats—about half way over."

"Did you favor her on water?"

"I had to knock off the gun (injector) twice, while the fireman hooked his fire, once at Plane No. 2 and once on Butler's flats."

"Did you have to use sand on the hill?"

"I used it until we ran out of sand."

"Where was that?"

"On Butler's flats."

"Then you had to shut her off?"

"Sure! I had been working her about in the corner, with nearly a full throttle and on sand. When she began to dance, I eased her off on the throttle until I could get hold of the iron again."

"This was on Butler's flats?"

"Yes, sir."

The master mechanic reflected a moment and then addressed the superintendent:

"In my mind, Mr. G——," he said, "there is little doubt about who is to blame in this case. You will note that Mr. Brown, as shown by his answers to my questions, had a poor steaming engine. When he started on the hill she was lagging in her steam, and he shut off his water to give her a show.

"He was working the engine very hard on sand, and had at least one more gage of water with the throttle wide open than with it closed. While the injector was shut off on Butler's flats she began slipping. Although he was taking big chances with a lower water level than usual to gain a point, he would no doubt have pulled through all right if she had not slipped and forced him to close the throttle.

Never Could Understand It.

"The water then dropped to its normal level, which was low enough to uncover the crown sheet, and stayed there long enough for the heat from the firebox to start the scale on the top side of the sheet around the crown bolts, and they began leaking. Wasn't that about the way it happened, Mr. Brown?"

Figuratively taken off his feet by the clever deduction which only an engineer could have drawn, Brown acknowledged

that this was correct. He received a ninety days' suspension, subsequently reduced to sixty, for taking chances with low water, but he always said that the master mechanic must have been concealed somewhere on the engine, so squarely had he hit upon the prevailing conditions on the unlucky trip.

As might be imagined, pathos and humor often blend curiously at these hearings, and frequently they are endowed with almost tragic interest. It is impossible to look unmoved on the gradual undoing of a veteran with perhaps a million miles of safe railroading to his credit, as witness after witness swells the damaging testimony which, in the end, can mean only dismissal and disgrace.

One Offense That Seldom Happens.

On one occasion the entire court was in tears when the door closed on an aged victim of his own imprudence. This man had a record of thirty years without an accident, or even a mark on his record, but he had undone it all by reporting for duty in an improper condition.

He was given every possible opportunity to defend himself, or even, in view of his past work, to offer an excuse, but none was forthcoming. He could do nothing but refer to his service of a quarter of a century without the loss of a single dollar to his company, but it was a charge which nothing will offset, and no mercy could be shown him.

Unless the facts are self-evident, the superintendent does not usually announce an immediate decision, as in the case just cited. The hearings are followed by a conference with the master mechanic, and the personal traits of the offender are often well discussed by the two officials. This is especially true if any basis exists for the assumption that drink had anything to do with the matter. Should the latter be the case it would, no doubt, greatly affect the sentence.

It is a fact which admits of no dispute, however, that there is very little drinking among railroad men as a class, and practically none at all among those running or firing engines. The men, to a unit, know that this is one charge for which there is no defense, and that the penalty, upon conviction, is immediate dismissal, without the slightest prospect for reemployment, either on the home road or anywhere else where service records are exchanged. Furthermore, neither the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers nor the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will appeal a case for a member on this charge.

Of course among such a tremendous number of men following the two professions, a black sheep or two will appear from time to time, but they invariably suffer early release from railroad service and repudiation by their union. Knowing that he would be deprived of the formidable support accorded by each of the organizations to a member in good standing, it would be a foolish man indeed who would incorporate this particular vice in his make-up.

As an illustration of the sobriety which attaches to these two important positions in the service, the writer, for three years in a good position to become acquainted with the facts, cannot recall a single case where inebriety alone was the charge at a hearing. The gravity with which the men themselves regard the charge was shown by the fact that the two cases which did materialize in this time never came to court.

The men were caught with the goods on; they declined investigation, and were content to drop quietly out of the service, thus keeping off the records the true cause of their dismissal.

Disrespect toward authority is also an uncommon court case, but instances are remembered where charges of this sort have been preferred by subordinate officials. The bulk of the testimony is rather amusing, as by the time they are called both men have regretted their hasty action, and at the hearing invariably suffer a lapse of memory as to the exact words spoken during the controversy.

How They Remembered It.

A case of this nature is recalled in connection with a freight conductor who had been guilty of profane and noisy vituperation in the office of the chief train despatcher, while taking exception to a certain train order which kept him on the road all day and all night.

The despatcher preferred charges and a hearing was arranged in the superintendent's office. Half an hour later the complainant was extremely sorry for what he had done, as the conductor was a pretty good fellow and always got his train over the road with a minimum of trouble. No doubt this afterthought resulted in his extreme modification of the conductor's really sulfurous language.

"He said that he couldn't take my word," was all the despatcher could remember of a dialogue which had rattled the windows in his office.

"Well! Well!" remarked the superintendent in surprise, and, no doubt, annoyance, over the trivial nature of the charge, "but this kind of talk won't do. Bill," he added, to the conductor, "what did you mean by that statement to Mr. Jones?"

The conductor was celebrated, locally, for his ready wit and the ease with which he could extricate himself from an unpleasant predicament, and with an apology to the superintendent, he assumed the interrogatory:

"Mr. Jones is a gentleman, sir, is he not?"

"Why, certainly," replied the court.

"Doesn't a gentleman always keep his word, sir?" persisted Bill.

"I never knew a case where he failed to do so," snapped the superintendent.

"Well, then," said the conductor in a satisfied tone, "neither myself or any one else could take it," and thus the matter ended happily and to the satisfaction of all hands.

Little Mercy for the "Lucky."

In imposing sentence, it is natural that the superintendent should have a kindly feeling for the fellow whom he has never heard of before this case, and vice versa, to be rather severe on the man with the reputation of keeping out of trouble by the skin of his teeth, in other words, a "lucky" railroader, if there is any such person.

The fact that the decisions are uniformly just is borne out by the comparatively insignificant number of appeals presented to the general manager. Such a contingency is extremely distasteful to any master mechanic or superintendent in view of the disastrous effect that an overruling might have on the prestige of these two division heads; this consideration, if no other, imperatively demands that they be fair in their rulings.

Previous to the advent of the "Brown system" all discipline assumed the form of actual suspension; that is, a man would be laid off without pay for varying periods, with ninety days as the maximum sentence. Although many roads in the country still adhere to this plan, it has been largely supplanted by what is known as suspension by record.

Won on Its Demerits.

Under the Brown system a man does not lose his pay through an enforced layoff, but is penalized by so many demerit marks. For instance, a "ten-day offense," by the old plan, has for its equivalent five demerits, and so on, generally reckoning one demerit as representing two days' actual suspension, with forty-five demerits as the highest permissible number to be imposed at any one time.

These demerits are cumulative, and if a certain number, say fifty or one hundred, are incurred within a certain time, the result is dismissal. On the other hand they may be "worked off." If John Smith, for instance, is awarded ten, and then runs two years without any marks, he effaces the ten demerits.

They come off at the rate of five each year, and when all are off the person interested returns to a "clear" record, but not to a "perfect" record, as the latter, under this system, is one which never had a mark against it. The system includes merit marks, given for some noteworthy achievement; these also will efface demerits.

The general managers of railroads were extremely skeptical when this form of discipline was first brought to their attention. It was freely predicted that no punishment would be found effective unless leveled at the culprit's pocket, and that an all-around laxity would be sure to follow any other.

The Brown system, however, has demonstrated its efficiency even beyond the dreams of its promoter, and its keynote of success is the feature through which a man may clear up a bad record,

thus affording an incentive for the best work of which he is capable.

Whether the penalty for misdeeds is actual suspension, or suspension merely by record, the undeniable fact remains that railroad men each year are becoming more amenable to discipline and more sensitive to any entry which may mar their records. The ideal condition will have been reached when the court is no longer regarded as a necessity, a state which will hardly be reached until opportunities for getting into trouble have been greatly reduced.

Next month we shall drop the name of this department for a single month but not the spirit which has characterized it. We have had prepared a series on The Story of Electricity which is of such importance that we intend presenting it under its own head, beginning with an article on the Early Discoveries and Inventions. Considerations of space lead us to omit the Help for Men Who Help Themselves department from the February number. It will reappear in March, with the first of several articles now being prepared which will be even more useful to our readers than anything we have yet published.

IN THE GRAVE OF A RAILROAD.

An Apparently Healthy System That Was Chloroformed By the British Board of Trade Because of Neglected Repairs.

THE dreariest story of a railroad that was ever printed is surely that of the "Potteries, Shrewsbury, and North Wales Junction Railway," of Great Britain. We have some sad tales of the sort in this country, but it is doubtful if there is any vested authority in this country sufficiently strong to force a road from apparent soundness and health into sudden ruin and abandonment without the preliminary signs of decay.

A writer in *Pearson's Weekly* tells the story. He says the road "disappeared from 'Bradshaw' nearly thirty years ago, although very tangible vestiges of the line are still extant, and may be explored any day by the curious in quest of a novel experience.

"It was the property of a joint stock company, with a capital of two or three million pounds. It possessed a solidly engineered, standard-gage main line, eighteen miles in length, together with two branches, respectively four miles and two and a half miles long. It owned locomotives, carriages, goods-wagons, repair-shops, and fourteen stations. In short, it was a thoroughly equipped line of railway.

"The railway was opened in the year 1864, and maintained a service of about a dozen passenger-trains a day, together with a considerable mineral traffic, till June, 1880, on which date it was summarily closed by order of the Board of Trade as unsafe, greatly to the astonishment and dismay of residents and traders in the district affected, who found their only communication with the outside world stopped suddenly and without notice.

"From that day to this the line has never been resuscitated. However, the really extraordinary feature about the story is the fact that, while the locomotives and rolling stock were at once seized and sold by pressing creditors, no attempt was made either by creditors or directors to dispose of the permanent way or remaining items of plant.

"The directors, sanguine of being soon in a position to recommence working, left things just as they were; so for the past twenty-six years, rails, sleepers, stations, signal boxes, signals, water cranes, crossing gates, bridges, and so on, have been rotting and rusting away.

"One can walk for miles over the deserted railway—along high embankments, which have slipped away in places, leaving the rails suspended in mid-air, scrambling through cuttings choked up with bramble bushes, and cautiously picking one's way along under bridges.

"It is impossible to convey in words an adequate description of the strange impression which a visit to this derelict railway exerts. One is amazed at such a fate befalling an undertaking which must have cost hundreds of thousands of pounds, and on which the most important engineering feature is a great three-span iron girder bridge, two hundred yards in length, across the River Severn—a structure which in its original condition would not have disgraced the Northwestern main line."

THE GIRL AND THE BILL.

BY BANNISTER MERWIN.

Orme Finds a Satisfactory Way Out of Danger and of Mystery Alike.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Way Out.

THE sound of the girl's voice brought the men in the room to life. Her words were shaded to a tone of fearless scorn which must have bitten deep, for Alcatrante and the Japanese minister looked like schoolboys caught in wrong-doing.

The South American gnawed at his lip; the Japanese looked at the floor, and Orme now realized that the manner which had seemed so indicative of a masterful personality was the manner which springs from power—the manner that is built upon the assurance of a tremendous backing.

The tension was broken by Poritol. The little man's dismay suddenly gave way to an eager and voluble excitement, and he rushed across the room, exclaiming:

"Oh, my dear Miss—"

"No names," commanded Alcatrante harshly, turning on his subordinate.

"My dear young lady," continued Poritol breathlessly, "I am the victim of your misunderstanding. You will permit me to explain."

She answered with an even, cutting edge in her voice:

"You cannot explain, Mr. Poritol."

"But—" he began, blind to her meaning.

"I do not care to hear you," she said; and Poritol slunk back to his former position. From his face it was clear that he had no desire except to get away.

Meantime Alcatrante aroused himself. "My friend"—he indicated the Japanese—"and myself are here on business which concerns our two nations. Your appearance, I presume, is due to a desire to engage the professional services of Mr. Arima. Or perhaps you were trying to find the fortune-teller upstairs." He barely repressed his sneer.

The girl did not answer. She had remained by the door, and but for the attitudes of the others, Orme would not have known but that she had gone. As it was, he could read in their bearing the disconcerting effects of her continued disdain.

The Japanese spoke. "Will you enter, miss, or shall we direct you on your way? Arima will come out and talk with you, if you so wish."

Still no answer. To Orme, in his hiding, there was something uncanny in her failure to respond. But he could picture her—Truth calm in the presence of subterfuge.

"Will you not state your desire?" Again the Japanese. He was smiling now with the superficial politeness of his race.

And then she spoke. "That envelope on the floor was stolen from my father's home. It bears my father's name."

Before Alcatrante could stop him, little Poritol, with some vague hope of making amends, had snatched up the torn envelope and taken it to her. He returned to the range of Orme's vision with an air of virtuous importance.

"The contents?" said the girl. "Where are the papers?"

Alcatrante and the Japanese looked at each other. It was as if they said, "In view of our failure, we might as well

make a clean breast of it." But Alcatrante was too cunning to take the initiative in confession. He left that to the Japanese, who spoke unhesitatingly.

"The only papers in the envelope were these." He picked up the torn prospectuses from the floor and held them extended in his hand. "Our surprise is as great as yours."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Whether you believe it or not, my dear young lady, it is true."

There was a moment of silence; then the Japanese continued: "We have reason to think that the envelope was for a time last night in the possession of an American, and that he substituted these circulars for whatever the envelope may have held."

Orme's impulse to declare himself was almost irresistible. A man whose instincts were less cautious would have thrown the table over and ranged himself beside the girl. Orme was not fearful, but he knew that the chances of a successful outcome would be lessened by exposure. Even if he and the girl got safely from the room, there would be a pursuit, and the risk of losing the papers would be great.

As for the girl, she was clearly in no danger. These men would not harm her.

But would the assertion of the Japanese lead her to doubt Orme? Would she believe that he had actually recovered the papers the night before, and kept them for his own purposes?

He remembered that he had given her only the scantiest account of his adventure at the tree, for he had wished to spare her the details of an incident that meant her disappointment as well as his own. She might now readily attribute his reticence to a desire to conceal something.

And then came her voice. Her first words brought a glow to Orme's heart:

"I know that you are mistaken. No American has those papers." Orme breathed his relief. Then came the dubious word: "Unless—"

So she did doubt him, after all. Well, he could not blame her. The scene in the room, the frankness of the Japanese, which could only be attributed to discomfiture, the empty envelope, the torn prospectuses on the floor—all these conditions pointed to the truth of the explanation she had heard.

There was another period of silence, broken at last by the Japanese.

"The fact that we have failed, my dear young lady," he said, "makes concealment unnecessary. I know, of course, that this matter will never become public. You know that the representatives of great nations often have to take steps which, as private citizens, they would never think of."

"Yes," she answered, "I understand. There is no more to be said. Good day."

There was a step and the sound of the door closing. She had gone. Alcatrante and the Japanese looked at each other. "We have not failed—yet," said Alcatrante in French. "The girl does not know where the documents are, or she would not have come here.

"If her father does not have them before midnight, our plans are safe. We remain merely at a loss as to the details of the documents, and we already know what they contain in a general way."

"Yes," agreed the Japanese, "things do not look so black, perhaps. But I am interested in your former advice."

"Yes?"

"Find the American! That is what *she* will try to do."

"We had an appointment with him this morning," said Alcatrante grimly, "but when you said that your man had the envelope, it no longer seemed necessary to go. We—you and I—still have the same object in view. I suggest that we now act separately."

"As you wish," said the Japanese calmly. Doubtless he knew that Alcatrante was grasping at a straw which might still give him the advantage in future negotiations. "I am honored by your cooperation thus far." He bowed formally.

Alcatrante returned the bow, and, beckoning to Poritol, left the room.

The Japanese minister turned to Arima and talked rapidly in his native tongue. From his manner it was plain that he was giving orders. At last, with a little gesture of authority, he put on his hat and walked out. The door closed after him with a slam.

Arima, now alone, seated himself in a chair and appeared to meditate. Again

his hands were clasped about his knees and his beady eyes fixed on space. For fully fifteen minutes he sat thus; then, with a little clucking sound, he leaped to his feet and hurried into the next room.

Now was Orme's chance. He lifted the table-cover and rose to his feet. Arima had not closed the door after him, but he was not in the line of direct view into the other room, and Orme had to risk the possibility of being seen before he reached the window.

Or should he try for the door? It all depended upon what part of the next room Arima was in, but the window seemed safer, for the opening and closing of the door would be sure to attract attention. Orme moved through the window slowly, watching the opening through which Arima had disappeared.

He got half-way to the window. Three more steps would bring him to the sill. And then, without warning, Arima leaped into the room. Even in that moment Orme caught a glimpse of a mirror in the farther room, and knew that the Japanese had seen his reflection.

At this instant another man appeared, close behind Arima. A bandage was wrapped around his head. It was Maku, who presumably had been in the apartment all the time.

Orme stood little chance of overcoming the two. Quick as cats, with muscles like steel springs, and a great variety of scientific tricks of offense and defense, they could handle them as they willed in a direct encounter.

If Orme had had a revolver, he would now have drawn it. Yet he knew that this was not a case for firearms. Obviously, if he used a dangerous weapon in these men's rooms and was caught, it would fare hard with him, for the real facts would be suppressed, and he would be sentenced as an ordinary housebreaker, perhaps with some mitigation due to his personal standing.

He caught up a chair and raised it over his head, prepared to bring it down on Arima, who was only a few feet from him and coming fast.

The Japanese raised his arms to fend the expected blow. With quick intuition, Orme hurled the chair at his opponent's feet. There was a crash.

Arima sprawled headlong. Maku, who was close behind, tried to leap over Arima, but his feet went through the rungs of the chair, and he, too, crashed to the floor.

As he threw the chair Orme leaped back. Before the Japanese could get out of their tangle, he had jumped over the window-sill and was running up the fire-escape. Mme. Alia was at her window, a look of startled inquiry on her face. She stepped back as he crowded into the room.

"Quick!" he said. "They'll be after me. Hide me somewhere"

"Come!" She took his sleeve and pulled him to a corner. There she pushed aside the dingy hanging, and Orme saw that the wall was covered with a wainscoting that ran from floor to ceiling. The medium looked at him with bright eyes.

"You're the real sort," she whispered, and a wave of color in her cheeks brought back the suggestion of girlish beauty. "I saw that scrap there through a hole in the floor. You're the goods."

She pressed his arm almost affectionately, then, with her free hand, she pushed against the paneling. Noiselessly a section of it turned inward, disclosing a dark cavity. "Get in!"

Orme quickly slipped into the darkness, the panel closed, and he heard the swish of the hanging as it dropped back against the board. It was not too soon. Two soft thuds told him that the Japanese had dropped over the sill into the room.

He heard the woman give a well-feigned scream of surprise.

"'Scuse, miss"—it was Arima's voice—"we looking for sneak thief. He come in here."

"Be off with you. I've just come from the front room there, and there wasn't a soul came in."

"We saw him."

"He must have gone on out to the hall, then." The woman's voice had a note of mollification, as though she had suddenly recognized the right of the two Japanese to enter the apartment. "I didn't hear him."

A few words of Japanese colloquy; then Arima: "I look around. My friend go to hall."

A door closed. Evidently Maku had gone out. Then Orme heard steps and felt the hangings disturbed as Arima raised them. After this there was a long wait, while the Japanese examined the other rooms, the woman evidently offering him her aid. At last they returned.

"Well, I go back," said Arima. "I saw him come in the window. My friend will know. See you later."

Presently the woman raised the hanging and whispered through the boards: "He went back down the fire-escape. His friend's in the hall. He'll find out you haven't went down, and then he'll come back."

"I'll try the roof," whispered Orme. "Perhaps I can get on to another house that way."

"Wait till I see." She walked away, but soon returned. "No use," he heard her say. "That Jap's a sitting on the fire-escape, watching. He grinned when I looked down."

Orme pondered. "Help me out of this," he whispered, "and there'll be something in it for you."

She moved impatiently. "Cut it out! I don't want nothing. You're a good sport, that's all." She paused. "Not that I'd mind having a present. But I don't want no money."

Orme caught the distinction. "I'll remember," he said. "And what shall I do now?"

"You'll have to stay in there a while, I guess."

"What time is it?"

"About two o'clock. Ain't you hungry?"

Orme laughed softly. "I hadn't thought about it."

"Wait a minute." She moved away. When she returned she pulled up the hanging and opened the panel. In her hand was a thick sandwich. "I was just eating my own lunch," she explained.

He took the sandwich. She looked at him boldly. He was standing close to her in the opening. There was an expression that was almost defiant in her eyes.

"I—I want my present."

"You shall have it, Mme. Alia," he said.

"You ain't my kind—and it won't make no difference to you." Her voice faltered and her eyes dropped. "I want you to kiss me."

Orme looked at her, and understood. He put his arms around her and kissed her gently on the lips. There was no disloyalty in it. He was simply satisfying the craving of this poor woman's soul—a craving for a tribute to which she could always revert as the symbol of a high friendliness.

She felt that he was of a different world; he knew that the world was all one, though partitioned off by artificial barriers, but he could not correct her view.

She released herself from his clasp and moved back into the room, her face averted. Was it to hide a blush? Orme did not ask himself, but, respecting her reticence of spirit, silently closed the panel and was again in darkness.

For a time he stood there quietly. His back was against the wall. His hands easily touched the paneling that shut him off from the room. He wondered what this secret place was for, and, taking a match from his pocket, he lighted it.

The enclosure seemed to extend all the way across the side of the room. Farther along, lying on the floor and standing against the wall, were contrivances of which he could make nothing—poles, pieces of tin, and—were those masks, heaped in the corner? From a row of pegs hung long robes—white and black.

The truth flashed into Orme's mind. He was in Mme. Alia's ghost-closet!

CHAPTER IX.

Powers of Darkness.

TO Orme the next half-hour was very long. He seated himself upon the floor of the closet and ate the sandwich which the clairvoyant had brought him. Occasionally he could hear her moving about the apartment.

"Poor charlatan!" he thought. "She's a 'good sport' herself. I suppose she excuses the sham of her profession on the ground that it deceives many persons into happiness."

He struck another match and looked again at the ghostly paraphernalia about him. Near him hung a black robe with a large hood. He crushed one of the folds

in his hand, and was surprised to discover how thin it was and into how small a space it could be compressed

Not far away stood several pairs of large slippers of soft black felt. The white robes were also of thinnest gossamer—flimsy stuff that swayed like smoke even when he only breathed toward it.

By the light of a second match he looked more carefully at the other apparatus. There was a large pair of angel-wings, of the conventional shape. The assortment of masks was sufficiently varied for the representation of many types of men and women of different ages.

The match burned down to his fingers, and again he sat in darkness, wondering at the elaborateness of the medium's outfit. She was a fraud, but he liked her—yes, pitied her—and he felt inclined to excuse in so far as he could. For the kiss which he had given her he felt no regret. It was hers, in all innocence, for what of good there was in it.

The minutes dragged by. He thought of the precious documents, safe in the inside pocket of his coat. What they were he did not try to determine, but it was plain that they must be of international importance.

The talk of ships, and Alcatrante's references to commissions, had puzzled him. But suddenly came to his mind the newspaper rumors that Japan was secretly adding vessels to her navy through the agency of a South American republic, which was having cruisers and battleships built in Europe, to turn them over, at their completion, to the Japanese.

There was, as yet, no international proof of this policy, for none of the ships had been completed, but the South American country was certainly adopting a policy of naval construction quite out of proportion to her position among the powers.

How came the girl to be involved in this mix-up of nations? Through her father, of course—but who was he? A concessionaire? Her courage and determination, employed against shrewd men, was as notable as the beauty of her face and mind, for she was like a queen in her assured comprehension.

How it warmed his heart to think of her! The poor, faded medium, with the smolder of old flames in her eyes, with the records of hard experience written on her face, was a child in stature beside the girl—a child with yearnings that could never be satisfied.

Well, the girl had doubted him. He could not wonder at that, for the facts were all against him, and she had known him only for a few hours. Yet he had hoped—he had believed—that she would know the truth and the devotion in him without further evidence.

Perhaps he had expected too much from her noble insight. After all—and that was part of the loveliness of her—she was a very human girl.

The panel swung open, and Mme. Alia stood looking down at him. She spoke in an undertone.

"The Japs are still watching. Arima is sitting on the fire-escape by his window, and I can hear the other fellow moving around in the hall outside my door. I think they're on to your being here."

Orme thought for a minute. "I've got to get away soon," he said. "I don't mind telling you that there are papers that must be delivered before twelve o'clock to-night."

"Can I take them for you?"

"I don't know where to tell you to take them."

She sighed. "I guess you don't trust me."

"Trust you? Of course I do. But the truth is, Mme. Alia, that it is going to need hard work on my part to find the person to whom the papers belong. I don't even know his name."

Secretly he condemned himself now because he had not overcome his scruples and looked at the address on the envelope while he had the chance.

Again she sighed. "Well," she said, "of course, it's beyond me. Do you—do you mind my knowing *your* name?"

"Pardon me," he said. "I didn't realize that you didn't know it. My name is Robert Orme."

She looked at him with a smile. "Well, Mr. Orme, I'll get you out of this. I think I know a way. But you'll have to do just what I tell you."

"I depend on you," he said.

She laid her hand on his shoulder with

a friendly pressure. "You'll have to wait in here a while longer—and you'll have to keep mighty quiet. I've got a circle at three o'clock—a séance. They come once a week, and I can't well put them off.

"You see, I work alone. It's a small circle, and I never liked the idea of helpers; they're likely to give you away sooner or later. I stretch a curtain across this corner for a cabinet, and they tie me to a chair—and then things happen." She smiled faintly. "I know *you* won't hurt my game."

"All your secrets are safe with me." He glanced at the dark interior of the closet.

"I didn't know any other place to put you," she said simply. "They'd have got you if you had went to the hall—Sh-h!"

The panel closed and she was away. A moment later he heard her talking with Arima, who apparently had again climbed up to her window.

"Thief must be here," said Arima. "He not been in hall. My friend know. We see him come in here."

"I told you he wasn't here. If you don't believe me, why don't you call the cops?"

"We not want cops. I come in and watch."

"But I'm going to hold a circle here in a few minutes."

"What?" Arima's voice had a puzzled note.

"A séance. The spirits come, you know. All sit around, with the light turned down, and spirits come."

"Oh." The Japanese either understood or pretended comprehension. "I come, then."

After a period of hesitation the woman said: "Why, yes, I guess you can—if you keep still. Your friend can come, too. You're a neighbor, and I won't charge you anything."

"All right. I call my friend." Footsteps crossed the room, and the door to the hall was opened. Presently it closed again, and Orme heard fragments of a conversation in Japanese.

From other sounds, Orme gathered that the woman was arranging chairs.

"Sit here, you two," he heard her say. "You'll have to keep quiet when the rest come. Do just what they do. Be sure, now."

The bell rang, and in a few moments some one entered. At short intervals it rang again, frequently, each time announcing the arrival of newcomers. Mme. Alia's clients were assembling. Orme could hear them whispering among themselves.

A clinking noise he did not at first understand. Then he realized that it was the sound of silver dropping into a hat. Some one was taking up the collection. He knew, too, when they hung the curtain across his corner of the room, shutting off the space in which the medium was to sit, and when they lighted the gas and drew down the shades at the window. Then he heard them lead her into the cabinet and tie her to the chair.

The silence that followed these preparations grew oppressive. The clients were waiting for the right "current," and Mme. Alia, Orme had no doubt, was using the interval to free herself from her bonds.

In a little while some one started the hymn, "Over the River They Beckon to Me," and the others took it up—women's voices, chiefly, struggling through the melody in their trebles, with the mumbled undertones of one or two men.

A draft of cooler air struck Orme's cheek; a hand found his shoulder; a voice whispered. Under cover of the singing, Mme. Alia had opened the panel. Her lips were close to his ear.

In the creepy tension of the waiting, Orme had almost forgotten that Mme. Alia's ghosts were a cheat, and the touch of her hand made him start; but her first words brought him to himself.

"Hush!" she whispered. "You'll get your chance in a minute. Put on a pair of black felt slippers. Here!" She groped along the floor, and gave him the slippers. They were large, and went easily over his shoes. "Now the black robe, just behind you."

He took it from its peg, and slipped into it.

"Cover your head and face with the hood."

He did as directed, finding the eyeholes with his fingers.

"Hide your hands in the sleeves. Now, listen. I'm going to keep them busy look-

ing at the curtains. When you hear a gong ring three times, come through the panel, and go between the curtain and the wall-hanging, on the side toward the window.

"The gas is down to a pin-point. Those folks think they can see a lot more than they do. But they won't see you, unless you show some white. Anyhow, they'll be watching the cabinet. Keep outside the circle of chairs, and work your way to the door of the next room.

"There are hangings there. Go through them. You'll find light enough in the next room to get to the door into the hall. First stuff the robe under the sofa. You'll find your hat under there. You left it here when you came, and I tucked it away.

"You'd better wear the slippers down to the street. Never mind about returning them—unless you care to come. Now, be careful."

"The Japanese—where are they?"

"At the other side of the circle. Don't you worry about them. They're only kids when it comes to my game. Now, wait till I get the things I need."

She slipped past him in the closet, and he heard faint rustlings as she gathered her paraphernalia. Soon she was back at the panel. The last stanza of the hymn was drawing to a close. "Be sure you follow directions," she whispered.

"I will." He pressed her hand gratefully.

"And—and you won't forget me?"

"I shall never forget you and what you have done for me," he answered gravely.

Her lips brushed his forehead, and he was alone. Groping with one hand, he assured himself that the panel remained open. All in black, he waited.

And now strange manifestations began in the room without. There were rappings, some faint, some loud—coming apparently from all quarters. Invisible fingers swept gently across the strings of a guitar. Then came the soft clangor of a gong—once, twice, three times.

Orme slipped through the panel into the cabinet. Keeping close to the wall, he moved to the left and worked out into the room. The rappings were louder than before—loud and continuous enough to cover any slight sound he might make.

A little gasp came from the circle as he went out into the room. At first he thought that he had been seen. To his eyes, fresh from complete darkness, the room seemed moderately light; but the gas was little more than a tiny blue dot in the gloom.

As he took a step forward he saw why the circle had gasped. Through the curtains of the cabinet came a semblance of a tenuous wraith in long, trailing robes of white. It was almost formless, its outlines seeming to melt into the gloom.

Advancing a little way into the circle, it shrank back as though timorous, then wavered. From the circle came a woman's voice—anxious, eager, straining with heart break—"Oh, my sister!" The figure turned toward her, slowly extending its arms, and glided back to the curtains, where it stood as though waiting.

Meantime, Orme cast his eyes over the circle. Dimly he saw faces, some stolid, some agitated; and there, at the farther end, were the two Japanese, intent as children on these wonders. Their sparkling eyes were directed to the cabinet.

Orme moved swiftly around the circle. He passed so close to the Japanese that he could have touched them. The felt slippers made his steps noiseless. The thick rug absorbed the shock of his weight.

He passed through the hangings of the doorway to the next room. There he had no gas-light; the window-shades, however, were not drawn so closely but that a little daylight entered. He removed the robe and stuffed it under the old sofa at one side.

His hat, as Mme. Alia had said, was there, and he put it on and went to the hall-door. The circle had begun to sing another hymn. Once in the hall, Orme shut the door silently and hurried down the stairs, the long-drawn strains of the song following him and dying away as he neared the street entrance.

He was amazed at the loudness of the street noises and the glare of the sunlight as he stepped to the sidewalk. He stood there blinking for a moment, until his eyes became accustomed to the light. The foot-procession of the city streamed by him.

Suddenly a man turned in toward the doorway and stopped short, with a

startled exclamation. Orme found himself looking into the gleaming eyes of Alcatrante.

CHAPTER X.

The Way to the House.

"OH, Mr. Orme! You are the man I most wished to see." The minister's voice carried a note of unrestrained eagerness. He extended his hand. Orme accepted the salutation, mustering the appearance of a casual meeting. He must keep Alcatrante out of the building. "I was sorry that I could not be at your apartment this morning," continued Alcatrante, "and I hope you did not wait too long."

"Oh, no," replied Orme; "I waited for a little while, but concluded that something had called you away. Has Senhor Poritol recovered from his anxiety?"

"Why, no," said Alcatrante. "But the course of events has changed." He linked his arm in Orme's and walked along with him toward the center of the city. "You see," he went on, "my young friend Poritol overestimated the importance of that marked bill. It did give the clue to the hiding-place of certain papers which were of great value to him. What he failed to realize was that the papers could be of little importance to others. And yet, so perturbed is he that he has asked me to offer a considerable reward for the recovery of these papers."

"Indeed?"

"Yes." Alcatrante sent a slanting glance at Orme. "The sum is ridiculously large, but he insists on offering one thousand dollars."

"Quite a sum," said Orme calmly. He was interested in the minister's indirections.

"Perhaps," added Alcatrante, after a short wait, "he might even go as high as two thousand."

"Indeed? Then there will surely be many answers to his advertisement."

"Oh, he will not advertise." Alcatrante laughed. "Already he knows where the papers are. While waiting for the clue of the bill, he discovered that others had already made use of it."

"That is curious." Orme smiled. "How did he discover that?"

"In a roundabout way. I won't take time for the story."

They walked along in silence for a little way. Orme was figuring on an escape, for the minister's clutch on his arm was like that of a drowning man's. Finally he sought the simplest means of getting away.

"I have an engagement," he said. "I shall have to leave you here. Thank you for walking with me so far." He disengaged his arm.

"My dear Mr. Orme," said Alcatrante, "why should we beat around the bush,"

"Why, indeed?" said Orme.

"Poritol knows that his papers are in your possession. Speaking for him, I offer you five thousand."

"Why do you drag Poritol into this?" said Orme. "You know that he has merely been your agent from the start. You think he has bungled, but I tell you, you are the one who bungled, for you picked him to do the work.

"He had bad luck hiring a burglar for you. He lost his head when he ran away with another person's motor-car and had to hand the marked bill to a country justice. He showed bad judgment when he tried to fool me with a fancy lie. But you are the real bungler, Senhor Alcatrante. Any capable diplomat could tell you that."

Alcatrante's yellow face grew white about the lips. His eyes flashed balefully

"Curse you!" he exclaimed. "You know more than is good for you. Take care!"

Orme laughed in disgust. "Oh, drop this melodrama. I am not afraid of cheap Machiavellis. In this country there are some crimes that are not excused by high office."

The minister's teeth showed. "You shall see, my young friend."

"Doubtless. But let me tell you one thing. If anything happens to me, my friends will know where to look for the criminal."

Alcatrante snarled. "Don't be too sure—"

"If necessary," continued Orme, "a word to certain persons as to the commission for building war-ships—five hundred thousand, is it not, by the new arrangement? In gold?"

Alcatrante, in ungovernable rage, raised his light cane and struck. Orme fended the blow with his arm, then wrenched the cane away and threw it into the street. A swarm of passers-by gathered about them so quickly that in a moment they were the center of a circle.

"You dunce," said Orme, "do you want the police?"

"No," muttered Alcatrante, controlling himself with a great effort. "You are right." He darted into the crowd at one side, and Orme, quick to take the hint, disappeared in the opposite direction, crossing a street and jumping into an empty cab which had drawn up in anticipation of a fight.

"To the Rookery," he ordered, naming the first office building that came into his head.

"Sure," said the driver, and away they rattled

A glance back showed Orme that the crowd was dispersing. At a distance was Alcatrante. He had seen Orme's escape, and was looking about vainly for another cab. But cabs are not numerous on North Parker Street, and Orme, so far as he could tell, was not followed.

When his cab drew up at the busy entrance on La Salle Street, he found his way to the nearest public telephone. The hour was close to five, and he must discover quickly where he could find the girl. He called up the Père Marquette.

"This is Mr. Orme," he explained to the clerk. "Have there been any calls or messages for me?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. and Mrs. Wallingham called up at twelve-thirty to know if you were going to Glenview with them."

The golfing engagement! Orme had not even thought of it since the evening before.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. A Japanese came about one o'clock. He left no name."

"The same man who came last evening?"

"No, sir; an older man."

The Japanese minister had doubtless gone straight from Arima's apartment to the Père Marquette.

"Anything else?" asked Orme.

"There was a phone call for you about eleven o'clock. The party left no name."

"A woman's voice?"

"Yes, sir. She said: 'Tell Mr. Orme that I shall not be able to call him up at noon, but will try to do so as near two o'clock as possible.'"

"Did she call up again at two?"

"No, sir. There's no record of it"

Orme understood. In the interval after her attempt to reach him she had learned at Arima's of his seeming treachery.

"Very well," he said to the clerk, and hung up the receiver.

What should he do now? The girl had given him up. He did not know her name or where to find her, and yet find her he must, and that within the next few hours.

The unquestionably great importance of the papers in his pocket had begun to weigh on him heavily. He was tempted to take them out, there in the telephone-booth, and examine them for a clue. The circumstances justified him.

But — he had promised the girl! Stronger than his curiosity, stronger than his wish to deliver the papers, was his desire to keep that promise. It may have been foolish, quixotic, but he resolved to continue as he had begun.

"At ten o'clock," he said to himself, "if I have not found her, I will look at the papers, or go to the police—do whatever is necessary." He did not like to break promises or miss engagements.

There was his engagement with the Wallinghams. It had absolutely gone from his mind. Bessie would forgive him, of course. She was a sensible little woman, and she would know that his failure to appear was due to something unavoidable and important; but Orme's conscience bothered him a little because he had not, before setting out that morning, telephoned to her that he might be detained.

Bessie Wallingham! She knew the girl! Why had he not thought of that before?

He got the Wallinghams' number. Were they at home? No; they had gone to Glenview, and would probably remain until the last evening train. He rang off.

It remained to try Glenview. After some delay, he got the clubhouse. Mrs. Wallingham? Yes, she had just come in. Would Mr. Orme hold the wire?

Mr. Orme certainly would; and presently he was rewarded by hearing Bessie's brisk little voice.

"Hallo! Who? Bob? Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. We waited over and took the next train. Oh, yes, I know all about these very busy people.

"Nonsense! I was fooling, of course. But we were sorry you didn't come. What? That girl? Why, what's the matter with you, Robert Orme? Business importance? That won't do, Bob. You'll have to 'fess up. Do I know such a girl? Are you serious? Why, Bob, I can think of several.

"Shall I name them? Not give their names! What on earth is the matter with you? Oh, part of the business, is it? Well, let me see. Tall and beautiful, you say; dark eyes and hair. A black touring-car.

"Hum! I know three girls to whom the description applies. It might be—but you don't wish me to mention the names. Well, you'll have to think of something more distinctive."

Orme thought in vain. The image of the girl was ever in his mind, but describe her he could not. At last he said:

"The girl I mean lives in one of the suburbs. She has a father who has lately undergone a slight operation. He is, I think, a man who is involved in negotiations with other countries."

"Oh! Where did you meet *her?* Why, Bob, how interesting! I never thought of her; but she's one of my dearest friends."

"Now, listen, Bessie. It is absolutely necessary that I should reach her father's house before midnight. You must help me."

He heard her laugh. "Help you? Of course I will."

"Where does she live?"

"Not very far from Glenview. Bob, you come right out here. I will see to the rest. It certainly is the funniest coincidence."

"I'll catch the first train."

"There's one at six—for men who come out to dine."

"All right. Expect me. Good-by."

Orme looked at his watch. He had fifteen minutes—time to walk. Hurrying across town to the C., M. and St. P. station, he used the greater part of the remaining silver in his pocket to buy his ticket. He still had the marked bill, but he did not wish to lose that.

When at last he reached Glenview it was close to seven o'clock. Bessie Wallingham was there to meet him.

"My, but I'm glad to see you!" she said, after the first greetings. "Just think, it's almost a year since you stood up with Tom and me! Who would believe that time could go so fast!"

"Where is Tom?" said Orme.

"He went back to the city early—called by telephone."

"And you can help me?"

"I can. How eager you are, Bob! Now, there's plenty of time. The trip won't take us more than half an hour; so come along in and have something to eat."

He waited while she ordered the dinner. Little groups of men and women near him on the veranda were chatting gaily. He looked out over the grassy slopes, where golf enthusiasts were taking advantage of the remaining daylight. It was a peaceful scene—very restful after his strenuous day—and he relaxed in his chair and felt his fatigue vanish.

Seated at a table, Bessie Wallingham talked of New York and their old set. But now and then she flashed a speculative glance at him, and one of these glances he caught.

"I'm sorry, Bessie, that I can't tell you what it's all about. You'll just have to take my word that it's important."

"Have I asked questions?"

"No, you marvel of womanhood. You're dying of curiosity, I don't doubt, but your restraint is superhuman."

"Bob, you are dying of curiosity yourself. Don't you suppose I can see?"

"It's something harder than curiosity," said Orme simply.

After dinner Bessie Wallingham insisted that he take time for a smoke, and she sat with him on the veranda while he puffed at a cigar. But presently she noted that the cigar had gone out. Orme was not listening to her prattle. His eyes were gazing meditatively, dreamily, into the dusk.

"How mean of me!" she cried. "I only wanted you to be comfortable. I should have understood your impatience."

"I know that you are a trump, Bessie." He smiled.

She left him long enough to give an order, and presently a motor-car whirled

around the drive, a tanned chauffeur in charge. It was a black car—a car with strangely familiar lines.

Orme jumped to his feet. "Where did that come from?" he demanded, as the car stopped before them.

"My very dear friend telephoned me here this morning and asked me to come to her home to-night instead of returning to Chicago. She sent her car for me."

"Have you let her know that you would take me with you?"

"No. Did you wish me to?"

"I did not think of it." He reflected. If she were at home, it might relieve her to hear his explanation over the wire. But if she suspected him, it would be better to meet her face to face. "Don't phone," he said.

They seated themselves in the tonneau, and the car glided from the grounds. Eastward they went, through a pleasant rolling farming country. They crossed a little creek.

"You would hardly think," said Bessie, "that this is the north branch of the Chicago River."

"I would believe anything about that river," he replied.

She laughed. "See, we turn northward. We are bound for the village of Winnetka."

On they sped. Orme looked at his watch, lighting a match to see the hour. It was ten minutes past nine. "It can't be much farther," he said.

"No, only a little way."

They were now going eastward again, following a narrow dirt road. Suddenly the chauffeur threw the brakes on hard. Orme and Mrs. Wallingham, thrown forward by the sudden stopping, clutched the sides of the car. There was a crash, and they found themselves in the bottom of the tonneau."

Unharmed, Orme leaped to the road.

"Are you all right, Bessie?" he asked.

"All right." Her voice was cheery.

He stepped forward. The chauffeur was descending.

"Are you hurt?" asked Orme.

"No, sir. Some one pushed a wheelbarrow into the road just as we were coming."

"A wheelbarrow?"

"Yes, sir. There it is."

Orme looked at the wheelbarrow. It was wedged under the front of the car. He peered off into the field at the left. Dimly he could see a running figure, and he hastily climbed the rail fence and started in pursuit.

It was a hard sprint. The running man was fast on his feet, but his speed did not long serve him, for he stumbled and fell. He did not rise, and Orme, coming up, supposed him to be stunned.

Bending over, he discovered that the prostrate man was panting hard and digging his hands into the turf.

"Get up," commanded Orme.

The man got to his knees, and, turning, raised supplicating hands.

"Poritol!" exclaimed Orme.

"Oh, Mr. Orme, spare me. It was an accident." His face worked convulsively. "I—I—" Something like a sob escaped him, and Orme again found himself divided between contempt and pity.

"What were you doing with that wheelbarrow?"

Poritol kept his frightened eyes on Orme's face, but he said nothing.

"Well, I will explain it. You followed the car when it started for Glenview. You waited here, found a wheelbarrow, and tried to wreck us. It is further evidence of your comic equipment that you should use a wheelbarrow."

Poritol got to his feet. "You are mistaken, dear Mr. Orme. I—I—"

Orme smiled grimly. "Stop," he said. "Don't try to explain. Now, I want you to stay right here in this field for half an hour. Don't budge. If I catch you outside, I'll take you to the nearest jail."

Poritol drew himself up. "As an attaché I am exempt," he said with a pitiful attempt at dignity.

"You are not exempt from the consequences of a crime like this. Now, get on your knees."

Whimpering, Poritol knelt.

"Stay in that position."

"Oh, sir—oh, my very dear sir, I—"

"Stay there!" thundered Orme.

Poritol was still, but his lips moved, and his fingers worked convulsively.

As Orme walked away, he stopped now and then to look back. Poritol did not move, and Orme long carried the picture of that kneeling figure.

"Who was it?" asked Bessie Wallingham as he climbed back over the fence.

"A puppy with sharp teeth," he replied, thinking of what the girl had said. "We might as well forget him."

She studied him in silence; then pointed to the chauffeur, who was down at the side of the car.

"Anything damaged?" Orme queried.

"Yes, sir."

"Much?"

"Two hours' work, sir."

"Pshaw!" Orme shut his teeth down hard. Poritol, had he known it, might have felt thankful that he was not near at hand. He turned to Bessie. "How much farther is it?"

The chauffeur answered. "About three miles, sir."

Three miles over dark country roads—and it was nearly ten o'clock. He glanced ahead. In the distance a light twinkled.

"Bessie," he said, "come with me to that farmhouse. We must go on. Or, if you prefer to wait here—"

"I'll go with you, of course."

They walked along the road to the farm gate. A cur yelped at their feet as they approached the house, and an old man, coatless and slippered, opened the door, holding an oil lamp high above his head.

"Down, Rover? What do you want?" he shouted.

"We've got to have a rig to take us to Winnetka," said Orme. "Our car broke down."

The old man reflected. "Can't do it," he said at last. "All shet up fer the night. Can't leave the missus alone."

A head protruded from a dark upper window. "Yes, you can, Simeon," growled a woman's guttural voice.

"Wall—I don't know—"

"Yes, you can." She turned to Orme. "He'll take ye fer five dollars—cash. Ye can pay me."

Orme turned to Bessie. "Have you any money?" he whispered.

"Heavens! I left my hand bag in my locker at the clubhouse. How stupid!"

"Never mind." Orme saw that he must lose the marked bill, after all. Regretfully he took it from his pocket. The woman had disappeared from the window and now she came to the door and stood behind her husband. Wrapped in an old blanket, she made a gaunt figure, not unlike a squaw.

As Orme walked up the two or three steps, she stretched her hand over her husband's shoulder and snatched the bill, examining it closely by the lamp-light.

"What's this writin' on it?" she demanded fiercely.

"Oh, that's just somebody's joke. It doesn't hurt anything."

"Well, I don't know." She looked at it doubtfully, then crumpled it tight in her fist. "I guess it'll pass. Git a move on ye, Simeon."

The old man departed, grumbling, to the barn, and the woman drew back into the house, shutting the door carefully. Orme and Bessie heard the bolts click as she shot them home.

"Hospitable!" exclaimed Bessie, seating herself on the door-step.

After a wait that seemed interminable, the old man came driving around the house. To a ramshackle buggy he had hitched a decrepit horse. They wedged in as best they could, the old man between them, and at a shuffling amble the nag proceeded through the gate and turned eastward.

In the course of half an hour they crossed the railroad tracks and entered the shady streets of the village, Bessie directing the old man where to drive.

Presently they came to the entrance of what appeared to be an extensive estate. Back among the trees glimmered the lights of a house.

"Turn in," said Bessie.

A thought struck Orme. If Poritol, why not the Japanese? In this last hour what place were they more likely to watch?

"Stop!" he whispered. "Let me out. You drive on to the door and wait there for me."

Bessie nodded. She did not comprehend, but she accepted the situation unhesitatingly. Orme noted, by the light of the lamp at the gate, the shimmer of the white veil that was wound around her hat.

"Give me your veil," he said.

She withdrew the pins and unwound the piece of gossamer. He took it and stepped to the ground, concealing himself among the trees that lined the drive.

The buggy proceeded slowly. Orme

followed afoot, on a parallel course, keeping well back among the trees. At a certain point, after the buggy passed, two figures stepped out into the drive and stood looking after it.

From their size and the peculiar agility of their motions, Orme knew them to be Aruna and Maku. He hunted about till he found a bush from which he could quietly break a wand about six feet long. Stripping it of leaves, he fastened the veil to one end of it and tiptoed toward the drive.

The two Japanese were still consulting in undertones and looking after the buggy, which had drawn up before the house. Suddenly out of the darkness a sinuous white form came floating toward them. It wavered, advanced, halted, then seemed to rush.

The séance of the afternoon was fresh in their minds. With screams of terror, they turned and fled down the drive, while Orme, removing the veil from the stick, moved on toward the house. Mme. Alia's game certainly was effective in dealing with Orientals.

A moment later Orme and Bessie had crossed the roomy veranda and were at the door, while the old man, still grumbling, swung around the circle of the drive and rattled away. Orme's heart was pounding.

When the servant answered the bell, he drew back, and he did not hear the words which Bessie spoke in a low voice. They were ushered into a wide reception hall, and the servant went to announce them to her mistress.

"You wish to see her alone," said Bessie. "Go in there and I will arrange it."

He went as she directed, into a little room, all white and gold, and there he waited while subdued feminine greetings were exchanged in the hall without. Then at last through the doorway came the gracious, lovely figure of the girl, her hand out in greeting.

"Oh, Mr. Orme," she said, "I have tried so hard to find you to-day."

He took her hand. Had she doubted him? There was no sign of anything but friendly confidence in her face.

"We have failed," she went on.

For answer, he pulled the documents from his pocket and offered them to her. She gave a little cry of delight.

"Have you looked at them? Do you know their importance?"

"I have not opened them. I did not even look at the name on the envelope."

She glanced hastily at one of the papers. "Yes, it is the right one," she exclaimed. "Oh, my dear father—how glad he will be!"

Holding the papers tight, she left him standing there and hurried through a doorway to another room.

CHAPTER XI.

A Saved Situation.

ORME, in all justice, recognized that the girl had every reason for her abrupt departure. Her delight at seeing the papers was unmistakable. And her greeting to him had been so friendly that, if she failed to thank him with the sudden enthusiasm which secretly he had hoped for, it could be only because the relief of her father's anxiety was her first thought—as it should be.

His own help she had, in a sense, taken as a matter of course. This, after all, was what he had most desired her to do, since it implied the fullest exercise of that sympathetic understanding which had attracted him at the beginning. The papers were safe; that was enough for the moment.

She would, of course, return, and he would know her name and be able to give and receive that recognition which alone was necessary to make their friendship complete. If there were to be more than friendship, that must come later. Meantime, he could only wait.

It was but little more than twenty four hours since he had first seen her, but it seemed as if he had known her always, so quickly had her loveliness enthralled him. He was grateful that she had not doubted him, for her confidence proved that her understanding of him was deeper than he had dared hope.

He would return her trust with trust. He would give her all his devotion—for friendship or for more, as she might desire.

Presently she came again, her face radiant, and said softly: "I could not feel discouraged even when we seemed to have failed, for at the bottom of my heart

somehow I knew that you would save the day."

When she said that, he could only look and look, until she in turn grew red.

"Tell me," he said at last, "at Arima's, this afternoon, did you suspect that I had the papers?"

"At Arima's? Then you know—"

"I was there, hidden. You met them very bravely, Girl."

"But, how—"

He laughed happily. "It's quite a story," he began.

"Then, wait a little while," she interrupted. "We have permission to see the papers signed."

A smile of mischief alone betrayed her recognition of his bewilderment. Why should the signing be treated as a matter of such importance?

It must mean a great deal to her and hers. The hour was now about eleven, and he remembered that in a short time it would have been too late

She led him through the adjoining room and to the curtained doorway of a library — long, alcoved, shelved with books, and furnished with heavy leather chairs. In the center was a large table of polished mahogany, upon which rested a heavy reading-lamp. The glow of this lamp illuminated the forms and faces of a group of serious-looking men—two seated, the others standing.

In the golden light, with the dim background of shelves, surmounted here and there by a vase or a classic bust, the group impressed Orme like a stately painting—a tableau of solemn dignity.

"We are to remain here and keep very quiet," whispered the girl.

Orme nodded. His eyes were fixed on the face of a man who sat at the table, a pen poised in his hand. Those strong, straight features—the eyes, with their look of sympathetic comprehension, so like the girl's; the lips, eloquent in their calmness—surely this was her father!

But Orme's heart beat faster, for the face of this man, framed in its wavy gray hair, was familiar. He seemed to know every line of it.

Where had he seen this man? That they had never met he felt certain, unless, indeed, they had shaken hands in a casual and forgotten introduction. Or was he led into a feeling of recognition by the undoubted resemblance of father to daughter? No, it could not be that; and yet this man or his picture—ah! It came to Orme in a flash.

This was the magnetic face that was now so often appearing in the press—the face of the great, the revered, the able statesman upon whom rested so great a part of the burden of the country's welfare. No wonder that Orme recognized it, for it was the face of the Secretary of State! And the girl was his daughter!

Orme was amazed to think how he had failed to piece the facts together. The rumors of important international negotiations; the sudden but not serious illness of the Secretary; his temporary retirement from Washington to Chicago to be near his favorite physician—for weeks the papers had been full of these incidents.

When South Americans and Japanese combined to hinder the signing of mysterious papers, he should have realized that the matter was not of private but of public importance. But the true significance of the events into which he had been drawn had escaped his logical mind.

It had never occurred to him that such a series of plots, frequent though they might be in continental Europe, could ever be attempted in a country like the United States. And then, he had actually thought of little besides the girl and her needs.

He glanced at her now, but her gaze was fixed on the scene before them. The brightness of her eyes and her quickened breathing told him how intense was her interest.

Across the table from the Secretary of State sat a younger man. His breast glittered with decorations, and his bearing and appearance had all the stiffness of the high-born Teuton.

Of the men who stood behind the two seated figures, some were young, some were gray; but all were weighted with the gravity of a great moment. Orme inferred that they were secretaries and attachés

And now pens scratched on paper. The Secretary of State and the German ambassador—for Orme knew that it must be he—were signing documents, apparently in duplicate, for they exchanged papers after signing and repeated the action.

So these were the papers which, at the last hour, Orme had restored; and this was the scene which his action had made possible—all for the sake of a girl.

And when the last flourish had been completed and the seated men raised their eyes and looked at each other—looked at each other with the responsible glance of men who have made history—at that moment the girl whispered to Orme, "Come," and silently he followed her back to the room in which he had first awaited her.

"Oh, Girl," he whispered as she turned and faced him—"oh, Girl, I am so glad!"

She smiled. "Please wait for a moment."

When she had disappeared he repictured the scene they had just witnessed. With all absence of pomp, it had left with him an impression that could never be effaced.

Again the girl appeared in the doorway, and leaning on her arm was her father. Orme stepped forward. The Secretary smiled and extended his hand.

"Mr. Orme," he said, "we owe you much. My daughter has told me something of your experience. You may be sure that I had no notion, when this affair began, that she would have to envelop herself and others in so much mystery; but now that all has ended well, I can only be thankful." He seated himself. "You will excuse me; I am not quite strong yet, though, as I might say, very convalescent."

The girl was leaning on the back of her father's chair. "Tell him the story, won't you, please?" she asked.

Orme quickly narrated the series of events that began with his stroll along State Street the afternoon of the day before. "It sounds like fiction," he concluded.

"But the marked five-dollar bill will always be evidence of its truth," said the girl, and then, with adorable shyness: "We must go and redeem that bill some time."

The Secretary was pondering. He had listened with manifest interest, interrupting now and then with questions that helped to bring out salient points. At the report of the conversation between Alcatrante and the Japanese concerning the commissions on ships, he had leaned forward with especial attention, and now, after a few minutes of thought, he said:

"The Japanese minister we can handle. As for Alcatrante, I must see to it that he is recalled—and Poritol."

"Poor little Mr. Poritol!" exclaimed the girl. "I wonder if he is still kneeling in that field?"

"Possibly," said Orme, smiling. "We will look to see when we go to redeem the bill."

"I think, Mr. Orme," said the Secretary, "that I may fairly give you a little clearer insight into the importance of the papers which you rescued for us. You have seen stories of the rumors of negotiation with some foreign power?"

"Yes," said Orme.

"But perhaps you have not known of the secret but aggressive policy which Japan has lately adopted toward us. If we had done nothing to check it, we should have been at war within another year. Only a complete understanding and definite agreement with some strong nation could prevent hostilities.

"The Anglo-Japanese alliance eliminated Great Britain as a possible ally. There were reasons why it seemed inadvisable to turn to France, for an arrangement there would involve the recognition of Russian interests. Therefore we sought an alliance with Germany.

"The German ambassador and myself drafted a treaty last month, with the proviso that it must be signed within a certain period, which, as you know, will expire within a few minutes. My illness followed, and with it the necessity of coming to our home here.

"I had expected to return to Washington last week, but as Dr. Allison forbade me to travel for a while longer, I had the drafts of the treaty sent on, and urged the German ambassador to pay me a long deferred visit. He and his suite have been here several days in mufti.

"Now, Mr. Orme, this treaty concerns two important relations—a just balance of power in the Pacific, and a just arrangement by which the countries of South America can be made to live up to their obligations.

"I cannot go into details, and it will be some months before the treaty will be made public; but Japan must not domi-

nate our Pacific trade routes, and the Monroe Doctrine must be applied in such a manner that it will not shelter evil-doers. You understand now why Alcatrante and the Japanese minister were working together."

"It is quite clear," said Orme. "I don't wish you to tell me any more than is advisable; but the Japanese minister said that if the new treaty should lapse, Germany would not renew it."

"Very true," said the Secretary. "The German ambassador is pleased with the treaty. After it had been drafted, however, and after his home government had agreed to the terms, Japan brought pressure to bear in Germany.

"The result of this Japanese effort—which contained a counter proposition for the isolation of Russia—was that the German government weakened, not to the point of disavowing the arrangement with us, but in the event of a redrafting of the treaty, to the adoption of a less favorable basis of negotiations, or, possibly, even to the interposition of such obstacles as would make a treaty impossible.

"You can see how essential these papers were to us. There was not time to provide new copies, for the lost drafts carried certain seals and necessary signatures which could not be duplicated on short notice."

"Did the German ambassador know of the loss?" Orme was encouraged to ask questions by the Secretary's obvious desire to explain as fully as he could.

"No one knew of it, Mr. Orme, excepting my daughter and myself—that is, no one besides the South Americans and the Japanese. It seemed wise to say nothing. There were no secret-service men at hand, and even if there had been, I doubt if they could have acted as efficiently as you have acted, sir.

"The police, I know, would have bungled, and, above all else, publicity had to be avoided. As things have turned out, I am glad that Poritol set his burglar on us when he did; otherwise Maku would have got the treaty at the last moment. Alcatrante's desire to secure a diplomatic advantage over the Japanese was really the saving of us."

The Secretary paused. His face lighted up with a rare smile. "Above everything else, Mr. Orme, I thank you."

He rose and rang for a servant. "And now," he continued, "I know you will excuse me if I return to my guests. My daughter will bring you in presently, so that we may have the pleasure of making you acquainted with them. And, of course, you will remain with us till to-morrow." He smiled again, and went slowly from the room on the arm of the servant.

Orme turned to the girl. Her face was rosy, and her eyes were fixed on the arm of her chair. "Will you tell me one thing?" he asked. "This afternoon, at Arima's, you said that no American had the papers. But you added, 'Unless—'"

"Unless the burglar had played a trick on Poritol. I went from Arima's straight to the jail and had another talk with Walsh. He convinced me that he knew nothing."

"And you did not doubt me?"

"Doubt you? How could I?" Her voice broke. The words were sincere, but her embarrassment was evident, and Orme, like any stupid man, sat blissfully in his chair and failed to comprehend.

"I have much to thank Fate for," he went on.

She did not answer, and as he gazed at her, surprised at her silence, Bessie Wallingham appeared in the doorway and stood hesitant. "Am I still not wanted?" said Bessie, roguery in her voice. "Sure, ye'll find me a faithful servant. I minds me own business and asks no questions."

The girl rushed over to her friend.

"Oh, Bessie," she cried, with a little laugh—"oh, Bessie, won't you please come in, and—and—"

Orme began to understand. "And wait for us a little longer," he broke in. Masterfully he led the girl out to the reception-hall.

Bessie Wallingham looked after their retreating figures. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed.

(The end.)

ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

A Few Letters That Have Reduced the Heat and Lightened the Burden of Our Day's Work.

THAT FEBRUARY NUMBER.

EVERY month brings new troubles to the weary editor and should bring new pleasures to the expectant public. We can testify as to the troubles, and we hope for the best as far as your pleasures are concerned. At any rate, you have been kind to us in the past and we are endeavoring to repay you, by doing our best for you now, and intend to keep it up in the future.

There is a constant danger in dealing with even so broad a field as the railroad, that we fall into a rut and perhaps find ourselves thinking that the phrase "railroad men" covers, at the outside, only three or four classes. Of course, we know better and you know better, but the convention of the brave engineer and the shirt-sleeved but heroic operator at the key has become so firmly fixed in American short stories that it is very difficult to throw it off.

However, we are stretching out farther and farther to the lesser known railroad callings and allied occupations. In February we shall open the magazine with a graphic account of the work of the men in the towers at a great terminal. If you have ever wondered why it is possible for your train to roll so easily and with so little delay over the net-work of switches and through the tangle of cars and engines into the great train-shed, read this article and your wonder will disappear.

The men in the towers labor and plan for passengers who have paid their way, but there is a certain interest attached also to the free rider. This month we are telling the first half of a true tale of beating the railroad across the continent. Next month will see the wind-up of the trip and of the story. As a test of wits and endurance this was the more exciting of the two sections of the journey, since the East generally is less friendly to these gentlemen of leisure.

We expect to begin a new series of articles in the February number that should be just the thing that many of you have been looking for. It is the Story of Electricity, a plain, straightforward tale of what has been done to lay bare the mystery of this weirdly wonderful force and to harness it to the needs of man. Article number one tells of the discovery of electricity, which it may interest you to know took place before the time of Christ, and traces some of the

When you get to worrying over the heavy load you're dragging, get a job with my crew pulling other men's trains out of the ditch.—Foreman of the Wrecking Gang.

earlier uses. There will be eight articles in the series, and you cannot afford to miss any of them.

Since we are ushering in this new subject of a broadly informative character treated in a broadly informative manner, we have decided to omit for a month the Help for Men Who Help Themselves department. The March number will see it reinstated, with some new and particularly valuable matter now in course of preparation.

At last Mr. Willets has completed his "Trip Around the Union By Rail," landing in Washington in the February number, and gathering up the loose ends of his bundle of anecdotes picked up among the railroad men of the South. You who have traveled with him all the way will not find this last stage of the journey any less interesting than the others and may be glad to know that the March number will see us off again on the way to the West with Mr. Willets, by way of Boston.

The third man who has made travel safe, in the list which we are placing before you, is Mr. George M. Pullman. A large prize will not be given to any one who can tell us what it was that George M Pullman did. To read the article will be better than a prize to those who wish to know how he did it.

Those are some of the special articles we are sure of for the February number. Then there will be "The Romance of Henry Meigs," which is a true story; "Some Tales of the Old Engineers," which is a collection of true stories; probably "The Observations of a Country Station-Agent," and quite probably a collection of yarns which out-Munchausen Munchausen, told by some of our working railroad friends.

Fiction there will be in abundance, including the beginning of a new serial by William Wallace Cook, "The Trail of the Josephine," another of Emmet F. Harte's inimitable yarns in which the experiments in aviation at Eagle Plume are described at length, and a rather out-of-the-ordinary telegraph story about the Voice that came to Ferguson

PLEASE EXCUSE OUR BLUSHES.

EDITORS are proverbially modest men. If they are not so at the beginning of their careers, the continuous process of truth-telling on the part of their readers soon brings them to a proper state of humility. Yet readers are not always unpleasantly censorious. Many times they find reason and opportunity for a few kind words, and we suppose that in the long run the editor, like most other sons of Adam, gets as much praise as is coming to him.

At least, we feel that we have been well treated in that respect, and to prove it to you we intend to lay aside our modesty for a few minutes and quote you some of the kind words that are coming to us constantly, not because we are proud of ourselves, but of the position that the magazine occupies to-day among its readers.

A Brooklyn friend concludes a letter to us.

A word in behalf of your highly esteemed magazine will not suffer. I have already found it one of the most valuable assistants in railroad and newsy business, and I do not believe I could miss it for one month. I have been getting it ever since May, 1907, and will keep getting it until I am forced otherwise.

To prove that he meant what he said, our Brooklyn friend enclosed the price of a year's subscription in advance. What we like particularly are letters which get right down to brass tacks like the following from Sault St. Marie, Michigan:

Please give us more and some more from that "op" who gives us an operator's story without the many telegraphic terms and unnecessary wire conversations which tend to make the average reader wary of the story showing any signs of being written by a brass pounder. "The Genius at Blue Butte" is a sure enough cure for a night man's grouch in its most aggravated form May your highly-prized magazine continue to give us such pleasing stories as this humorous and well-written bit of fiction.

To satisfy our Sault St. Marie friend that his hopes for the magazine are realized in advance, we don't mind telling him that we have a number of stories by the author of "The Genius of Blue Butte," which we expect to publish in forthcoming numbers

A new but nevertheless welcome friend writes us from Alabama to this effect:

I am a constant reader of your magazine, but must say I only began reading it a few

Better a grimy face and a clean heart than white hands and a soul of darkness.—Any Railroad Man's Wife.

months ago. I like the articles I read very much and which department pleases me most is hard for me to tell. It certainly comes up to the everyday life of some of the best, and I always read it from side to side and then look it through several times more to see if I cannot find something I have not read. Wishing you a great success, which I think you deserve, I am, etc.

We are quite in agreement with our Alabama friend in wishing for success, and we have no doubt that it will be ours so long as we can continue to hold the friendship of him and men like him.

A reader in New London likes the magazine, but has a suggestion to offer which we are very glad to lay before the rest of you. He says:

I have been a reader of your magazine since its first appearance and have not missed one copy all the year. I remember how you advertised it as a "red-hot" one and it certainly is. I am a fireman on a road in one of the New England States, but what I would like is if you could find a few stories of electric railroading. I worked on the electrics for two and a half years.

Will you please put a request in next month's for the song called "Poor Little Joe"? It is not a railroad song, but still I would like to have it. The chorus goes something like this:

"'Cold blew the blast and down came the snow,
With no place to shelter him and no place to go,
No mother to quiet him, in the grave she lay low,
Cast out on the cold street was poor little Joe.'"

We shall be very glad to give attention and space to the interesting facts and stories connected with electric railroading, and if any of our readers know the present whereabouts of poor little Joe we shall be grateful if he will point it out for us.

Just one more letter, a very brief one, and then we will release you from the necessity of reading any more of the kind words about ourselves for this month at least. From Reading, Pennsylvania, comes this commendation:

I am an interested reader of "The Railroad Man's Magazine." The one and only fault that I find with it is that it is not published weekly instead of monthly. I am a locomotive machinist by trade and know them like a book.

With which we will retire from the stage and give the applause an opportunity to subside.

DO YOU KNOW THESE?

ONE of our contributors who has accommodated us with a copy of the words of "Lariat Bill" would like to have in turn the words of a song which, as he recalls, begins somewhat as follows:

'Bout a week ago I started out for old Chicago,
But the lead shack ditched me just outside of Fargo

It then tells of his going to a water-tank and finding monakers cut thereon. There was Boston Slim, Milwaukee Jim, and Shady clear from Frisco.

If any of our readers can help us out in the matter of the gentleman bound for Chicago who had the misfortune to be ditched at Fargo we will be grateful.

We should also like your help in tracing a song about the "Accident down at Wann," which a St. Louis reader is anxious to find. He remembers only the chorus, which he thinks was about like this:

They hear the engine's bell,
The whistle pierce the air,
But the danger signal came too late
Those precious lives to spare.

THE KATE SHELLEY LODGE.

THE following letter comes pretty near speaking for itself. The writer signs himself an ex-member of Number 205 B. of R. T., and is at present a resident of Chicago.

In your October number you have a story of Railroad Heroines, and on page 103 you tell of Kate Shelley. Perhaps it may be of

The more work an engine does, the more stoking it requires. It's the same way with a man, but don't get to thinking that the work is for the sake of the stoking.

—The Head Waiter in the Depot Restaurant.

interest to you to know that there is a lodge of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen named Kate Shelley No. 204, located at Boone, Iowa. I had never learned before just why the lodge was so named, but am of the opinion your story was correct; however, the boys of No. 204 can tell us if they will.

There is another lodge of the trainmen that is named after a girl, Hazel Nelson No. 205, located at De Soto, Missouri. I have often had a nice dance with her. I am told she was a tiny baby at the time the lodge was organized in her father's house, and when she grew to be a fine big girl she called them all her boys.

I have read every number of your magazine since it came out, and it is "the best ever."

OUR JUNE COVER LOCOMOTIVE.

SEVERAL months ago our front cover was adorned with the photograph of a train running at full speed with a body of water and a battle-ship in the background. Two or three inquiries have been received as to the identity of the train, body of water, etc., which we have attempted to answer. The following letter from a reader in California seems to cover the whole subject, omitting only the name of the battle-ship.

In the August issue of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, I notice where a young man asked what the type of locomotive was that was published on the cover page of the June issue. Being a reader of this magazine and wishing to help out all brothers in their predicaments, I will tell him and you as well. The locomotive is the 3017 Atlantic type, Vanderbilt boiler, and belongs to the Southern Pacific. The picture was taken coming out of the Oakland Sixteenth Street Station in San Francisco.

ABOUT FLANGERS.

SOME time ago we had a little story told by an office man on a Canadian railway to whose lot it fell to run a flanger over the division after a heavy snowfall. One reader objected that such a position would never be given to an office employee. Our answer in the last number was the fairly conclusive one that we were well assured that the story was true, and that the incident happened as described, whatever might be the probabilities in the case.

Here is some additional evidence on our side of the case from a Connecticut friend who says:

I noticed recently a little controversy in the current number concerning running a flanger. If the man who does the criticizing ever saw the book of rules of a large railroad, for example, of the one that calls itself the largest in the United States, he would see that any employee of the maintenance of way department is likely to be called out for snow duty, even the clerks in the office.

As to its being done, I know from personal experience and also know that the engineering corps are repeatedly called out to do snow duty. This includes the running of a flanger, a very simple task when all a man has to do is to raise or lower his flange when he sees a flanger sign.

This should dispose of the flanger controversy.

"LARIAT BILL"—OLD TIMER.

SOME two or three months ago we asked for a copy of an old poem "Lariat Bill." Two or three readers have supplied us with copies of this literary treasure, one of them being particularly interesting as it gives the initials of the author of the poem as G. W. H., and the publication *Puck*. Although we promised to stop praising ourselves until the next issue, even our modesty will not restrain us from quoting to you in full the letter of the friend to whom we are indebted for the copy of the poem which we place at the end of the letter.

In reading over the poems in the editorial column, I saw the part of "Lariat Bill" which the correspondent knew, and here enclosed you will find the complete poem, as I cut it out of a railway magazine, the *Railroad Gazette*, I believe, and pasted it into my poem book. I am very glad to help you out this much, as I think you and your magazine should have the cooperation of the whole railroad world.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE has met the long-felt desire which has existed since railroads first appeared. It's the best out, the best yet, and its editor must be the real

Getting up in the morning is like starting a train—one good pull will do the trick, but there must be a will back of the pull.
—Reflections of a Call-Boy.

stuff to produce such a magazine. Other correspondents usually have a little knocking to do at the close of their letters, but blamed if I can see anything to knock about when you glance through the pages of the grand old "R.R. MAN'S."

All I have to say is, keep on with the good work. Wherever I go, on the railroad or in railroad homes, the magazine is there.

And this is the poem for which we are indebted to our complimentary friend:

"Well, stranger, 'twas somewhere in 'sixty-nine
I were runnin' the Frisco fast express,
An' from Murder Creek to Blasted Pine
Were nigh onto eighteen miles, I guess
The road were a down-grade all the way,
An' we pulled out of Murder a little late,
So I opened the throttle wide that day,
And a mile a minute was 'bout our gait.

"My fireman's name were Lariat Bill,
A quiet man with an easy way,
Who could rope a steer with a cowboy's skill
Which he'd learned in Texas, I've heard him say;
The coil were strong as tempered steel,
An' it went like a bolt from a cross-bow flung,
An' arter Bill changed from saddle to wheel,
Just over his head in the cab it hung.

"Well, as I were sayin', we fairly flew
As we struck the curve at Buffalo Spring,
An' I give her full steam an' put her through,
An' the engine rocked like a living thing;
When all of a sudden I got a scare—
For thar on the track were a little child;
An' right in the path of the engine there
She held out her little hands and smiled!

"I jerked the lever and whistled for brakes,
The wheels threw sparks like a shower of gold;
But I knew the trouble a down-grade makes,
An' I set my teeth an' my flesh grew cold.

Then Lariat Bill yanked his long lasso,
An' out on the front of the engine crept—
He balanced a moment before he threw,
Then out in the air his lariat swept!"

He paused. There were tears in his honest eyes;
The stranger listened with bated breath,
"I know the rest of the tale," he cries;
"He snatched the child from the jaws of death!
'Twas the deed of a hero, from heroes bred,
Whose praises the very angels sing!"
The engineer shook his grizzled head,
And growled: "He didn't do no sich thing.

"He aimed at the stump of a big pine-tree,
An' the lariat caught with a double hitch,
An' in less than a second the train an' we
Were yanked off the track an' inter the ditch!
'Twere an awful smash, an' it laid me out;
I ain't forgot it, and never shall.
'Were the passengers hurt?' Lemme see —about
Yes, it killed about forty—but sayed the gal!"

FREE RIDERS OF THE TRAINS.

THERE are records for all sorts of performances in this world, for height, for breadth; for beating time and for killing it; for traveling and for not traveling; for riding against time and for refraining from riding; for spending money and for getting along without any money to spend. All of which leads us to a letter received from a bird of passage who signs himself "Wingy"; an appropriate name, by the way, for a bird of passage.

Recently I dropped out of a box car into the little town of Etowah, Tennessee, *en route* to the South on my annual winter tour. After having applied for and received my breakfast at the Railroad Y. M. C. A., I picked up THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE while waiting for another train. I was greatly interested by the many stories and sketches of hobo life and I wondered what

If the railroad builders of this country had sat down and wept every time they saw a high hill or a deep river in front of them, we'd still be riding in stage-coaches.—From a Rodman's Notebook.

was the record for the longest ride on one freight-car.

On the night of July 12, 1907, I boarded a Southern Pacific freight-train at New Orleans bound for the Pacific coast. On the 23d of the same month I landed at Bakersfield, California, having rode the same car the entire distance, it being the only car leaving New Orleans that a man could hide in. It was a flat car loaded with machinery and went all the way through.

I got inside of a boiler and fastened the boiler-door on the inside and came out only at division points to get something to eat, which, by the way, was obtained in the usual way, I having no money when I left New Orleans. I do not know the exact distance from New Orleans to Bakersfield, but having made many long rides on the same car, this is the longest of them all.

I once rode from Chicago to Jersey City in the ice-box of a refrigerator car on the Erie Railroad, a distance of about nine hundred miles. I should be very glad to hear from some one about his longest ride in one car.

The distance from New Orleans to Bakersfield by the Southern Pacific is 2,175 miles, not a bad journey for a continuous trip without ticket, pass, or money. While we are on the subject of free rides, we will give another friend a chance to free his mind about the feats of "A No. 1," which we have mentioned in previous issues of the magazine. Our friend, writing from Seattle, says:

I see an article in one of your recent editions in which "A No. 1" gave quite a description of some of his rambles. He also said further what an expert bum he was. He wins on that all right; but as for beating trains, he couldn't ride a hand-car if he had been squared by the division superintendent.

I say this from the fact that when I see a "monaker" on mile-posts and water-tanks near some of the stations where I have been it does not look as though he was making any records for long distance work or riding sinkers on some of the limited cars, as he would have us think, because limited trains do not stop at every little water-tank, nor go in on sidings for local freights. I think if you look the matter up you will find a "Go devil" or wheelbarrow is his limit.

Having thus paid his respects to "A No. 1," our friend goes on to say:

I see by your November number that some one wants information about telegraphing in Alaska. There is absolutely "n t g d n g." They move their trains, when they do move them in the spring, by telephone.

Also he wants to know abt wages on the C. P. R. R. Wages are better a lot there than in the United States. They still have the twenty-four-hour system, but Sunday is overtime, and having a guaranteed allowance of $65 per month is as good as $110 or $115 per; especially near some gravel-bed or quarry.

ABOUT A NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

A READER in Texas inquires if there is any such thing in the United States as a national holiday. There is none, not even the Fourth of July falling in that category. Congress has appointed special holidays at various times and has made Labor Day a public holiday in the District of Columbia.

Certain other holidays are recognized for commercial purposes, but with the exception of the Labor Day statute named there is no general legislation on the subject. When the President publishes his annual proclamation for Thanksgiving, he is in reality declaring a holiday in only the District of Columbia

All legal holidays are matters of State legislation. The only State in the Union without statutory provision of this sort is Mississippi, but by common consent the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas are observed.

The Railroad Man's Magazine

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FOR

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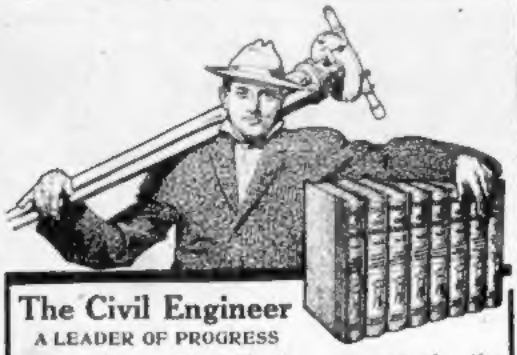

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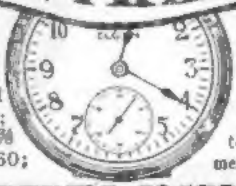

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